10 September 1983 40p US $1.95 (by air) ISSN 0028 6362

Aus80c DnKr16.50 FrNF10.00 GerDm 5.00 Spn275pts Malaysia $2.75 IR 58p (inc VAT) New Zealand 80c

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

CLASH CRASH!

JOE & PAUL SACK MICK

Pure mild virginia

Heaven and Towers: Virginia Astley Photo by Jennie Smith

DIFFORD · TILBROOK · BILLY MACKENZIE · ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE · ALAN VEGA

VIRGINIA ASTLEY

Who is that masked musician?

See page 26

RESPOND & TOSH DATES ● ROLLERS FOR FUTURAMA

CLASH: *MICK GETS THE BOOT*

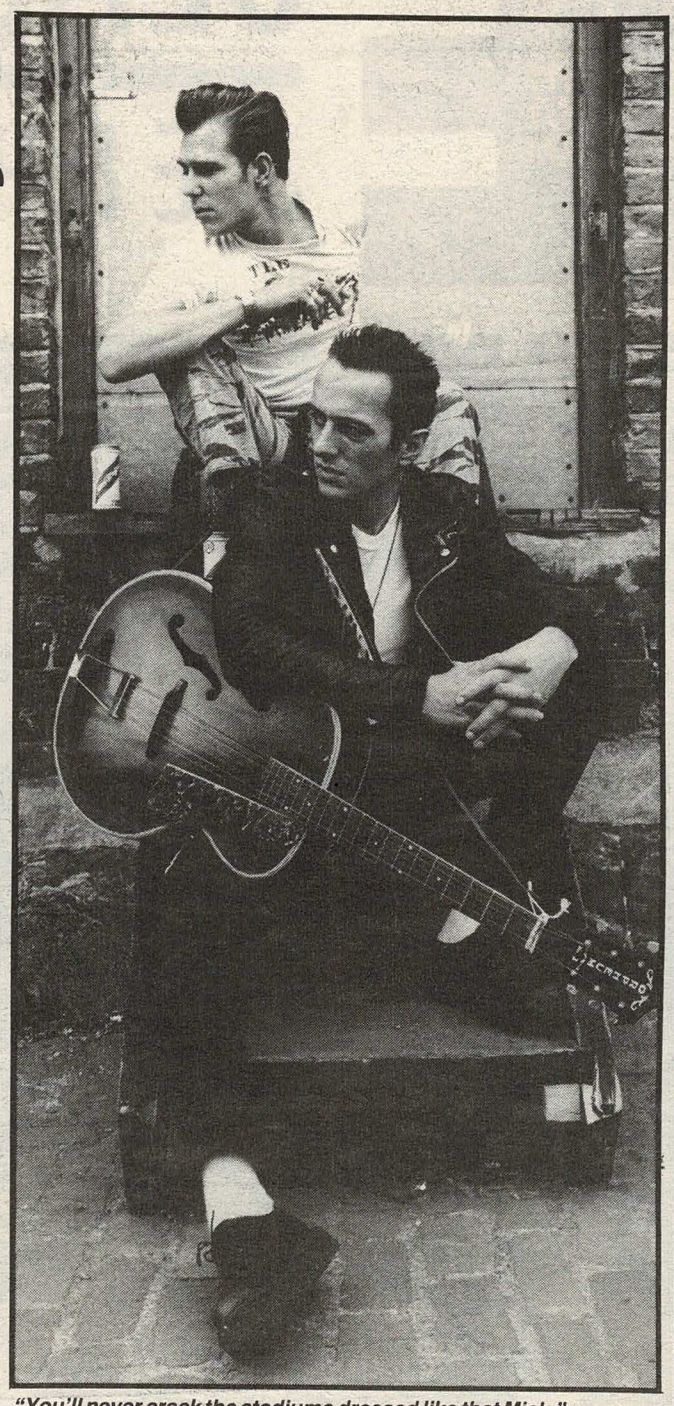
MICK JONES has been sacked from The Clash. In a terse statement released by The Clash office last week, the remaining members of the band claimed: "Joe Strummer and Paul Simonon have decided that Mick Jones should leave the group. It is felt that Jones has drifted apart from the original idea of The Clash. In future, it will allow Joe and Paul to get on with the job The Clash set out to go from the beginning."

Rumours had been circulating in recent weeks that Jones and Strummer had reached a point where they could no longer work together, though a similar dispute occurred in 1981, when Jones headed for the States with Ellen Foley, while Strummer talked about reaching the end of the line – the twosome resolving their differences on that occasion after what Strummer termed: "a simple or garden punch-up."

Last year, Strummer disappeared for a while, causing a UK tour to be cancelled and his reappearance signalled the moment for drummer Topper Headon to split from the ranks. Now the inevitable has happened and Jones is out, though the exact reason for his leaving is likely to remain something of a mystery.

"I would like to state that the official press statement is untrue," Jones later stated. "I would like to make it clear that there was no discussion with Strummer and Simonon prior to being sacked. I certainly do not feel that I have drifted apart from the original idea of The Clash and in future, I'll be carrying on in the same direction as in the beginning." Meanwhile The Clash office continues to ward off all further queries with a series of "No comments".

"What me worry?"
Pic: Pennie Smith



"You'll never crack the stadiums dressed like that Mick."

Crying for Daddy: Fillings and feelings.

BARNEY HOSKYNS GOES BARMY OVER THE MUSAK MONSTER AT BLENHEIM. PICS JEREMY BANNISTER

A FAIRY prince last weekend descended on the baroque splendour of Blenheim Palace, ancestral home of the Duke of Marlborough. Patron saint of female loneliness Barry Manilow held court in the symptuously landscaped parks of Capability Brown, greeted by 40,000 mainly female devotees wagging and wriggling their arms like a million flamingoes' necks.

Women don't faint at ol' Big Conk's gigs, they just quietly offer thanks that he's there, in rubbery golden flesh, accepting their love. Flooding in from all corners of the country, they queued through the night's mist and fog just to get that extra bit closer to him. Tonight's countdown to entry, said one girl, would be "the most exciting 30 seconds of my life." When he takes the stage, a sense of disbelief sweeps the audience: for the old songs – yeah, like 'The Old Songs' – they don't swoon but lose themselves in a hushed rapture, staring at the stage through tear-coloured irises.

The religious aspects of this assembly would be less interesting if Manilow wasn't so good at his job. A measure of his insidious power is that even though I've never bought one of his records, I recognised nearly every song he played. His is the truest Muzak For Airports – in one departure lounge, one reception area or another I've heard all these themes filtered through sedative orchestral manoeuvres.

Another measure of that power would be the entertainment value of the songs on a stage. Manilow is an impeccable showman, perfectly aware of his healing power and able to milk it for as much humour as it'll give. Transformed from backroom hack into a coiffured, soft-focus god of dapper asexuality, he knows exactly how the machine works. Staring moonfaced into the devouring lens of a TV crew at the side of the stage, he asks: "Are you the camera?" Affirmative. "Then let's give the press another profile." On giant holograph screens, his beak turns. " 'His nose filled the sky' ", he anticipates. "But you know what they say about men with big noses . . ." A smile, a plastic flash of cupidity. "They got big hearts."

Manilow is massive because he doesn't put socks down his trousers. He wears his heart on his nose, not his inside leg. It's not just that he isn't seen with public girlfriends: *he doesn't look sexually real*. The human prototype he most closely resembles is a Macys price checker, a Jewish mama's boy with a friend in the packing department. One of those impossibly neat, groomed Brooklyn boys who rise and rise and eventually become floor managers. On top of this is something airbrushed, something soap-operatic: he's a reliable stereotype, a doctor in, say, *General Hospital*, who simply doesn't *have* affairs or marital dysfunctions.

Curiously, mama's boy makes a girl's favourite daddy. There's a sweet sadness to Manilow's power as comforter: because Western society puts such cruel stress on glamour, on angularity, many women feel undesired. Men are allowed to be fat – you can be a male chauvinist whatever size you are – but not women. Manilow's function – for three generations of women – is to give their loneliness a mass identity. As one of his recent hits has it, *"we don't have to be lonely all alone"*.

Whether he found this audience or moulded it with Mandies and memories, Barry Manilow has a lonely crowd weeping shekels into his pocket. He's a daddy pretending to be a lover, an older sister's fiancé, a naughty uncle swinging your pigtails between his knees. He teases but it never hurts, and when the play is over, it's all crying on shoulders and chilled glasses.

RESPOND'S long-threatened tour – details of which have been filtering through in recent issues – has at last been finalised. Now titled The Love The Reason Live Tour, it features The Questions, Tracie And The Soul Squad, A Craze and Vaughn Toulouse's Main T Posse and plays: Leeds Poly (29 September), Southampton Top Rank (30), Brighton Coasters (2 October), Birmingham Poly (4), Liverpool Poly (5), Stirling University (6), Edinburgh University (7), Durham University (8), Durham University (8), Chesterfield Shoulder of Mutton (9), Middlesborough Madisons (11), Manchester Hacienda (12), Warwick University (13), Aston University (14), London Phoenix Theatre (15), Dunstable Queensway Hall (16), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (17), Bradford University (19) and Hull University (20). In addition, The Questions will also be playing a live set on Gary 'Velvet Foghorn' Crowley's Magic Box On Wheels show from Capital Radio on London's South Bank on Saturday, 10 September, the band going onstage at 6.30 pm.

PETER TOSH returns to Britain at the end of the month for a series of concerts that includes two London dates. His tour, the first for two years, starts at Birmingham Odeon on 24 September, after which comes dates at Dunstable Civic (25), Brighton Dome (26) and London Dominion (27 and 28). Tosh, who has just headlined a cross-country tour of the States will be accompanied onstage by a back-up band comprising Steve Golding (rhythm guitar), Donald Kinsey (lead guitar), Ernest McLeod (keyboards), Fully Fullwood (bass), Santa Davis (drums) and Constantine Walker and Bird Morgan (background vocals). To coincide with the tour, EMI will release a new Tosh single called 'Mama Africa', the title track from his recent album. Tickets to the shows, already available, are priced £4.00 at Dunstable and Brighton, £5.00 and £4.00 at Birmingham and £6.00, £5.00 and £4.00 in London.

THE BAY CITY ROLLERS are to top the first day at this year's Futurama (17 September). Announcing his surprise replacement for Wah, who backed out due to recording commitments, promoter John Keenan said: "I've decided to take a chance on the Rollers because though they seem an unlikely choice, they could pull it off at a festival in the same way that Gary Glitter has in the past.

"Besides having a certain kitsch appeal, the Rollers are still a good band and a young one – lead singer Les McKeown is still only 26, younger than many New Wave heroes. They've recently toured the Far East and packed The Budokan – which indicates that they must have something going for them. At Futurama, customers will be seeing the original Bay City Rollers line-up, plus the two replacement members who joined the later version of the band. Additionally, there'll be a brass section and a three girl back-up vocal team. Tickets are going well now and it seems that they'll be a good crowd at this year's Futurama – the Rollers are well aware that it's a good opportunity to prove themselves once more, which I'm sure they will."

However, more problems have developed for Keenan with Howard Devoto pulling out of the Futurama first day line-up, but John Cooper-Clarke's new band Curious Yellows have been added to the bill, along with Irish band Silent Running.

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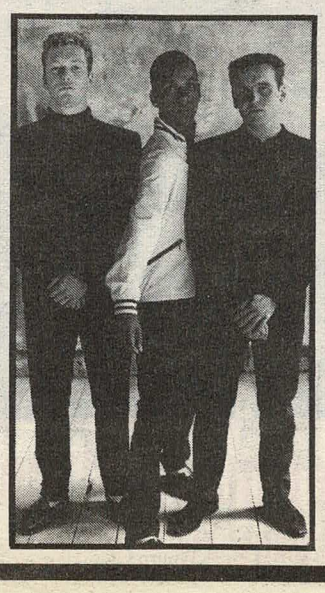

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THE FAIRY PRINCE HOLDS COURT AT BLENHEIM PALACE. ●

"Who's that freak over there?"

Blenheim boss, the Duke of Marlborough, phones home.

When you've got to go, you've got to go . . .

THERE'S NOSE BUSINESS LIKE . . .

BARRY MANILNOSE

(1) *"Soon she'll be over"*. (2) *"I'll play the old songs"*. (3) *"We'll relive the memories"*: a perfect description/explanation of Manilow's act. He prepares to sing Lloyd Webber's 'Memory', hoping that "maybe some of the images I see when I sing this song will be the ones you see too". Manilow pitches everything in the past: "*even now that I'm shining through*", she (the bad girl, the temptress all Manilow worshippers would like to be) obsesses me.

Listening to some of his records, I was struck by the fact that Barry writes almost none of his lyrics, and therefore by the possibility that he is not 100% aware of what he is feeding to his fans. Could that be his secret? Surely anyone who recognised the real dependence, the pure adoration of the Blenheim thousands would have cracked a long time ago.

Manilow's own memories are probably less of chilled glasses, more of simply fumbling over the ivories, writing such timeless jingles as the 'I'm A Pepper' theme for *Dr Pepper* root beer. Born in 1946, he started at the New York College of Music, attended night advertising courses, did vocal coaching, wrote an off-Broadway musical called *The Drunkard*, directed the music for the WCBS talent show *Call-Back!*, was the arranger on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, and finished his 60s as one half of nightclub duo Jeannie and Barry. (Baby that is rock 'n' roll, as they say.) Couple of years younger and he might have worked the Brill Building with all of R'n'B's other Brooklyn Jews.

The big break came in 1972, a last-minute spot accompanying Bette Midler in a gay Manhattan bathouse that led to his being music director on 'The Divine Miss M' and 'Bette Midler'. Supporting her with his own short sets resulted in the huge 1974 hit 'Mandy', and by July of '75 the 'Manilow II' album was gold.

Manilow has produced or co-produced all his records and knows exactly what he is doing. 'It's A Miracle' was a great record – a magnificent slice of international schmaltz-hustle, sort of white Van McCoy – and despite the nasal nature of his voice he remains one of the few white artists with a genuine black feel to his production. His latest single 'You're Lookin' Hot' is a shamless snitch from Summer's 'She Works Hard' (repayment for 'Could This Be The Magic'?) but B-side 'Let's Get On With It' is silky jazz-funk soul.

He gets good musos to – even the salsa break in 'Copacabana' worked at Blenheim. The pace and sequence of the whole concert were intelligent. Boy George flounced huffily in and then out but my attention was pleasantly held for over two hours. Even when he sang Racey's irredeemably vile 'Some Girls Do, Some Girls Don't', Barry Manilow was a hundred times more fun than Bowie or The Rolling Stones.

We do not permit worship of idols, yet we do not encourage women tolive content in theirown bodies.The Divine Mr.M says focus your loneliness on me; just for tonight I'll be one of the girls.

As for the venue, nice pile you got, dook. For the heirs it may have been a case of "daddy's throwing a bash for the common folk" (though reportedly getting a tidy fifty grand for doing so) but for His rather sloshed Grace, interviewed at intermission by a pompous little man from America's *Entertainment Tonight*, "Barry's just the place for Blenheim."

Dook, I'll drink to that.

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NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London EC1, England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster and send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

Last Week				Weeks In	Highest
1	7	**RED RED WINE**	UB40 (DEP International)	3	1
2	3	**WINGS OF A DOVE**	Madness (Stiff)	4	2
3	1	**GOLD**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	5	1
4	4	**GIVE IT UP**	KC and The Sunshine Band (Epic)	8	1
5	14	**WHAT AM I GONNA DO**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	3	5
6	5	**I'M STILL STANDING**	Elton John (Rocket)	7	4
7	2	**LONG HOT SUMMER**	Style Council (Polydor)	5	2
8	26	**CONFUSION**	New Order (Factory)	2	8
9	12	**THE SUN GOES DOWN**	Level 42 (Polydor)	4	9
10	6	**CLUB TROPICANA**	Wham! (Innervision)	6	2
11	13	**WALKING IN THE RAIN**	Modern Romance (WEA)	2	11
12	21	**BAD DAY**	Carmel (London)	5	12
13	32	**MAMA**	Genesis (Virgin)	2	13
14	34	**TONIGHT I CELEBRATE MY LOVE**	Roberta Flack & Peabo Bryson (Capitol)	3	14
15	10	**WATCHING YOU WATCHING ME**	David Grant (Chrysalis)	4	10
16	42	**CHANCE**	Big Country (Mercury)	2	16
17	11	**COME DANCING**	Kinks (Arista)	5	11
18	9	**EVERYTHING COUNTS**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	8	6
19	8	**ROCKIT**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	6	7
20	40	**WARRIORS**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2	20
21	30	**DISAPPEARING ACT**	Shalamar (Solar)	4	21
22	(—)	**NEVER SAY DIE**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	22
23	15	**BIG LOG**	Robert Plant (WEA)	8	9
24	(—)	**CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY**	Heaven 17 (BEF)	1	24
25	28	**A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION**	The Truth (Formation)	2	25
26	16	**DOUBLE DUTCH**	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	10	4
27	17	**THE CROWN**	Gary Byrd (Motown)	8	4
28	20	**TOUR DE FRANCE**	Kraftwerk (EMI)	5	20
29	(—)	**OL RAG BLUES**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	29
30	(—)	**DOLCE VITA**	Ryan Paris (Clever)	1	30
31	27	**WAKE UP**	Danse Society (Society)	2	27
32	18	**FIRST PICTURE OF YOU**	The Lotus Eaters (Sylvan)	9	13
33	24	**RIGHT NOW**	Creatures (Polydor)	9	12
34	(—)	**SHE'S SEXY & 17**	Stray Cats (Arista)	1	34
35	(—)	**SECRET MESSAGES**	ELO (Jet)	1	35
36	41	**ROCK OF AGES**	Def Leppard (Vertigo)	2	36
37	19	**I.O.U.**	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	12	2
38	(—)	**SHE LOVES YOU**	The Beatles (Parlophone)	1	38
39	23	**LOVE BLONDE**	Kim Wilde (RAK)	6	19
40	(—)	**DON'T CRY**	Asia (Geffen)	1	40
41	(—)	**HALF THE DAY'S GONE**	Kenny Lynch (Satril)	1	41
42	(—)	**RIDERS ON THE STORM**	Annabel Lamb (A&M)	1	42
43	46	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	20	8
44	31	**LIKE AN ANIMAL**	The Glove (Wonderland)	3	26
45	(—)	**RACIST FRIEND**	The Special AKA (2 Tone)	1	45
46	(—)	**ONE MIND TWO HEARTS**	Paradise (Priority)	1	46
47	47	**GIMME ALL YOUR LOVIN'**	ZZ Top (Warner Bros)	2	47
48	36	**GUILTY OF LOVE**	Whitesnake (Liberty)	4	25
49	22	**WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT**	Galaxy (Ensign)	6	21
50	(—)	**THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG IN PARADISE**	Kid Creole & The Cononuts (Island)	1	50

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

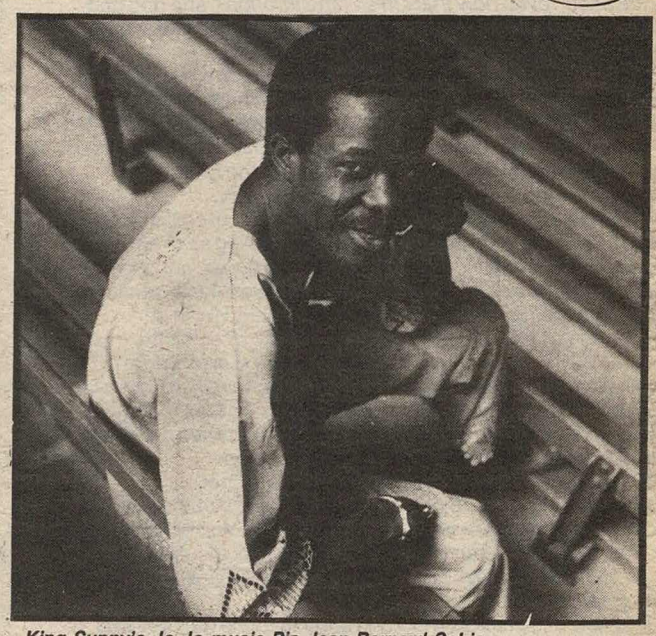
Last Week				Weeks In	Highest
1	12	**FLICK OF THE SWICTH**	AC/DC (Atlantic)	2	1
2	1	**FANTASTIC**	Wham! (Innervision)	10	1
3	3	**THE VERY BEST OF**	Beach Boys (Capitol)	6	3
4	16	**CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	2	4
5	2	**GREATEST HITS**	Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Star)	9	2
6	17	**STANDING IN THE LIGHT**	Level 42 (Polydor)	2	6
7	4	**ALPHA**	Asia (Geffen)	4	4
8	11	**THE CROSSING**	Big Country (Mercury)	6	2
9	5	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	26	1
10	6	**TOO LOW FOR ZERO**	Elton John (Rocket)	14	4
11	7	**PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS**	Robert Plant (WEA)	8	5
12	8	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	38	1
13	9	**NO PARLEZ**	Paul Young (CBS)	7	1
14	10	**PUNCH THE CLOCK**	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	5	1
15	13	**THE LOOK**	Shalamar (Solar)	7	6
16	15	**YOU AND ME BOTH**	Yazoo (Mute)	9	2
17	14	**SYNCHRONICITY**	The Police (A&M)	12	1
18	20	**BODY WISHES**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	13	2
19	18	**FUTURE SHOCK**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	3	18
20	19	**STREETSOUNDS VOLUME V**	Various (Streetsounds)	4	15
21	30	**THE BEST OF**	UFO (Chrysalis)	2	21
22	22	**IN YOUR EYES**	George Benson (WEA)	13	2
23	28	**THE LUXURY GAP**	Heaven 17 (BEF/Virgin)	19	1
24	25	**EVERYBODY'S ROCK IN**	Neil Young (Geffen)	2	25
25	(—)	**BUILT TO DESTROY**	Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)	1	25
26	33	**WAR**	U2 (Island)	10	23
27	32	**POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)	18	5
28	34	**LAWYERS IN LOVE**	Jackson Browne (Elektra)	5	15
29	(—)	**MEAN STREAK**	Y & T (A&M)	1	29
30	21	**GOLDEN YEARS**	David Bowie (RCA)	4	21
31	27	**CRISIS**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	15	5
32	(—)	**SUNNY AFTERNOON**	Various (Impression)	1	32
33	24	**SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS**	Eurythmics (RCA)	27	1
34	36	**FLASHDANCE SOUNDTRACK**	Various (Casablanca)	10	9
35	46	**RIO**	Duran Duran (EMI)	5	30
36	47	**OFF THE BONE**	Cramps (Illegal)	3	36
37	(—)	**MUMMER**	XTC (Virgin)	1	37
38	26	**ELIMINATION**	ZZ Top (WEA)	2	26
39	(—)	**MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. LAWRENCE**	Ryuchi Sakamoto (Virgin)	1	39
40	29	**TORMENT AND TOREROS**	Marc And The Mambas (Some Bizzare)	4	25
41	23	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (EMI)	31	1
42	40	**ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK**	KC And The Sunshine Band (Epic)	2	40
43	(—)	**CLUB TRACKS Vol. II**	Various (Club)	1	43
44	37	**JULIO**	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	10	12
45	41	**TWICE AS KOOL**	Kool And The Gang (De-Lite)	2	41
46	(—)	**ROCK SYMPHONIES**	LSO (K-Tel)	1	46
47	31	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meat Loaf (Epic)	5	33
48	43	**QUICK STEP AND SIDEKICK**	Thompson Twins (Arista)	5	40
49	(—)	**THE PRESENT**	Moody Blues (Threshold)	1	49
50	(—)	**BOYS DON'T CRY**	The Cure (Fiction)	1	50

DANCE FLOOR 45s

1	**CONFUSION**	New Order (Factory) UK12"
2	**THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN ROCK**	Captain Rock (NIA) US12"
3	**BREAK DANCIN'/ELECTRIC BOOGIE**	West Street Mob (Sugarhill) US12"
4	**FEEL THE FORCE**	G. Force (SMI) US12"
5	**IT'S ALL RIGHT**	N.V. (Sire) US12"
6	**MAKIN' MUSIC**	Gary's Gang (Radar) US12"
7	**RAINBOWS (JAZZMIX)**	Del Richardson (Joy Spring) US12"
8	**ON A JOURNEY**	Peech Boys (Island) UK12"
9	**BREAKDOWN**	Clock DVA (Polydor) UK12"
10	**LEST WE FORGET**	Under Two Flags (Situation 2) UK12"
11	**GET OUT OF MY MIX**	Thomas Dolby (Promo tape)
12	**LOVE REACTION**	Divine (Break) Dutch 12"
13	**YASHAR (NEW YORK DANCE MIX)**	Cabaret Voltaire (Factory Benelux) UK12"
14	**THE WILD STYLE**	Time Zone (Promo tape)
15	**DOG TALK**	The K9 Corp. (Capitol) US12"
16	**BOMB BODY**	General Caine (Tabu) US12"
17	**NERVOUS**	Kurtis Blow (Mercury) US LP
18	**ZAPP FREE**	Zapp (WEA) US LP
19	**KISS MASTER MIXES VOL II**	Various Artists (Prelude) US LP
20	**SPREAD YOUR LOVE (re mix)**	Earth, Wind And Fire (Columbia) US12"

Chart by Eddie Richards & Colin Faver – DJs at Camden Palace

AFRICAN LPs



King Sunny's Jo Jo music Pic Jean-Bernard Sohiez

1	**ZULU JIVE CASETTE**	Various Artists (Earthworks) South Africa
2	**VIVA ZIMBABWE**	Various Artists (Earthworks) Zimbabwe
3	**REVIENT EN FORCE**	Pablo Porthos (Cocorico Music) Zaire
4	**DJESSY**	Kanda Bongo-Man (Afro Rythmes) Zaire
5	**CHOC CHOC CHOC**	Franco/Rochereau (Choc) Zaire
6	**IDIE**	Pablo Pothos (Afromania) Zaire
7	**BOBBY**	King Sunny Ade (SAR) Nigeria
8	**LOVE 12"**	Orchestre Jazira (Earthworks) UK/Ghana
9	**AU COEUR DE PARIS**	Les Amazones de Guinee (Enimas) Guinee
10	**RINGO STAR**	Ringo Star (Sonics) Zaire
11	**MAA JO**	King Sunny Ade (SAR) Nigeria
12	**LIBERATION**	Freedom Songs produced Abdullah Ibrahim (SAFCO) South Africa
13	**SINGING FOR THE PEOPLE**	Chief Commander Ebenezer Obey (OBEY) Nigeria
14	**ELISA DANGWA**	Syran Mbenza (Afromania) Zaire
15	**ASE**	Segun Adewale (Segun Adewale Records) Nigeria

Courtesy of Earth Works
162 Oxford Gardens, London W10

SOCA 45s

1	**HOT HOT HOT**	Arrow (Dynamic)
2	**GIRL I LOVE YOU**	Roy Alton (Sunburn)
3	**NOTTING HILL**	Explainer (Charlie's)
4	**I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU**	Lucia Joy (ABL)
5	**RICE & PEAS**	Serenaders (Brown)
6	**MAURINE**	Shadow (Sunburn)
7	**DARLING COOL IT**	Asterisks (Sunburn)
8	**ROSALIE**	Chevi (Sunburn)
9	**NEAREST TO MY HEART**	Bill Campbell (B&B)
10	**MAMA LOBOR**	Z Ferguson (Starlight)

JAMAICA 45s

1	**WISH YOU WERE HERE**	Fleetwood Mac (WEA)
2	**I'LL PUT ANGELS AROUND YOU**	Dr Hook (Mercury)
3	**WITH YOU**	Carlene McLean (Epic)
4	**LEGGO MI HAND**	Josey Wales (Volcano)
5	**DEDICATED TO YOU**	Peter Metro (GG)
6	**SENSIMELIA**	Yellowman (Music Works)
7	**TRY AGAIN**	Champaign (Columbia)
8	**BILLIE JEAN**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
9	**COUNTRY LIFE**	Ras Karbi (Festival)
10	**WATER PUMPEE**	Tony Tuff (Volcano)

Courtesy the Gleaner

45s INDEPENDENT

1	3	**CONFUSION**	New Order (Factory)
2	1	**EVERYTHING COUNTS**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
3	2	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)
4	5	**TO A NATION OF ANIMAL LOVERS**	Conflict (Crass)
5	11	**GOOD TECHNOLOGY**	Red Guitars (Self Drive)
6	4	**TREES AND FLOWERS**	Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy Customers)
7	6	**LEAN ON ME!**	Redskins (CNT)
8	14	**THE CRUSHER**	Bananamen (Big Beat)
9	15	**IGNORE THE MACHINE**	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)
10	8	**DEATH CULT EP**	Death Cult (Situation 2)
11	7	**WHO DUNNIT**	Crass (Crass)
12	9	**NIGHT AND DAY**	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)
13	13	**LINED UP (REMIX)**	Shriekback (Y)
14	12	**CHEERIO TOODLEPIP**	Toy Dolls (Volume)
15	17	**MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED**	The Fall (Rough Trade)
16	(-)	**BRUISES/PUNCH DRUNK AND BRANDO**	Gene Loves Jezebel (Situation 2)
17	30	**NOBODY'S DIARY**	Yazoo (Mute)
18	27	**UNTIL I GET YOU**	Hanoi Rocks (Lick)
19	(-)	**NIGHT CREATURES EP**	Screaming Dead (No Future)
20	22	**HAND IN GLOVE**	Smiths (Rough Trade)
21	20	**BLITZKREIG BOP**	Newton Neurotics (Razor)
22	10	**SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS**	Crass (Crass)
23	29	**MONDAY/MUNSTERS THEME**	Escalators (Big Beat)
24	16	**DIE FOR YOUR GOVERNMENT**	Varrucas (Tempest)
25	(-)	**RELEASE THE BATS EP**	Birthday Party (4AD)
26	(-)	**SYSTEM IS MURDER EP**	System (Spiderleg)
27	24	**ONE DAY**	APB (Oily)
28	28	**DIE HARD**	Venom (Neat)
29	(-)	**THE STRENGTH OF YOUR CRY EP**	Luddites (Xcentric Noise)
30	(-)	**NEVER SAY DIE EP**	Oppressed (Firm)

LPs INDEPENDENT

1	4	**CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	2	**POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)
3	1	**YOU AND ME BOTH**	Yazoo (Mute)
4	5	**OFF THE BONE**	Cramps (Illegal)
5	3	**FETISCH**	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
6	6	**LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
7	8	**HIGH LAND HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
8	7	**FROM THE GARDENS WHERE WE FEEL SECURE**	Virginia Astley (Happy Valley)
9	10	**JAZZATEERS**	Jazzateers (Rough Trade)
10	17	**VIOLENT FEMMES**	Violent Femmes (Rough Trade)
11	11	**PILLOWS AND PRAYERS**	Various (Cherry Red)
12	9	**ANOTHER SETTING**	Durutti Column (Factory)
13	12	**YES SIR I WILL**	Crass (Crass)
14	14	**LIVE IN BERLIN**	Au Pairs (AKA)
15	15	**FUCK POLITICS**	Chaotic Discord (Riot City)
16	28	**1981–82 MINI ALBUM**	New Order (Factory)
17	13	**RED RUST SEPTEMBER**	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
18	(-)	**DEMOLITION BLUES**	Various (Insane)
19	26	**ROCK FOR LIGHT**	Bad Brains (Abstract)
20	(-)	**MOVING STAIRCASES**	Escalators (Ace)
21	16	**INTO GLORY RIDE**	Man O War (Music For Nations)
22	18	**ALL FOR ONE**	Raven (Neat)
23	29	**THE FIRST FLOWER**	Play Dead (Jungle)
24	28	**THE REPTILE HOUSE**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
25	20	**SOUTHERN DEATH CULT**	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)
26	22	**ZUNGGUZUNGGUZUNGGUZENG**	Yellowman (Greensleeves)
27	21	**NAKED**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
28	25	**DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**	Dream Syndicate (Rough Trade)
29	23	**STILL**	Joy Division (Factory)
30	24	**MERCURY THEATRE OF THE AIR**	Action Pact (Fall Out)

MUSIC VIDEOS 20

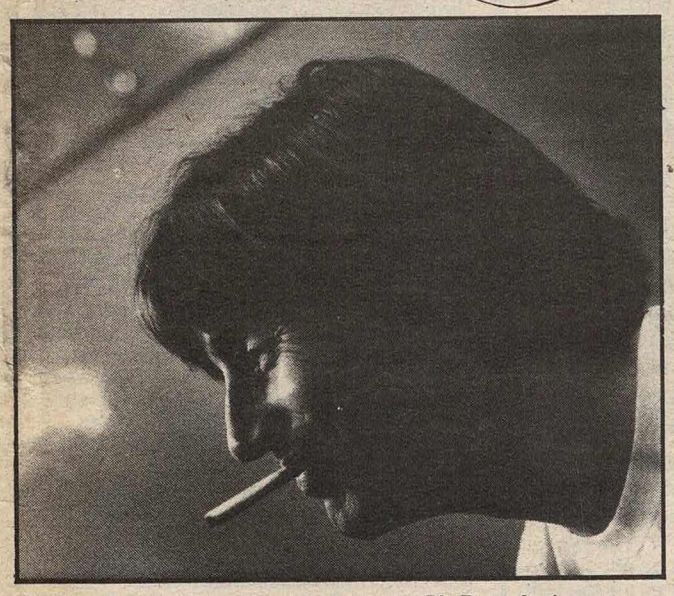
1 PINK FLOYD – THE FINAL CUT (EMI)
2 STONES IN THE PARK (Granada)
3 DURAN DURAN (EMI)
4 IRON MAIDEN – E. (EMI)
5 JAPAN – OIL ON CANVAS (Virgin)
6 KAJAGOOGOO – E.P. (EMI)
7 COMPLETE BEATLES (MGM)
8 GREAT ROCK & ROLL SWINDLE (Virgin)
9 ELTON JOHN SINGLES (Spectrum)
10 GRACE JONES – ONE MAN SHOW (Island)
11 UK/DK (Palace)
12 SOFT CELL – NON STOP EXOTIC VIDEO SHOW (EMI)
13 ABC – MANTRAP (Spectrum)
14 THE BEAT – CAN'T USED TO LOOSING YOU (Palace)
15 NEW ORDER (Ikon)
16 BLACK & BLUE (BLACK SABBATH + BLUE OYSTER CULT) (Spectrum)
17 OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN – LIVE (Embassy)
18 GARY NUMAN – NEWMAN NUMAN (Palace)
19 RUSH – EXIT STAGE LEFT (Spectrum)
20 ELVIS PRESLEY – ON TOUR MGM

Courtesy Video Palace, 100 Oxford Street, London W.1.

US 45s

1 SWEET DREAMS Eurythmics (RCA)
2 MANIAC Michael Sembello (Casablanca)
3 EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE The Police (A&M)
4 PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ Taco (RCA)
5 SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY Donna Summer (Mercury)
6 THE SAFETY DANCE Men Without Hats (Backstreet)
7 TELL HER ABOUT IT Bill Joel (Columbia)
8 IT'S A MISTAKE Men At Work (Columbia))
9 I'LL TUMBLE 4 YA Culture Club (Virgin/Epic)
10 HUMAN NATURE Michael Jackson (Epic)
11 (KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION The Human League (A&M)
12 CHINA GIRL David Bowie (EMI-America)
13 DON'T CRY Asia (Geffen)
14 LAWYERS IN LOVE Jackson Browne (Asylum)
15 TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART Bonnie Tyler (Columbia)

US LPs



Jackson Browne courting chart success. Pic Peter Anderson.

1 SYNCHRONICITY Police (A&M)
2 THRILLER Michael Jackson (Epic)
3 FLASHDANCE Soundtrack (Casablanca)
4 PYROMANIA Def Leppard (Mercury)
5 THE WILD HEART Stevie Nicks (Modern)
6 STAYING ALIVE Soundtrack (RSO)
7 AN INNOCENT MAN Billy Joel (Columbia)
8 ALPHA Asia (Geffen)
9 LAWYERS IN LOVE Jackson Browne (Asylum)
10 REACH THE BEACH The Fixx (MCA)
11 KEEP IT UP Loverboy (Columbia)
12 LET'S DANCE David Bowie (EMI-Americ a)
13 THE PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS Robert Plant (Es Paranza)
14 SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY Donna Summer (Mercury)
15 SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS Eurythmics (RCA)

Courtesy of Billboard

JAZZ LPs

Great black music magic. Lester Bowie pic Jean-Marc Birraux.

1 WE FREE KINGS Roland Kirk (Mercury)
2 EZZTHETICS George Russell (OJC)
3 MILES AND HORNS Miles Davis (OJC)
4 JAZZ AT THE COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC Dave Brubeck (OJC)
5 KINDA BLUE Miles Davis (CBS)
6 BLUE MOODS Miles Davis (OJC)
7 MONKS AND ROLLINS Monk and Rollins (OJC)
8 MIDNIGHT SPECIAL Jimmy Smith (Blue Note)
9 THE BEST OF Louis Jordan (MCA)
10 OUT TO LUNCH Eric Dolphy (Blue Note)
11 BALLADS John Coltrane (Jasmine)
12 MEMORIAL VOL. II Wardell Gray (OJC)
13 LOOK OUT! Louis Jordan (Charly)
14 TRAVELS Pat Metheny (ECM)
15 OPERA IN VOUT Slim Gaillard (Verve)
16 CARL'S BLUES Curtis Counce (Contemporary)
17 MINGUS AH UM Charles Mingus (CBS)
18 THINK OF ONE Wynton Marsalis (CBS)
19 BLUE TRANE John Coltrane (Blue Note)
20 ALL THE MAGIC Lester Bowie (ECM)

Courtesy: Honest Jon's, 278 Portobello Road, London W10

FRED FACT

Lady from CBS News phones about the boodle of Brit acts currently dominating the US singles charts – Eurythmics, Police, Cuture Club, Human League etc. "This is the second British invasion isn't it?" she gurgles. "The third," say I, dusting an Edison Blue Amberol. "Explain," she requests. I do.

In '47 British Decca shipped discs on the London label to the States. Better recorded and pressed than anything available in Old Gloryville, they soon had US punters loosened from their spare change. As British as Noel Coward with fish'n'chips they first began chart-climbing via releases like Primo Scala's Accordion Band's version of Flanagan and Allen's 'Underneath The Arches', which went top 10 in '48. Mantovani and the UK-recorded Viennese zither-picker Anton Karas were next to make an impact – the latter's 'Harry Lime Theme' remaining at No.1 for 11 weeks during 1950. Then followed such other flagwavers as The Harry Grove Trio and Vera Lynn, the one-time Forces Sweetheart, who logged five top 30 US successes at that time, one of which, 'Auf Wiedersehn', headed the listing for nine straight weeks. Orchestral leaders such as Frank Chacksfield and Frank Weir kept the London flag flying through the rest of the early '50s. But then things tapered off – at least on the singles charts – until the next British invasion, in the early '60s.

"That started with The Beatles, didn't it?" prompts the voice on the other end of the line.

"The Tornadoes actually. With 'Telstar' in 1962. And the label, once more was London."

"You've been very helpful," concludes Ms Newsdesk. And then hangs up before I ask for a fee.

Fred Dellar

ISRAEL 45s

1 EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE Police (A&M)
2 I'M STILL STANDING Elton John (Rocket)
3 SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY Donna Summer (Mercury)
4 WHO'S THAT GIRL Eurythmics (RCA)
5 I.O.U. Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
6 CRUEL SUMMER Bananarama (London)
7 CHINA GIRL David Bowie (Capitol)
8 DOUBLE DUTCH Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)
9 WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT Paul Young (CBS)
10 WAITING FOR A TRAIN Flash And The Pan (Easybeat)

Courtesy of Billboard/Kol Israel.

5 YEARS AGO

1 THREE TIMES A LADY Commodores (Motown)
2 DREADLOCK HOLIDAY 10 cc (Mercury)
3 IT'S RAINING Darts (Magnet)
4 RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING Boney M (Atlantic)
5 OH WHAT A CIRCUS David Essex (Mercury)
6 JILTED JOHN Jilted John (EMI Int)
7 YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
8 SUPER NATURE Cerrone (Atlantic)
9 BRITISH HUSTLE Hi Tension (Island)
10 PICTURE THIS Blondie (Chrysalis)

10 YEARS AGO

1 YOUNG LOVE Donny Osmond (MGM)
2 DANCING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT Barry Blue (Bell)
3 YOU CAN DO MAGIC Limmie And The Family Cookin' (Avco)
4 YESTERDAY ONCE MORE Carpenters (A&M)
5 LIKE SISTER AND BROTHER Drifters (Bell)
6 ANGEL FINGERS Wizzard (Harvest)
7 SPANISH EYES Al Martino (Capitol)
8 SMARTY PANTS First Choice (Bell)
9 PICK UP THE PIECES Hudson-Ford (A&M)
10 SUMMER Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)

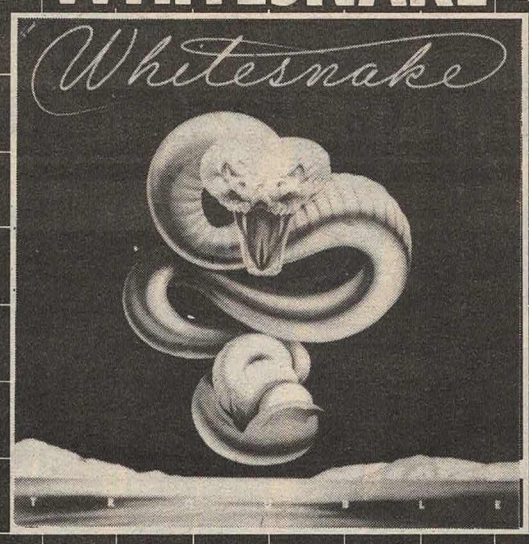
15 YEARS AGO

1 I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU Bee Gees (Polydor)
2 DO IT AGAIN Beach Boys (Capitol)
3 HEY JUDE Beatles (Apple)
4 THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU Herb Alpert (A&M)
5 I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
6 HELP YOURSELF Tom Jones (Decca)
7 HIGH IN THE SKY Amen Corner (Deram)
8 HOLD ME TIGHT Johny Nash (Regal Zonophone)
9 MONY MONY Tommy James And The Shondells (Major Minor)
10 ON THE ROAD AGAIN Canned Heat (Liberty)

20 YEARS AGO

1 SHE LOVES YOU Beatles (Parlophone)
2 BAD TO ME Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
3 I'M TELLING YOU NOW Freddie And The Dreamers (Columbia)
4 IT'S ALL IN THE GAME Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5 I'LL NEVER GET OVER YOU Johny Kidd (HMV)
6 YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A BABY TO CRY Caravelles (Decca)
7 I JUST WANT TO STAY HERE Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme (CBS)
8 JUST LIKE EDDIE Heinz (Decca)
9 SWEETS FOR MY SWEET Searchers (Pye)
10 THE LEGION'S LAST PATROL Ken Thorne (HMV)

WHITESNAKE



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TEXAS FLOOD

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Epic

'TEXAS FLOOD' OUT NOW ON ALBUM & CASSETTE

'77—

A VEGA PERSPECTIVE ON GHOST RIDERS, KUNG-FU COWBOYS, AYLER WAILERS AND LIFE AFTER SUICIDE.

BY BARNEY HOSKYNS
PIC: JOE STEVENS

THE DAY *The New York Times* reports a possible infant solar system forming around Vega, third brightest star in the sky, a similarly bright stellar entity named Alan is being orbited by a reporter from the *New Musical Express*. Like the debris in the sky, the reporter's feelings are cloudy and fragmented. It is doubtful whether they will accrete into a cogent, systematic story.

Temperatures are in the high 90s and Alan Vega's SoHo loft is like a furnace. The only ventilation is provided by a miniscule pre-Eisenhower fan on the window ledge. The streets give off sounds but halfway up the sky Vega's new strip is empty and silent, filled only by wallflowers of neon junk. His sculptures flash deserted Vegas thrills. On these walls pop America is crucified.

The sweat drips. Around a face at once hewn like ancient granite and boyishly radiant, the reporter attempts to whirl the usual confessions of a Suicide fanatic. He sends Vega to sleep with delirious accounts of hearing 'Ghost Rider' and 'Cheree' the first time, tells him Soft Cell would never have happened without 'Diamonds', that Nick Cave was only born with 'Bye Bye Bayou'; that Marty Rev is a divine shade and the broad future of the planet is entirely contingent on their reforming at the first possible opportunity. Alan Vega hears all this at least once a day.

He smiles. Part street brat, part funky downtown gypsy, his eyes sparkle as he surveys his beat, looking down to Chinatown.

"I lived here back in 1970, when there was nothin' but factories and Puerto Ricans, maybe ten crazy artists in the whole area. Now it's all boutiques and coffee houses, and you can't play music at four o'clock in the morning. When I came here, I was the black sheep of the family, they were well rid of me. Ten years later I got aunts and uncles knocking on the door – 'How are you, we heard you moved to SoHo'!"

How did Suicide come off these streets, the reporter wonders, how could they have been doing stuff like 'Space Blue' and 'Speed Queen' in *1974*?

"I don't know, man. We were really pissed, politically and all ways else. Rev wanted to kill Nixon. Rev bought a ticket to Washington to kill Nixon in the White House. I had to lock him in a room for a week because he'd just flipped, this real quiet guy.

"But all those guys, like Hell and Verlaine, even though they had their own anger and brilliance from being out of town and being the outcast of Topeka, Kansas, they didn't have what we had, which was just street survival. Essentially I'm shy and introverted, too, but in Brooklyn it's like cowboyland, you learn your smarts. If you don't have a gun, man, you better have a rap."

THE WAY Suicide stand out of the '70s quagmire has nothing to do with Bowie or Roxy. Along with '1969' and 'Subway Train', Stooges and Dolls, Suicide was the only real white street music to emerge before punk – in Lester Bangs' words, "the first real subway-lurking move" of rock'n'roll. On the one hand, a sound of trash, violence, danger; on the other, one of yearning, fantasy, mythical transformation. What were the inputs?

"Apart from Elvis and the Velvets and Iggy, that was it, plus, y'know, Question Mark, obviously, Hendrix, Seeds, the Silver Apples, a two-man band from the '60s that no-one has heard, who did this repetitive, almost Kraftwerk type of thing, incredible, man. One of 'em played a thing called a Thermin or sommat, the other played drums. They were closer to the '80s than the *Velvets* were. Seeing '96 Tears' on *American Bandstand* was like holy shit for me, these five Mexican wetbacks in shades and black leather, junked out of their minds ... the keyboard player was, like, 15, he was snortin' so much glue he couldn't even move his fingers. That song is, like, the National Anthem as far as I'm concerned."

And what unknown realm was Rev coming from?

"Marty came from The Bronx, and his background was in jazz. By the time he was 20 he had his own way-out jazz band, playing the late 'Trane, Ayler things, Rev'd already brought in an electric keyboard, three trumpet players, four clarinets, two drummers, doing that 'Father, Son, And Holy Ghost' type thing – my favourite piece of all time! – and of course five or six years later Miles went into that same electric thing and Rev was already there. I had this sort of free rock'n'roll band that I was doing at the time and Rev popped around and saw my thing and started hanging out, then it was just Rev'n'me."

When Lester Bangs played Kraftwerk's Ralf and Florian the first Suicide album, they threatened him with physical violence if he didn't instantly procure copies for each of them. Like Kraftwerk, Suicide were not industrial but micro-technological. Theirs was the sound of small factories, tiny motors, a thousand incidental street effects. 'I Remember' sounds like Vega is singing against a wall of environmental sounds that just happen to be in tune with him. It wasn't rock'n'roll, but nor was it avant-garde. It had a profound, Warholesque cheapness to it. Some of it, like 'Cheree', was hymnal.

Soft Cell understood, but your average Clash fan's conception of rock did not encompass Suicide. It was so ungrave, so untreated, that ultimately, as Vega himself put it, "it pushed out the potential of what pop can be". There's no more serene beauty than that of 'Diamonds, Fur Coat, Champagne', no more blood-curdling psychologue than 'Frankie Teardrop' or 'Harlem'.

"It has the beat but the beat is implicit – as you go round, it still hits a high measure, a high spot in the curve of the sound. It goes under, comes back around on itself. It's like when you walk out on the street, you're hit by 40,000 different sounds but somewhere within that is the New York beat. Suicide has spaces where you can put in your own beat and your own vocal. That was what drove people crazy. Everybody said it was minimal, but it had everything and more, it was very maximal, it's just there were holes in it. In the early days people would bring their own instruments, trombones and stuff, and play along. Even when people were throwing bottles and chairs at us, that was just their way of performing."

Lou Reed lives in Vega's voice, but where Reed is fey and fragile, Vega sticks in a bit of Elvis, a bit of takeaway cowboy.

"It's Iggy, it's Elvis, it's Waylon Jennings. My father was an immigrant, and the first thing immigrants get into is country'n'western. Every immigrant's first American hero is John Wayne, which is why I said Brooklyn is like Texas. It wasn't until recently that I started studying Elvis consciously, but I always thought Suicide was doing country'n'western, anyway. People would say what, are you crazy?, but I heard those warps and twangs in my voice, which is why I thought, why not do it with a guitar? Now I'm big in Texas."

Vega's solo success in France is not so peculiar when you consider the leather-and-chrome mystique America has held for France ever since the '50s. Even if he's playing a sort of cartoon

SATURN STRIP

Gene Vincent, his pseudo-iconic stature stems from Brando and Elvis and is part of the tradition that had the Stooges and the Groovies playing the disused slaughterhouse of the Pavilion de Paris in the '70s. Europe's love for garage rock will probably always be greater than our own. Today the Americans call 'Jukebox Babe' – and 'Video Babe' too! – "French rockabilly".

VEGA'S SOLO albums are extraordinary because they are so sterile, so dry, so unfaithful to the dionysiac spirit of rockabilly. 'Collision Drive' doesn't so much strip the form as bludgeon and compress it into a metallic drone.

This is why 'Saturn Strip' is such a strange propulsion of Vega into the pop mainstream. The first of his solo albums to be produced by Ric Ocasek of The Cars, 'Saturn Strip' mates Vega's rockabilly with a slickly efficient dance sound which all but openly mocks it. The more rocking stuff ranges from an overkill Velvets job on (of all things) Hot Chocolate's 'Every 1's A Winner' to a Kim Fowley-style Stones pastiche on 'Angel', while the nouveau Moroder of 'Saturn Drive', programmed by Ministry's Al Jourgensen, is a kind of Eurodisco Sun Ra and a complete counterpoint to the styles of Marty Rev or his heir Dave Ball (with whom Vega has long intended to collaborate). When Alan Vega says he's a bit confused by his Elektra contract and his MTV video and the hundred and one interviews he's giving at the moment, he's not hamming.

Is it a case of Ocasek playing Bowie to Vega's Pop?

"Ric used to say Suicide wrote 'anti-hits'. We went over boundaries, we wouldn't take out the mistakes. People tell me they miss that now, but the thing was that Rev's beat was a jazz beat, he put the stress on the backbeat – it's non-danceable. With Rev, the snare is the key. This DJ friend of mine took out the beat on 'Frankie Teardrop' and put a snare in, the snare coming in on the vocal, and the people loved it. They didn't care about all the screams and stuff, they just danced!"

Is the commercial pressure on, then?

"There's a lotta things in my head that I really can't do now with Elektra. I could have written another 'Jukebox Babe' and made a ton of money, but I didn't want to do that. At the same time, I couldn't do another 'Collision Drive', because it just didn't sell."

Where did 'Collision Drive' leave you?

"Well, Ric said you're the guy who came out with the rhythm machines and look what you got now, a far band, and he was right. What I did with 'Collision Drive' was take a bar band and try to make an electronic acoustic record out of it, through the board, but I came back from a really successful tour of Europe, two or three thousand seaters every night, the new Elvis of Europe and so forth, and I had nothing. So Ric said he could do an album, and he gave me these songs, and suddenly we had two sides, an Alan side and a Ric side, with me writing the lyrics on all of them.

"We didn't exactly know what to do at first, should we do two sides like that or go for a merging of styles? Finally, we went for the latter, with Ric playing keyboards on my thing and guitar on his thing, so we had two different musics. If you heard the original tapes, it was two different things, one bar-band rockabilly, the other sort of Ric's Suicide, Cars-y Suicide. On a song like 'Angel', he puts this Casio on a heavy bar-band trip and that completely different feel transforms the song into a whole new music. It's like two producers and two artists."

The most interesting song, at the same time that it fails to generate any of Suicide's energy or mystery, is the Iggyish 'American Dreamer', which is like an epitaph for all Vega's mythic phantoms, the ghost riders and Viet vets and kung fu cowboys.

"Yeah, they're like comic-book daredevil men. They come from a netherworld. They're like outlaws but it's the outlaws which make a country work. All pioneers have something criminal about them. 'American Dreamer' was Ric's big thing on the record. It was very special to him and he wanted a certain vocal approach to it. I started to think about circus figures. It's kind of a TV epic – high speed kisses, dixie sugar, Dolly Parton, Las Vegas thrills. It's like 'Johnny' on the first Suicide album, which we never quite finished, with three different vocal lines."

What's the connection with the brilliant Hot Chocolate, or did I miss something obvious?

"I thought that guy Errol Brown was just the most incredible performer. He'd hardly move but you sensed an incredible pain in the guy, like he was really hurting. There was this air of danger to him. And that first album, produced by Mickie Most, is, like, unreal. I couldn't believe the amount of sound, the richness of it, the complexity."

The kids ain't dancin' no mo', the kids ain't laughin' no mo' ... a last twist in Vega's current view of life is an urgent desire to pair up once more with Marty Rev. The two haven't spoken in a while, but Vega senses that a reunion isn't far off. He knows no-one can do what Rev does, knows that nobody else hits those keys with quite that combination of tension and grace. As he looks back he recalls the dreamy 'Sweetheart', the pastoral Brian Wilson of 'Las Vegas Man', the 'Then He Kissed Me' à la Residents of 'Dance'. He remembers Rev's 'Lust/Unlust' solo set ("Suicide without the voice", said the crits). He muses.

"When Suicide came out of New York, I tell you, man, there was nothin', zero. Suicide was the only group in New York City. Then a year later came the Dolls and The Ramones. We started the whole thing. I feel the way the music business is now, it's like the same thing, there's nothing really happening. There might be a lotta groups around, but there's no creative thrust. I feel this might be the right time for Suicide again to walk out and go, 'Fuck you all! Let's get going!' The trouble is that New York never was a music town. I always felt that's what Suicide should be anyway, not to be a commercial band, but to be this entity that can never be figured out and will always be ten years ahead of its time."

American dream on.

LOVE ISN'T THE DRUG FOR GLASGOW'S CARTOONISTS ●

CARTOON CHARACTERS

Power pop addicts – (left to right) Brian McCann, Michael Price and Robert Bookless
Pics Rowan Main

AUDACITY COMES into it. Sex comes into it. Originality comes into it. It may seem like a very dodgy idea but an obscure Glaswegian band have recently released a single, the B-side of which is a cover version of Ferry's 'Love Is The Drug'. Don't fall asleep yet – the best is yet to come.

There being three types of cover version – better than, different from and bloody awful – the difference between inspiration and petty plagiarism is a delicate balance. It is in this single by The Cartoons. Their version of 'Love Is The Drug' is almost unrecognisable, except in sentiment. A hard, Glitter Band rock and roll drumbeat drives along a searching bass line, brittle guitar chords and a vocal that is both unearthly and monotonous. The whole effect reeks of frustration, trapped inner city life and the search for pleasure which, inevitably, may not even be that. The futility and the need are summed up. The Cartoons have kept the essence of the song but dragged it into the '80s. Love just doesn't come into it.

All this is made even more extraordinary by the fact that The Cartoons are little known even in their home town. They are just the basic components of vocals, drums and bass, respectively Brian McCann, Michael Price and Robert Bookless. This neat format is added to by James King, one of Glasgow's few unsung heroes, who plays 'phantom' guitar and also produced the single. He has left his stamp on these aspects, although both share such similar ideas and attitudes for the swap to be mutual with Michael Price currently playing drums for The Wolves when required. Their attitude to the music business in general is certainly the same: cynical, defensive and aggressive. Mistrust is the norm and the idea of playing for commercial gain ridiculed. Or, at least, the idea of being paid for what they do is thought absurd.

"Putting this single out independently was just the only way to get our music heard," exhorts Robert Bookless. "Everybody's got the wrong idea about Glasgow. Glasgow bands are always ripping somebody off, all those jangly love songs or sounding like New Order. We just do what we want. 'Love Is The Drug' isn't really like a cover version, if you didn't know the words you wouldn't recognise it. It just fucks people up because it's a classic – a favourite with almost everybody. They don't know what it is and they're conned into listening to it because it's a famous song."

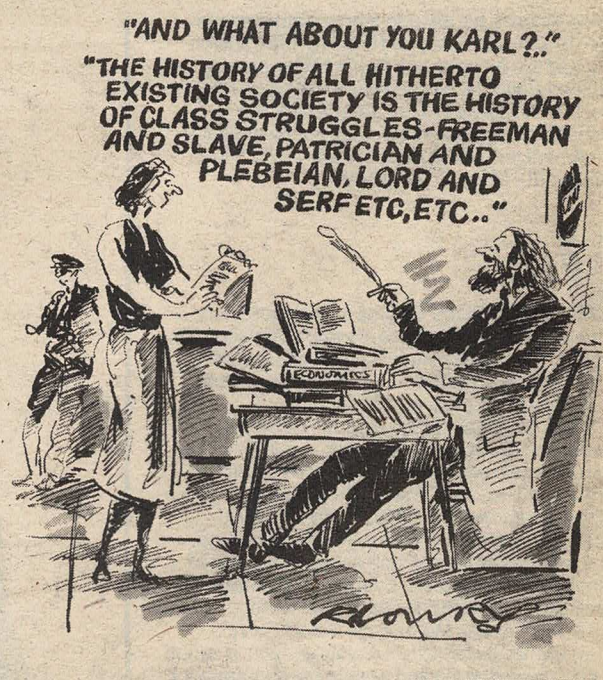
'Gee George' is the A-side of the single but it is overshadowed by the B-side.

"We're what Glasgow music should be about, power, aggression, it shouldn't be all this twangy fucking love, that's just passe and corny. Why shouldn't people get to hear what we think it's really like? Bring the aggression out. I'm not talking about any punk rock shit, I'm just talking about music that is *powerful*."

The Cartoons' future plans include releasing another single on Stiletto Records, 'Once The Victor', bearing in mind, as Brian McCann put it: "If anyone offers us any money we'll take it." Future intentions are more succinctly summed up by Robert Bookless. "We just want to do what we can until we get bored, then we'll wrap it. We'll just get as much out as we can and fuck the lot of them."

ANDREA MILLER

lowry


"AND WHAT ABOUT YOU KARL?.."
"THE HISTORY OF ALL HITHERTO EXISTING SOCIETY IS THE HISTORY OF CLASS STRUGGLES-FREEMAN AND SLAVE, PATRICIAN AND PLEBEIAN, LORD AND SERF ETC, ETC.."

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ELVIS COSTELLO

AND THE ATTRACTIONS

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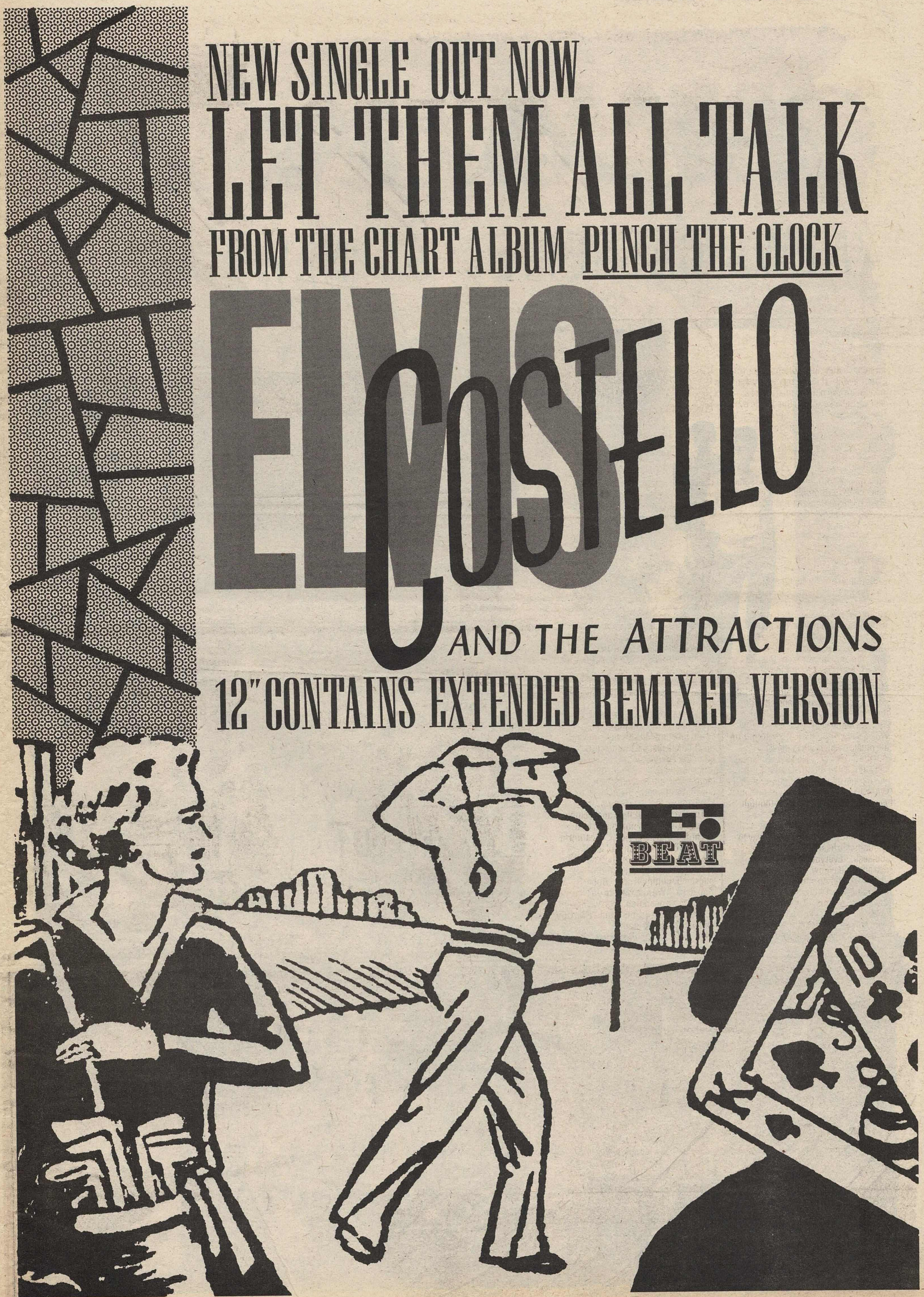


HARD

NEW CASSETTE & NEW ALBUM

INCLUDES NEW SINGLE

IS IT LOVE

7" & EXTENDED 12"

GANG

OF

RICK SPRINGFIELD – A HECK OF A GUY ● INTRODUCING MARK BEYER ●

ARE YOU READY TO RICK?

"All my girlfriends talk about is, like, how it would be to meet Rick and y'know, they talk about making out with him and stuff . . . I wouldn't want to 'cause he wouldn't respect a girl who . . . did it. I wanna marry him, don't you?" ***13-year-old, Bayfront Center***

NEW YORK calling, cool-lect! Could you tell me, *por favor*, what the heck is going on in my beloved country? The mass market, otherwise known as the great unwashed unconscious bless their shoes and haircuts, soak up Dexys Mud Wrestlers and Culture Club like they were Elvis Presley Memorial Laser Light shows or electric toothbrushes for dogs. Give us your tired, your poor, your Flock Of Seagulls . . . no, I take that back, or rather, I wish someone would take *them* back.

When's the last time you considered Rick Springfield? I mean, when's the last time you sat in the bath pondering the ipso facto perfection of the guy for say, ten or 11 hours? Do you known of whom I speak, or are you too busy exporting dashing popstars to give a hip cat's crap in hell abour ours? Ah, I hear your derisive shouts from across the sea . . ." Shut up you silly Yanks! Buy our records! Help keep our Queen in panty hose!." Sorry mac, but a girl's got to make a living.

First, the history bit. Rick Springfield spent seven years putting out records on various labels, resulting in one hit, 'Speak To The Sky'. He began acting in 1974 and succeeded in nabbing many bit parts on TV. Finally, in 1980 RCA released 'Working Class Dog', its single 'Jessie's Girl' went top ten. At the time Rick happened to be appearing on TV's most popular daytime drama *General Hospital* ". . . because I didn't have any money." Over the last couple of years two more records have been released, 'Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet' and 'Living In Oz'. Mr Springfield has won a Grammy and starred in his first feature film, *Hard To Hold*. Hot property. Big Fromage. Etc.

TEN REASONS TO LIKE RICK SPRINGFIELD

1) He produces good, dependable, solid, sexy, clever pop records; fun for teens, kids, mom and dad, and animals. These discs have, to put it crudely, balls . . . so even esoteric snots should be able to eke out some entertainment.

2) The clothes on his bod have tons of eccentric style and flair. "I always look at everything everybody wears. A lot of my ideas come from films, especially since I started talking to people in films. Film clothes have a slightly different sense than mainstream designers." Guess who's seen *Mad Max II?*

3) His acting ability serves him well. The videos are dynamic and well crafted. On stage or off he's one of those larger than lifers, tall, well-muscled, charismatic. All the emphatic glamour of a Las Vegas performer is there *sans* gross trappings, ie his ego doesn't need a separate dressing room. "Do I feel glamorous? No. Occassionally on stage I get that kind of feeling, but not often. I'm too hard on myself to feel anything like that. I'm harder on myself than anyone could be."

4) A boy and his dogism. The cover of 'Working Class Dog' featured Rick's dog (answers to the name of "Ron"), dressed in white shirt and a tie, with a picture of the artiste stuck in his pocket. "There's a story attached to the first album, 'cause I had to convince RCA to put him on the cover. They laughed at me when I first said it. I did this whole mock up at home, used the shirt and tie that I'd worn for the album before, and they liked it. So I had to go buy a shirt 'cause he has like an 18 inch neck. I went around looking for a white shirt and they didn't have one in regular stores, so I went to a Big And Tall Man's store and asked for an 18 inch collar button down. They wanted to know how long the sleeves should be, and I told them it didn't matter, but they really wanted to know. When I told them 12 inches the guy looked at me like I was some kind of an asshole."

5) Part Two; 'Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet'. Ron again, this time seated between poodles in a limo. Rick serves his champagne dressed as a chauffeur. Preferable to girlfriends in videos any day.

6) The new disc, 'Living In Oz' incorporates the modern world of technonono without any unappealing contortionisms. Micro computers, synth drums, and all those other things that make life bearable. "We just programmed it, turned it on, sat back, and watched it." 'The Human Touch' is the best example, alternating musically and thematically between the loud guitars of yore and poly-euro-rhythmics.

7) We have a certain type of popstar over here that rises in fame above all others; the Show Biz Popstar. Let's face it, your basic mom wouldn't know who David Lee Roth is if you hit her over the head with him, since nobody cares about musicians in general over here and treats anyone with a guitar in his or her hand like the vermin they are. But when Peter Wolf marries and does the Dunaway with Faye, or Eddie Van Halen takes TV starlette Valerie Bertinellie as his lawfully wedded it's instant mediaville beach blanket bingo. While the afore mentioned are guilty of association, our hero did it all by himself. By appearing on *General Hospital* and doing the boogaloo in medical whites five or so days a week for two years he became a star in the hinterlands that are the majority of our brave land.

8) He is a sincere kinda guy. He has a nice smile. You can see it for yourselves next year when he visits your fine country.

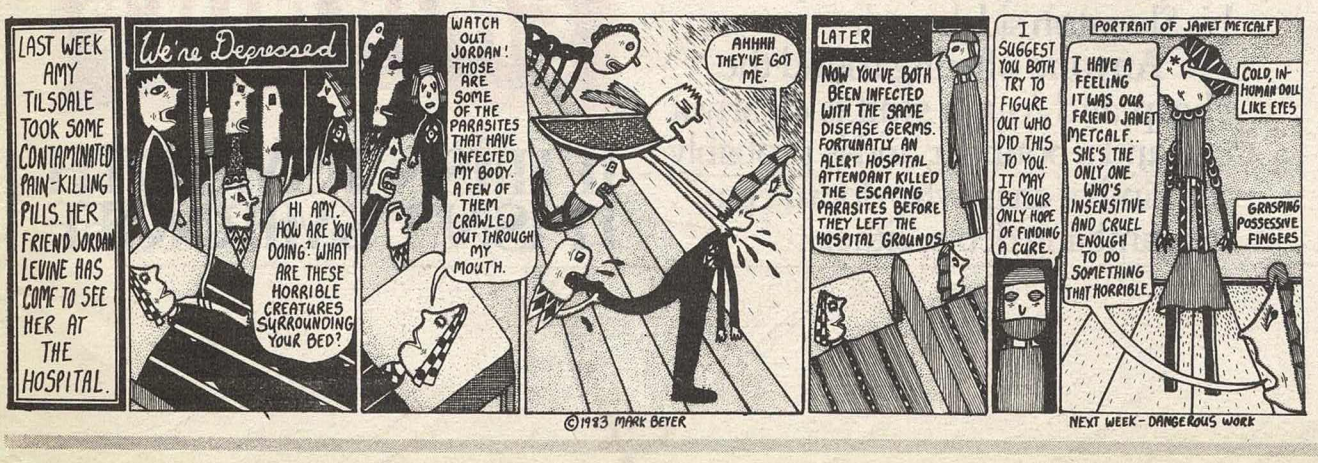
9) The show at St Petersburg Florida's Bayfront Center Arena was as cornball, sweet and exciting as those things are meant to be. Thousands of American lovedolls, tanned blondies waxing oily with enthusiasm, go rabid when the curtain lifts and Rick appears standing on some sort of big, black box. They scream, cry and tear their clothes. They make me feel good, because they are having such a lovely time. Some grumpy guy sits next to me . . . oh Christ he wants to talk about The Clash. He admits his only reason for being there is that he had a chance to sneak in. I get him thrown out. Luckily he is replaced by a whistling bouncy young thing who grabs and pounds my arm to emphasise her adoration. If one were a male, one could take advantage of these things . . . where is that Joe Stevens?

10) Sometimes I lay awake at night and wonder about all those pale boys in funny clothes on MTV, and Adam Ant, and Duran Duran, and fat girl objects in designer jeans and Killing Joke T-shirts and I think about Rick Springfield and feel better.

ANNENE KAYE

No NME, no comment . . .
Pic Joe Stevens

mark beyer


LAST WEEK AMY TILSDALE TOOK SOME CONTAMINATED PAIN-KILLING PILLS. HER FRIEND JORDAN LEVINE HAS COME TO SEE HER AT THE HOSPITAL.
We're Depressed
HI AMY. HOW ARE YOU DOING? WHAT ARE THESE HORRIBLE CREATURES SURROUNDING YOUR BED?
WATCH OUT JORDAN! THOSE ARE SOME OF THE PARASITES THAT HAVE INFECTED MY BODY. A FEW OF THEM CRAWLED OUT THROUGH MY MOUTH.
AHHHH THEY'VE GOT ME.
LATER
NOW YOU'VE BOTH BEEN INFECTED WITH THE SAME DISEASE GERMS. FORTUNATLY AN ALERT HOSPITAL ATTENDANT KILLED THE ESCAPING PARASITES BEFORE THEY LEFT THE HOSPITAL GROUNDS.
I SUGGEST YOU BOTH TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHO DID THIS TO YOU. IT MAY BE YOUR ONLY HOPE OF FINDING A CURE.
PORTRAIT OF JANET METCALF
I HAVE A FEELING IT WAS OUR FRIEND JANET METCALF.. SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO'S INSENSITIVE AND CRUEL ENOUGH TO DO SOMETHING THAT HORRIBLE.
COLD, INHUMAN DOLL LIKE EYES
GRASPING POSSESSIVE FINGERS
©1983 MARK BEYER
NEXT WEEK – DANGEROUS WORK

Cult cartoonist Mark Beyer hails from Allentown, Pennsylvania, whose deprivations Billy Joel most recently publicised in song. His work offers dissected moments of modern terror – as experienced by small, rag-doll-like characters the artist describes as psychological aspects of his own character. Other influences on his art? Reform school (which Beyer attended for two years), animation and a brief attendance at art school. For fuller info, see the interview with Beyer in this month's new issue of Escape magazine: 95p from 156 Munster Rd, London SW6. ***CYNTHIA ROSE***

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Somebody or other once defined a gentleman as a man who can play the saxophone, but doesn't.

But whatever definition springs to mind, one very important fact remains indisputable.

No gentleman would consider serving cheap vodka to his guests.

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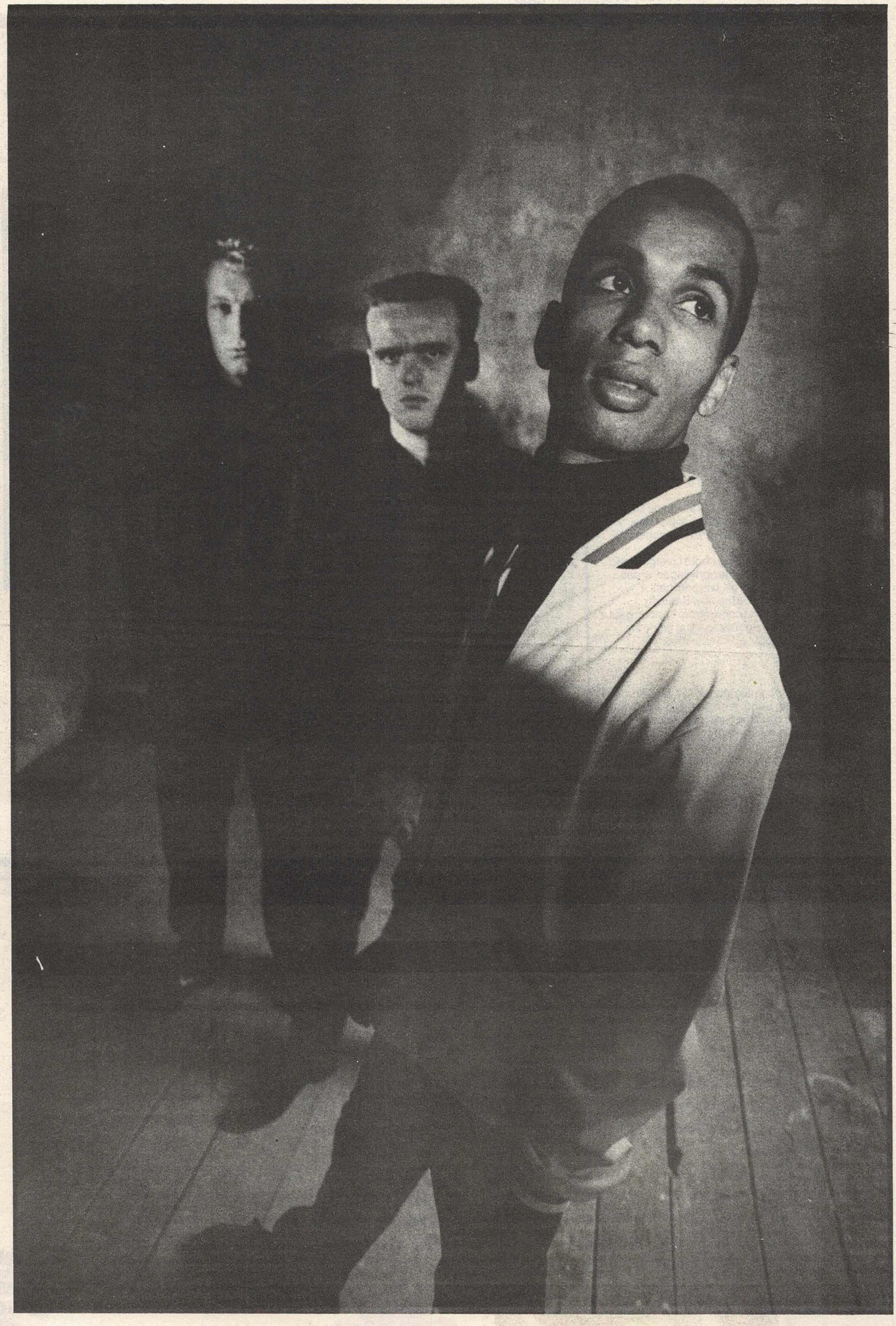
One taste of his vodka will expose him for what he is. So will a close examination of his badge.

SMIRNOFF

IF IT ISN'T SMOOTH IT ISN'T SMIRNOFF

CRIMES of PASSION



Victims of fashion? "We wuz robbed," cry ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE. Sympathetic ear: DAVID DORRELL Pix: PETER ANDERSON

IT WAS a fine romance, a rush of amorous fascination full of memories, melodies, fast women and loose dancing, a lover's discourse that said little but answered everything. Then she was gone – like the lyric to some great Gershwin fantasy. Looking back it's all too easy to believe that 'Love Is The Great Pretender'.

There were others of course, but they amounted to nothing more than a feeble grope. In retrospect 'The Mighty Hands Of Love' were somewhat soiled. The woman had left. It was the end of the affair.

Now there is nothing left but the desire to rebuild. And that is always easier when you're alone and back on home turf. As the man says: ". . . *watch how he moves with a dexterous ease, gliding through t he city like a summer breeze, everyone smiles 'cause they know he's the native boy . . .*"

Animal Nightlife are currently revising their lexicon of love.

As a soundtrack to my last year of love they have run the gamut of highs and lows. Occasionally we smiled in parallel and at times they intertwined themselves with heart-stopping silence with my own life. They could be the constant companion to every doomed romantic, and at some time or another we are all left moping in that wasteland between lovers.

As I lost one girl they lost two, when Leah and Chrysta departed earlier this year – proving that the course of true love never runs smooth. The band is now back to its seven-piece nucleus. Steve Lewis, the DJ from the demi-monde, is still business overlord and the wounds are starting to heal. They have been augmented recently by Whamette Dee and Heaven 17 sent Carol Kenyon and things are looking up. Still, none of this has helped their relationship with the charts, which at the best of times has only ever been scantily-clad as success. It would seem that they are stranded between two shores; they have neither the 'glamour' appeal of the brazen chart slut, or the timid security of the hermaphrodite-next-door. Maybe their cool approach to the rocky road of relationships is too painful for the young lover. Maybe it's too smooth for them to get a grip on the situation.

Fortunately none of the groove-line slickness that mars their recording career was evident on the recent Animal Nightlife Revue tour. The drinks were shaken, the audience was stirred and the decision was unanimous – on stage they are sex, sweet sweat and blood, and for all the complaints in the press that is something that the cotton-wool crooners of the hit parade will never provide.

Dee emerged as the perfect foil to Andy Polaris. Wet, hot and steaming, she stepped with effortless grace, whilst Andy shuffled loose-limbed into the shoes of every soul in the crowd. Live Animal Nightlife are body-boppers, and no one could turn a blind eye to their bestial passion.

Unfortunately such soul food has failed to find a larger audience and so they stand in enforced exile whilst others garner the attention Nightlife believe they deserve. As the good (Carmel), the bad (Kim Wilde) and the ugly (Roman Holliday) slide past,

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE
the feeling of injustice grows and their nonchalance and aloofness has become bitter, not far removed from jealousy.

It's something they're probably loathe to admit but forced to admit. It could be the sentiment to any swan-song but Animal Nightlife are stronger than that.

As Mac, their percussive drive, opines: "The thing that annoys us is that we've opened so many doors for everybody else – yet they slam right back in our faces. It's really hard."

The usually suave Andy shares the same hurt; "Certain people have things against the band because of where we're coming from. And they're always gonna be there really – it's the same people, harping on about the same things all the time, radio DJs and people like that.

"There's a certain DJ, who when he played our record for the first time was saying, 'this is really a good record – but I don't think there's a market for this sort of thing'. Next week you've got Carmel in at number 35 and they start frothing at the mouth about her."

"The thing about Carmel," Mac adds, "is that . . . we really like her and think the record's great . . . but they're not playing it because it's a good record, they're playing it because it's an oddity. Our pluggers told us that they're playing it because it's like a Smurf record to them.

"You know what they're like – they're complete arseholes. They play all their little political games – but they won't play our records because we've had two flops and they want to see a chart position first, but you don't get a chart position until they play the record."

It would seem that Catch 22 is alive and kicking in the home of the hits, or as Andy complains: "As far as Radio 1 is concerned we've had some shit treatment.

"Radio 1 has got this thing about Liverpool and Scotland and all those 'under-privileged' areas. Anything that comes out of Liverpool gets a session like it's gonna be the new Beatles, whereas any group that comes from London gets a hard time as if they've got everything going for them. Which is stupid . . ."

OR IS IT? Nightlife started in the cauldron of clubland, Soho. A captive audience, good venues and a niche in the heart of the then classically elitist press guaranteed that the band would rise and rise . . . They were the froth on top of London's peculiar special brew: the cult club band.

But froth is relatively immaterial stuff. And one by one the bubbles burst, leaving the pretty club scene just pretty vacant. For all the jabberings of the journalists and the pushiness of the proprietors, the London nightlife is a bane for good bands. Animal Nightlife are a good band, and for that reason alone media policies towards London bands are surprising unhealthy.

The short-sighted bitchery of the press has also left the band with an ugly and unqualified stigma: they are ignobly marked as 'elitists', something they strenuously (and convincingly) deny.

Although the flak is still flying – for their use of the Wag club as an occasional haunt – they don't care, because things for Nightlife are changing.

"We seem to have lost that 'art' audience that we always seem to be associated with. We're over the moon. We seem to be getting a lot of younger people at the gigs whereas before it was always the young trendies," muses Andy.

And the club elitism?

Andy: "How else does a group get press when they're first starting out? You either sleep with the right DJ or you work out some manifesto . . . bands have to get somewhere!

"You have to play the crowds – it's no good playing in front of fifteen people. We collared that little market anyway.

"Since The Sex Pistols and McLaren's ethic of getting publicity people have wised up a bit, and you know you've got to do something to get some press."

"We hated the fact that everybody thought we were just a nice little fashion band to watch," adds Mac. "Because in London you can be a fashionable band 'til next week – and then you're finished. We think that we've crossed enough to get rid of that tag. Now we've just got to cross a bit further . . ."

Which shouldn't be too hard if their recent London audiences are any gauge. Apart from a positively unhealthy amount of heavy stepping the crowd was thoroughly mixed; hard-core soul boys popped shoulder to shoulder with hard-headed billies. Everywhere Caplan dresses and Loveless leathers fought for airspace with Taccini tops and Fila track-suits. For an elitist band Nightlife are striding across previously untouched fashion divides. Hey fellas what's soul?

Andy: "We've managed to break through a lot of 'snobby' barriers at the moment. Though there are still certain things . . . like *Black Echoes* don't want to touch us because there are too many white people in the band – which is ridiculous! There's all these white people writing about black music and they're saying what ratio of blacks and whites can go in their magazine.

"I think that the soul thing is really important now. I must admit that I get a lot of black guys coming up to me and telling me that they like the record – and all these guys are into Man Parrish and go body-popping down at Covent Garden!"

Considering the press they've accrued in *Blues & Soul* ('Native Boy' is still in that magazine's Soul Top 20) and on the new tape mag *Soul On Sound* it's not surprising. What is remarkable is that the soul success (in a notoriously fussy market) has come whilst the band are being slated by the 'rock' press for their 'commercialism' . . .

Andy: "I think our music has always been commercial really. It's developing a lot better: we know how to write songs now whereas before they were a bit shoddy . . . which is just the way the band progresses when you're starting from zero."

Mac: "We've been accused that 'Native Boy' was a commercial stab but 'Mighty Hands Of Love' was much more commercial. That was our mistake and we all know that. 'Native Boy' is a good song,

it's got a good melody. Pity no one's buying it – if that's commercialism . . . well!"

WELL INDEED! Animal Nightlife are basically skint. In fact they are bankrupt – though as they're at pains to point out they don't want to labour the point.

As Mac explains: "Ambition-wise we don't want to be the new Duran Duran. At the moment it's no exaggeration to say that we ran out of money four weeks ago – we haven't been paid for a month – we went bankrupt.

"We are in the position now where we can't even afford to go to rehearsals – we're broke. We just want enough money to have a nice steady living."

"People are really naive to think that you can continue on nice press reviews and people slapping your back," chips in Andy. "Record companies are realistic – you either make records that sell or they chuck you off the label.

"We can understand why bands split up because the pressures are unbelievable."

"We basically wanna get off of Innervision – well CBS have stitched us right up," exclaims a rather anxious Mac. "It would be nice to start afresh.

"By the time this interview comes out we'll have been on Innervision a year – and fuck all has happened. It's gone backwards really."

Not surprisingly the news came through last week that Animal Nightlife have left Innervision. They are in debt to the pretty sum of £70,000 – somehow tears are not enough. At least their desire to start afresh should be realised as a number of major record labels are interested in the band.

But Nightlife will have to prove themselves once more before they achieve any notable success. And it would be fair to say that their relationship with the CBS/Innervision pact was hardly the finest of romances. Not that the band are romantic about their dealings with their company.

"We invitd every single member of CBS to our gig at Ronnie Scott's – and only about six people turned up. And that's our record company! If you get kicked in the teeth by your record company then you start thinking 'God!'" sighs a rather disillusioned Mac.

A rather riled Andy continues: "The worst thing about it is that if you make a hit record they turn around and say, Well boys you've made it. I think the biggest shit we've had is signing up. If people could make money from playing live then I'd rather do it myself."

It seems the most painful moment in the affair comes when you suspect that you're being treated as a tax loss. Yet for all their resignation and hurt pride they are intent on making a go of a (so far) bad ride. Unfortunately this entails a cessation of their live performances – which are undoubtedly their forte – to concentrate on their writing, except for their final gig of '83 which appropriately enough is an Animal Liberation Benefit!

Animal Nightlife are still a people's band – a populist band – an any amount of criticism will stop that fact from showing through. They appear resolute and honest (if somewhat jaundiced), and they can still laugh at their plight; they are an 'elitist' band without an elite audience, they are a pop band without any goldstars and moreover they are socialists without being socialites. They are also realists – as Andy howls: "We can't say, 'let's sit down and write a No. 1' – because obviously we're way off mark!"

Animal Nightlife are waiting in the left-field whilst the sun sets on another fated *affaire de coeur*. Heartbreaking? Daunting? Never! They're just waiting to commit their next crime of passion. And I think I'll wait with them . . . who can tell it could be a fine romance . . .

NEXT WEEK IN NME

Look, we don't wanna get HEAVY about this, or anything. BUT . . .

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NME:

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2 BLUE WATER
3 THIS IS NOT A LOVE SONG (Re-mixed Version)
4 PUBLIC IMAGE

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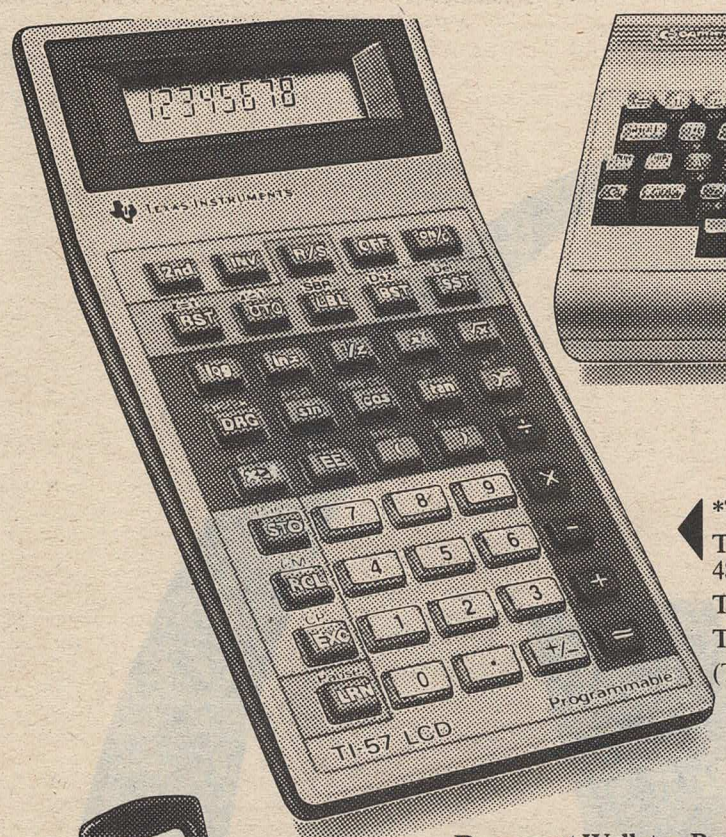

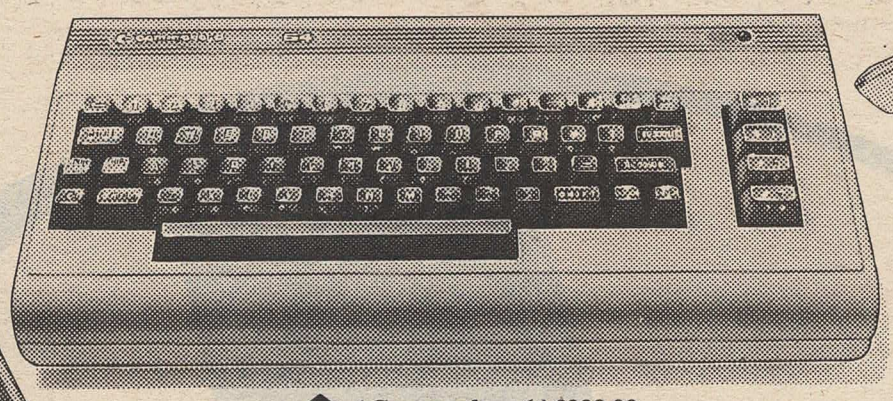

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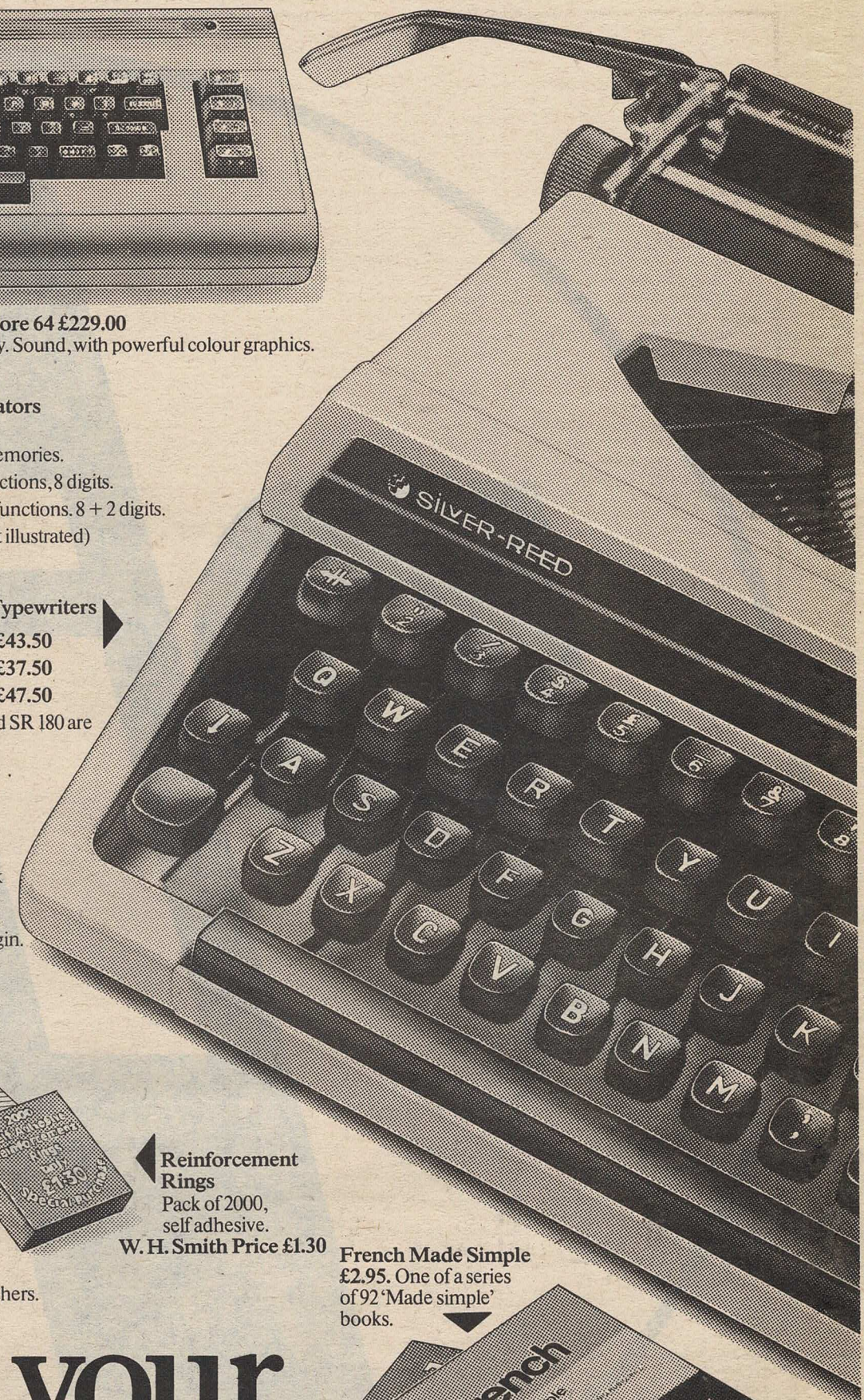

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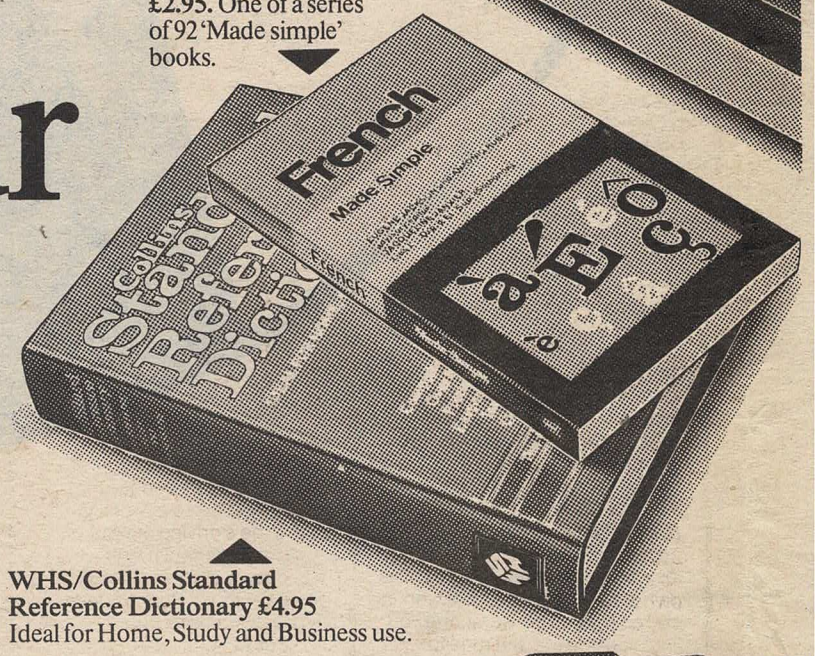

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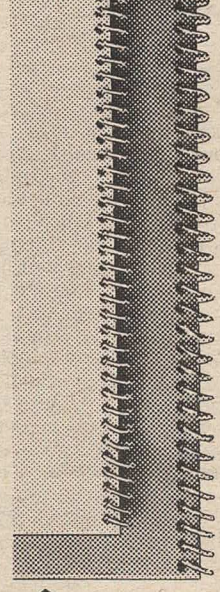

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SINGLES

BY DANNY BAKER

WILL POWERS: Kissing With Confidence *(Island)* I once met Todd Rundgren. His face seems to sharpen into a point just beneath his top lip and he has two large floppy ears that stick out making his upper head look like a wing-nut. His teeth, which I'd always thought large, were in fact like thirty grains of Uncle Ben's long grain rice thrown haphazardly into his gum. For a period in the mid'70s he made astonishingly good and beautiful records. Now he is a mad person, creating offbeat, unusual and completely redundant follies like this.

This is a step on from a rap record called a lec record which is short for lecture. On it, a mundane man drivels on pedantically about the psychology of kissing while Stevie Winwood, Nile Rodgers and Carly Simon try to toepunt some life into the stillborn runt of a "song". It may go over 'big' in the clubs because the type of goon who lives for clubland rejoices in anything that teases his or her weenie brain when cranked up to the landing decibels of Concorde or perhaps a Korean Boeing. It's a desperate nightly search for a new record that's never going to be released and some respectable people degrade their skills in the desperate scramble for a disco hit. Such as:

ELVIS COSTELLO: Let Them Talk *(F-Beat)* The opening track from the only LP I've bought in eight months. But look what they've done to your song, Elv, look what they've done to your song. They let a power crazed producer smother it in fads till it's as tuneless as a breakfast gong, Elv, look what they've done to your song. It's a grating exercise in the numbing craze for 'messing

about' with the finished studio tape — all that stopping, starting and rewinding of phrases and horn riffs; music that seems solely geared to test expensive light consoles. "*Have we come this far to find a soul cliche?*" he sings so maybe this is all a joke. No, can't be a joke. Jokes go: What do you call three lepers in a jacuzzi? Soup. I've heard nothing as widly amusing on this thing. This, I think, is a hiccup and one that will colour Elvis' face whenever he thinks of it in the coming years. If this review were a Costello song, I think this 'extended mix' would become victim to a play on the words 'omnibus' and 'blunder-bus'. You can use that one if you want Dec!

JOHN FOXX: Your Dress *(Virgin)* John Foxx is certainly peculiar. I always kind of see him as a nun; quiet, austere going his own way, seemingly hard working and polite and not someone you could be out and out rude to because he actually, truly believes that his work is right and deeply sacred. I bet he even accepts his alarming singles flop rate philosophically. He even plugs away at designing still, nobody having the heart to point out his cutting up and pasting of fabrics is ludicrous and child-like. This latest single is nothing new, synthesizers wailing away at some half-realized tune and John's flamboyantly anaemic vocals throwing together all kinds of nouns and adjectives bar those that actually tell a tale. Mad? No I don't think so. I've heard he's a big-head though. Bless you sister.

THE PEECH BOYS: On A Journey *(Island)*
BOBBY GILLIOM: Gimme A Break *(NYV)* Two long songs ideal for that robot dancing which I understand is going out of fashion faster than the music press. I was at a fabulous wedding just recently where towards the end of the reception this woman — early twenties, high street fashion, ankle bracelet, drunk — startled everyone by bending and buckling jerkily in a dazzingly unsuccessful attempt to recreate Tic & Toc. In her mind's eye she had everyone spellbound and asking themselves if in fact she was *really* some amalgamation of flesh and transistor but, in reality, nobody knew where to look, so unconvincing was the display. As one old dear put it: "Is Pauline alright? I think the poor cow's having a bit of a turn". She carried on for about three hours at it too, even getting into her cab 'in the character' and, allegedly, only snapping out of it when her husband attempted to push a can of Castrol 3 in 1 down her tights with a cry of "Two can play at this silly game you know!". Neighbours eh?

Anyrate, The Peech Boys, who I have heard of, though not *heard* yet, create a slow moogy mess that has all sorts of chaos going on in it; conflicting synthesizer patterns, floating flicked guitars, at least two drum machines and a selection of bimbos coming in at

various times and, by means of a range of different accents, letting us know we're on some sort of global tour with George Clinton. It's actually all very under inspired and bloody boring to sit through more than once.

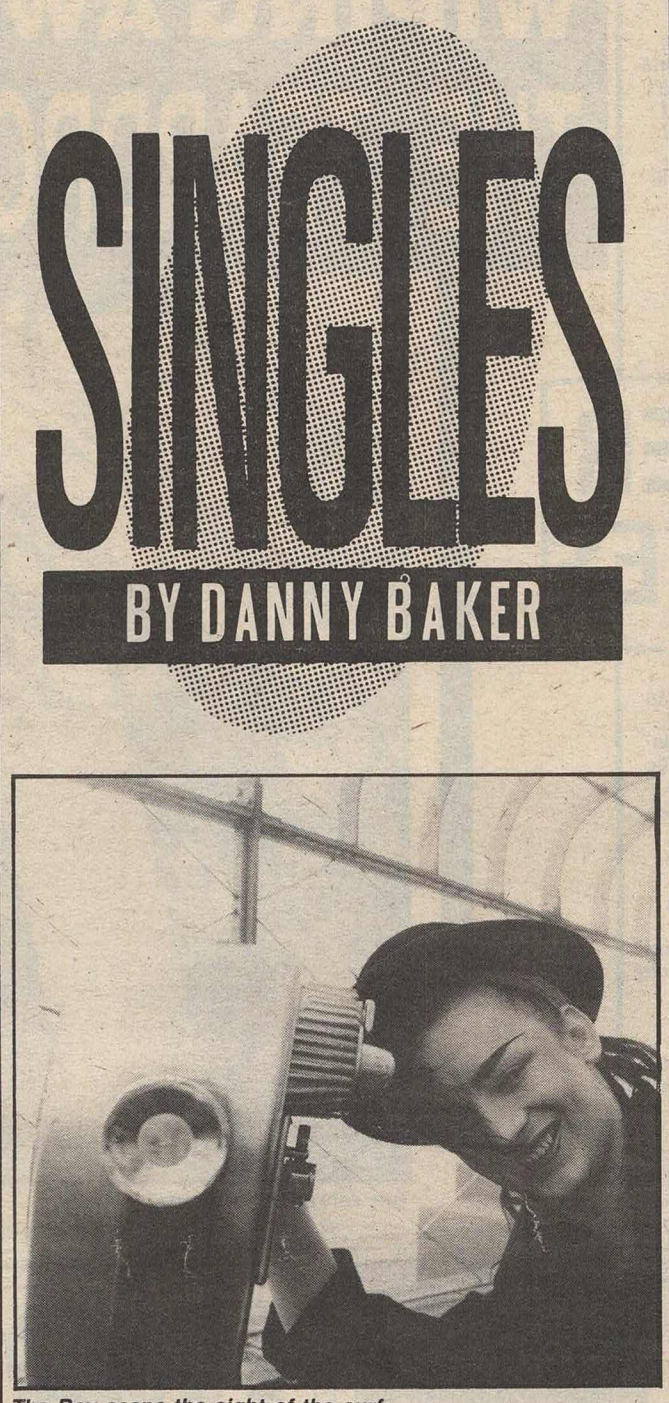
'Gimme A Break' is vaguely like a tired Tom Tom Club and suffers from having the interminable Sly and rotten Robbie cracking up a beat that belts along like Raymond Burr in snowshoes. Electric funk they call it. Must be because most of it is so shocking. (Gets big laff here.)

DONNA SUMMER with Musical Youth: Unconditional Love *(Mercury)*
MADLEEN KANE: Playing For Time *(Trema)* Madleen is a wispy haired hard faced blonde with apparently a complete absence of

eyebrows. She is Giorgio Moroder's latest subject and from this we can freely deduce that these days, to use a Brooklyn phrase, he's driving around with no gas in his tank. The girl simply has no voice at all. Instead she has one of those Punch & Judy talk-zithers inserted into her nose and does her best to whine this inane song through it. It's a full return to Giorgio's Chicory Tip days of cascading one-note moogs and clod-hopper backbeats. Fascinatingly awful.

Meanwhile, Donna fools around with the seven dwarfs to concoct a charmless and half-realized caribbean nursery rhyme that will probably be a hit when we all get to see the cutesie-pie video.

NEIL YOUNG: Wonderin' *(Geffen)* This is a surprisingly good 45 from someone who is going through a particularly bad and public change of life. Yes, I suppose it does sound very like 'Heart Of Gold' but Neil shakes us back through the years to 1956, when songs were simple, echo covered up the holes and he was a sprightly 34 years old. The curious thing about Neil (or The Ol' Canadian Club as he's known to the Gals in Moocher Minnie's Moosehead Saloon, Hungacooka, Yukon) is that he



The Boy scans the sight of the surf

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

CULTURE CLUB: Karma Chameleon *(Virgin)* Karma: quite literally, any act that appears in consecutive singles columns with the same author. Chameleon: a thin sneaky lizard that absorbs its current background and grins a lot (though slap one on a piece of kilt and they cry like babies). And Culture Club chameleoze the West Coast. Lying long in the sun they become as the sound of the surf. It's 'Marakesh Express' and Todd Rundgren and The Eagles and the opening beats of 'You're So Good To Me' by Beach Boys. It's peace and love, team; perky, free and easy, clever and crafty and this country's very next number one hit single. I love it pretty much to pieces and seem to play it all the time. Ha! So it wasn't a mystical man-dress after all George, You've been wearing a kaftan, you silk-voiced foul mouthed old she-wolf.

was born with webbed fingers, no tongue and a short knobbly tail. He overcomes these deformities remarkably well, indeed, his tongueless singing has become his stock-in-trade and sounds in excellent form here. A good single Neil. A good dancing single even.

Writes David Crosby: Yes, it *is* a good single from my old mate Youngie. But, you know, aren't we overlooking one very real truth in our scramble for yet bigger pop kicks? And that is, why am I slammed up in chokey for 999 years with the crow's feet suit and the outsize ball and chain? Quite frankly it was for something I didn't do, ie, I didn't do anything about the five coal-sacks of assorted best cocaine that I had lying around my mountain shack. So let us close with a hymn: "Oh Heavenly Father. I Wish I Was Dead. Amen". Ladies and Gentlemen I thank you.

KAJAGOOGOO: Big Apple *(EMI)* Guess who I saw deep in conversation just last week? Limahl and Hazel O'Connor! I suspect they've realized how alike they are. I wonder, if by any chance, they are related. Later I tried to make a list of their good points but only got as far as Hazel: Didn't sue *Men Only* when they aired her grotesque soft porn film on *Electric Blue 005* and, Limahl: doesn't do it in public. I do think a combined record by the pair would be just a gnat's away from terrorism. So here are Kajagoogoo with a new vocalist and a weak, panicky, desperately nervous move toward a re-establishing single. They were always untalented but this is unairable. I bet Paul will spin it though — without comment — just to show he's above all that sniping. (Then he'll throw it to the floor and leap up and down up and down shouting "You shallow heartless bastards! After all I did etc etc")

SORRY GUYS BUT IT'S A TOUGH WORLD SECTION

ROMAN HOLLIDAY: Motormania *(Jive)* Functional '80s Bill Haley, built for a specific market, lots of verve and zeal but too many miles on the formats clock to surprise anyone into paying real money to hear it at home.

IAN PRINCE: Too Much Too Soon *(London)* Uneventful,

though pleasant, Barry Blue production of a Junior-type black kid. May reach lower charts with right pushing — a few gimmicks cobble over the tune's inadequacies (see: Elvis Costello).

MANU DIBANGO: Soul Makossa *(London)* Reprehensible tinkering with a fantastic old standard. Re-mixed, lengthened, hissing, panned sound, phrases pointlessly repeated. The whole project is contemptible and succeeds in destroying absolutely the strengths of the original take. The soul equivalent of how television used to treat silent comedy.

VIA VAGABOND: Hip Today *(Albion)* Confused and precious beatnik ten-incher. Unadventurous, in fact lazy,

arrangement plays backdrop to effete cold voice rambling away at 'Kerouac learning to rap'. Produced by Robin 'M' Scott who's still searching for an oddball entry to the chart.

FAD GADGET: I Discover Love *(Mute)* Quirky, jerky offbeat single falling somewhere between a smokey jazz basement and a *Dragnet* narrative. Too soon after the related sound of 'We Are Detectives' to be fresh and brazen, but sometimes witty lyrics keep the thing above the plimsol line. Just. It did take nine people to make it.

KISSING THE PINK: Maybe This Day *(Magnet)* Similar ideas but without the jokes and less entertaining vocals. As it happens, it's exactly these sort of staple bread & butter singles releases that have their videos broadcast by Thames in the afternoons as programme fillers. I suppose it's kinder than letting them die unnoticed but I certainly would be better entertained by faithful cartoons.

BEE GEES: Someone Loving Someone *(RSO)* Ludicrously close to parody, the BG's should have a hit with their tested form of slow mooch. I actually like it a lot and rarely laughed.

MELANIE: Every Breath Of The Way *(Neighbourhood)* Heck. This is such an obvious attempt to show she's fully energy charged these days it's almost busting its label. Ten years ago she'd have dragged this out to about eight minutes between dope addled giggles. I always despised Melanie Safka, her long cotton shapeless frocks and grime crusted big toe-nail, oozing patchouli from every pore, getting huge rounds of applause for those retarded cute cross-legs and acoustic songs. This bit of furious strumming did about six revolutions before I shot it. I need a new turntable but sometimes you have to make a stand.

HOWARD DEVOTO: Cold Imagination *(Virgin)* This comes with a little brochure letting you know what Howard's been up to (*". . . been in Paris working with Polish-French avante-garde artist Bernard Szajner"*). The whole package begs indulgence into this crumby Northerner's unexceptional microscopic talent. He can do little but posture like the show-off ninny he and his circle are, and pen drab, ordinary, ten-a-penny rockers like 'Cold Imagination' here. Not so cold, Howard, but very barrent it must be.

STATUS QUO: Ol' Rag Blues *(Vertigo)* As usual I shall set a small competition in the space where a Status Quo review would otherwise stand pointlessly. Question One: Name the five British League Teams with an x in their name (Four Minutes). Question Two: Name Four British race-courses without the letters R A C or E in their name (Three

Minutes). Question Three: Who was musical director on all Warner Brother cartoons until ill health forced his retirement in 1960? (Five Minutes). All answers to myself at NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1. Prizes to be four LPs (three of my own choosing).

LYDIA MURDOCH: Superstar *(Team)* One disadvantage all you mug-punters out there are at, in relation to us rich and confortable journalists, is that you never get to see the loony press hand-outs that come with singles from dingey little PR office(r)s all over the globe. Some get quite rabid. "Jesus Christ Himself rates this record as 'the best in heaven and hell'. No wait. He's on it! That's it. He's actually on our record, hurry, hurry book now!!". This one comes with the reverential hushed handout that begs us prepare for the birth of a whole new genre of superstar. Ladies and Gentlemen, pray stand for Lydia Murdoch (above tiny wee writing that says 'former vocalist with the popular Satisfunktion band'). And what a tatty two-bit debut they've saddled her with. Get this: It's Billie Jean's reply to Michael Jackson! (*Hoot Hoot Hoot*). In it, Lydia claims he *knows* that the child is his and moreover he 'used' her for months on end. Now come on Lyd. I have met 'mad' Mike and he can barely use a door handle without expert advice. Still it's nothing new for struggling acts to cut a corner or two by squeezing a hit from someone else's ideas. Nor is it unheard of for lawyers to write stiff letters to musicians who claim an 'original' merely because they shift a few famous notes around a bit. Y'know I think this might even be a small hit — it has twice — and then I shall pen the baby's case in a heart-rendering little thing called 'It Was The Insurance Man All Along, Him With The 'A' Reg Fuego'. Now what should the bass line go like? . . .

TROY TATE AT RISK ● SPRAY IT LOUD ●

POSTER PIRATES

THE BOLSHIE button badge is a spent force. You really can't expect the average passer-by to summon up the curiosity to scurry around squinting at other fellows' lapels, eh?

You can't be subtle these days. This should be the Golden Age Of The Spray Can. Sure it's been around for years, tending to the whim of the individual, tracing fashions, passions and tantrums over Vietnam. Celtic FC, the Provos and Bazza 'n' Julie. But most of this is hidden away in subways or splattered over some inoffensive railway siding. Take heed of somebody else's snappy slogan: Spray It Loud.

***Spray It Loud* was the title of a collection by photographer Jill Posener, published last year. It documented her studies of graffiti in the UK and became a cult publication. Some of the shots in the book have just been issued as postcards by The Womens' Press and to highlight Jill's presence, The Royal Exchange in Manchester has just staged an exhibition of the original photos.**

With just one cannister of aerosol paint you can strike a considerable blow against imperialism . . . well sort of. Listen to Jill Posener: aim for the billboards. "Advertisers colonise our streets. It's up to us to reclaim them. Graffiti = Access to media."

We're not talking about 'vandalism' now. The verb for the '80s is 're-decorating'. Jill tells of a group in Brighton dedicated to re-decorating the hoardings on our highways; they even issue press releases about forthcoming work. And let us not forget 'Cough Up' in Bristol who devote their leisure spraying to adjusting cigarette adverts.

Jill began to document graffiti in 1979 when she came upon that alternative legend, 'If this lady was a car, she'd run you down': "I couldn't believe it, it was so wonderful." She made the photo into 500 postcards, *The Guardian* printed it and Sisterwrite bookshop had 2000 requests in three days.

The only drawback is that she is now known as that 'graffiti lady' although she is a professional photographer. However, someone *has* begun to take her seriously – a certain male model. One of the Womens' Press postcards depicts an advert for jeans wherein a Travolta-like hulk smoulders out at innocent bystanders. Scrawled across his en-corseted pelvis is the statement, 'I'm a macho bore'. The model is currently suing Jill and The Womans' Press, for defamation. CATH CARROLL

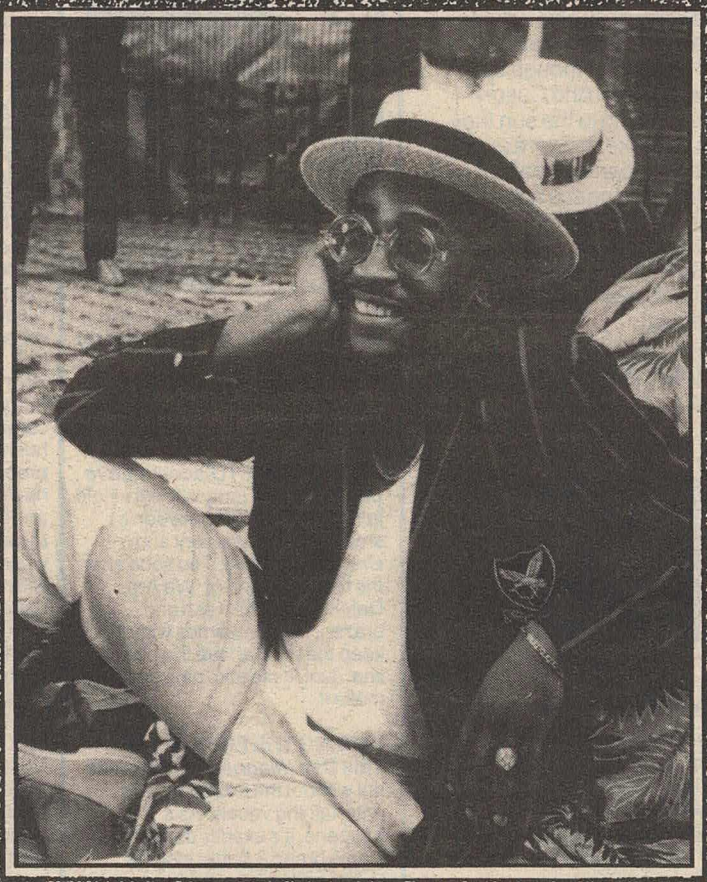
WIPING AWAY THE TEARDROPS

WHEN TROY Tate went to see David Bowie at Milton Keynes it was a time for remembering. Just a year earlier it had been him up on stage himself, playing guitar and The Teardrop Explodes in front of a mass of hostile fans of headliners Queen. It had been a crucial time in his musical career.

"Suddenly all of us in the group were conscious of just what we'd

Troy sets off for the forest? *Pic Leon Morris*

Junior



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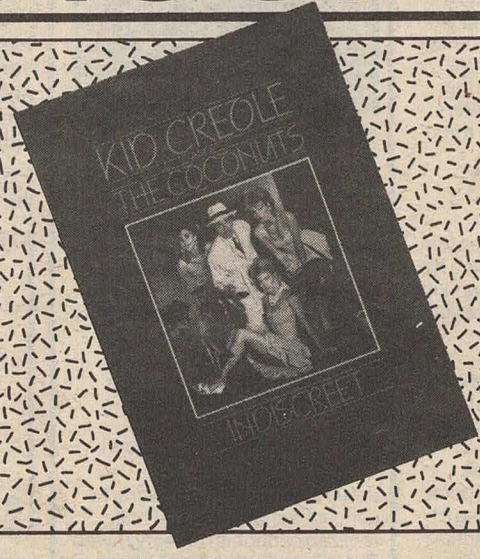

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THE WOMEN: THE COCONUTS: ALL LUST, CHARM AND SLEAZE

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CONSUMER TRUTHS ● DELROY WILSON'S NO SHOW NEW SHOWS ●

been sucked into. It was a time for us to seriously reconsider our role and value as performers." That was The Teardrop Explodes last performance.

It's taken over a year, a year full of some very strange projects for Troy, for him to find a niche where he feels happy with what he is doing. He has brought out a fine single 'Love Is . . .' on Why-Fi records, he's recorded songs for an album and is producing what looks like being a corker of an LP from The Smiths.

All looks rosy for Mr Tate but what about the traumas of the last year?

"Well the major event was probably the Fashion fiasco."

Ah yes, that rum business last September when, following Dee Harris' departure from Birmingham group Fashion, Troy was drafted in as the least likely of replacements. How did such a peculiar coupling come about?

"I'd met Dee at a party and he seemed OK. When he left the group he mentioned me to them and they approached me. It was the fact that it *was* such an unlikely match that made me take the chance, and I went ahead and did the tour with them."

"The tour gave me a chance to try and introduce some of my own ideas into the group, and it worked for a while. I wanted to try and widen the narrow, precise view that they had of themselves and the concept of Fashion that they had. The understanding was that my involvement and my ideas would be carried through to the LP after the tour, but it transpired that they weren't really interested in changing at all, so I left."

The experience of Fashion was to some extent Part Two of a lesson learnt on Teardrop's final, increasingly sterile tour.

"I was becoming increasingly conscious that my actual individuality was becoming less and less important to the audiences. People weren't particularly interested in how well we were performing, just in whether we were playing 'Reward'."

The climax came during one performance when, utterly frustrated, Troy unplugged his guitar and for a while just went through the motions of being A Guitarist, giving the audience all they seemed to want.

Now after a thorough consideration of just what he wants to do musically, and just how far he wants to involve himself in the main line Music Biz, Troy seems refreshed and zealous to instil some excitement into what he believes to be an increasingly safe and unconstructive musical world.

"It's like youth music is a dying flame that all the tribe gathers around. Every so often the big corporations come along and sell the tribe a firebrick, but it doesn't last long and before too long the fire is going out again. The tribe ask the corporation for a firebrick instead of going out into the black forest to get their own wood. That's what it's like at the moment. No one wants to take any risks, no one wants to go into the forest."

So will Troy and The Smiths be the ones to go out in search of wood for the fire, coming back and saving the day? I think It's probably expecting a little too much for such storming of the barriers, but the spirit is there.

Troy is perhaps a little too ensconced in the rock world to initiate any revolutions, as songs such as 'House Of The New Breed' from the new album and 'I'm Mad', the B-side of the single show. What Troy is doing however, is using the traditional rock format to try to widen horizons a bit. Hopefully his attempts will inspire others to take a few more chances. 'Love Is' is a great summer single and a vital step towards a new rock freshness. The revolution might just begin here after all.

PAUL MATHUR

DENNIS GREAVES
THE TRUTH

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A CONSUMER

HOBBIES
Buying clothes, Tennis, Football, Listening and buying records, Writing

FOOD
Indian, Strawberries, Tagliatelli

BANDS
Jackson 5, the Stax Sound, British Pop

BOOKS
***Wind In The Willows*, Biographies**

FILMS
Walt Disney's *Jungle Book*, Jerry Lewis, Marx Brothers

ACTORS
Lawrence Harvey

FOOTBALL TEAM
Tottenham

AMBITION
Yes lots

IDEAL NIGHT OUT
Working

IDEAL NIGHT IN
Listening to records

HATES
Negative attitudes

FAV NEW ACTS
Rod Stewart, Elton John, David Bowie

DOUBLE MEASURE

THE COOL operator Delroy Wilson, accompanied by outernational sound system controller Lloyd Coxsone and a next idren, turns up at the *New Musical Express* offices in Carnaby Street this afternoon with an apology for the paper's readers. He is billed to play the Fantasy Club in Crystal Palace and Brixton's Ace the other day on the opening leg of his first national UK tour but fails to show on account of a late work permit. More than a thousand people are reportedly turned back in Lambeth. Delroy finally arrives in town last Friday.

"I just want to say I am sorry I wasn't there for the show," he now says, "and to tell the people of Brixton there'll be double to make up for the disappointment."

Although Delroy Wilson has performed in England on a number of sporadic visits, the last as recent as 18 months ago, this is the first time he has undertaken a full scale tour. His itinerary presently being hastily rescheduled will likely take in Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Huddersfield, Nottingham, Northampton, Brighton plus dates in Wales.

His recording activity spans 22 years. He came to prominence in the early rock steady era with hits 'Dancing Mood', 'Riding For A Fall', 'Feel Good All Over' and 'Rain From The Sky', maintained a steady output for producer Bunny Lee which included such as 'Better Must Come' and 'Cool Operator', the 'I'm Still Waiting' sessions in the '70s, up to more recent material like 'All In This Thing Together'.

Now Delroy Wilson has returned to the studio where he cut his Jackpot releases alongside Bunny Lee and has a new single out on the Dynamic label: 'Suspicious'. He also plans to lay a new album in England during his stay.

PENNY REEL

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ACROSS THE TRACKS

'..Nils' most significant album since the classic "Cry Tough..."

MCA RECORDS

SPOILT BRAT, SILLY PRAT,

Former Associate and would be Bash Street Kid BILLY MACKENZIE claims to

WHATEVER HAPPENED to Billy Mackenzie?

Only a year ago The Associates seemed to have the world at their feet; with three hit singles behind them and their first tour in two years stretching out in front they were at a point of pop success undreamt of in the days of their 'Affectionate Punch' debut. Then it was gone. Without a sound, without a word of goodbye The Associates ceased to exist.

It was at the time of the silent death throes of the group that I first met Billy. He was in his home at Dundee, recovering from an imaginary throat infection, dreamt up to excuse him from The Associates' tour; and reliving perhaps the finest prank in a long career of mischief.

Only days before he'd taken six whippets on a train journey from Dundee to London and on his arrival at a London Holiday Inn had demanded a doggy minder. Later that night he'd been sighted traipsing through the hotel foyer, leading a howling dog's chorus, dressed in full drag, watching the whippets as they pissed up the legs of passing business men.

Billy had had a ball and, needless to say, WEA, his record company, had picked up the tab. Even then the poor suckers never knew that one of their biggest selling pop acts was no more.

As for his public, the only further thing they heard from Billy was the solo single 'Ice Cream Factory', released under the name Mackenzie Sings Orbedoig. Written by fellow Dundonian, multi-instrumentalist and new collaborator Stevie Reid, it was a hilarious swirl of semi-surrealist fantasy that blended, in the tradition of Associates masterpieces like 'A Girl Named Property', elements of classic pop with an eccentric modernity. It was shiny, white and superb and it flopped. Billy didn't care but WEA were, according to Mackenzie, beginning to get cold feet.

"I wouldn't mind being a whippet," he whimsically informed *NME* at the time, but as far as WEA were concerned he was in the dog house.

An LP was recorded by Mackenzie and Reid. "A wild album," Billy called it as he and Stevie ran riot in the studio, an LP of orchestral euphoria, big screen themes and music to get shut in cellars to. "The best record I've worked on in three years," gushed producer Martin Rushent in a Telex to *NME*.

It was an LP that could mess up the polite parameters of modern music I concluded, but it still hasn't seen the light of day.

Whatever happened to Billy Mackenzie? I was wondering late on a bank holiday Monday night. The telephone rang . . .

"WE'VE JUST been apple raiding up St. Johns Wood," Mackenzie grinned and greeted me with a typical prankster's boast, as I arrived for the impromptu interview. It was late, my eyes felt as if they'd undergone a light sandblasting and I wasn't easily charmed. Had I been called out to discuss the further attempts of Mackenzie to achieve the status of honorary Bash Street Kid?

His eyes flashed in an encouragement to join in the celebratory spirit of mischief. With his neatly clipped hair and denim dungarees he looked, but for the pointed shoes, like the bright eyed kid with the wicked schemes and the winning way, the kind of kid who thought he could snap his fingers and the world would come running. Of course that I was here interviewing him when under normal circumstances I would have been comatose attests to the fact that he usually gets his way.

Throughout Billy's career there's always been the implication that he's the boy who never grew up, a 12 year-old Dorian Gray, maintaining the enthusiasm and irresponsibility of a child. He can be insufferably brattish or charming and candid, and like a child he can never decide whether he wants attention or wants to be left alone. It seems he picked up stardom as a toy to amuse himself for a while, and slung it aside when he tired of it.

So Billy is a brat of modern pop. So what? We may be swamped in would be adolescents picking up the garb of childhood again. What makes Billy important is that this man/child is for real.

If all the pop world's a stage then we are reaching the last scene of this "strange eventful history", the second dotage, toothless and tasteless, heading towards oblivion. After the first innocent childhood of pop, the adult orientated '70s and the belated snotty adolescence of punk, we struck upon the second childhood somewhere around 1980 when words such as 'innocence' and 'freshness' crept back into the lexicon of praise.

Whatever the pretences of the time, it was an attempt to recapture the music of a past age, or at least the crazy fanishness that surrounded it. The signs were obvious; Haircut 100 in the sort of hooded garment your mum used to buy, Orange Juice in shorts and schoolboy sandals, and of course Clare Grogan, striking the pose of perfect retardation as the 20 year old with the toothy twee image of a 12 year old Shirley Temple.

Music has become as self-conscious in its adolescence as it used to be in its adultness, viz the extremely rich Kemp twins clinging on to be cosseted in the maternal nest until well into their twenties in a desperate attempt to maintain the magic of the years of discovery.

In the midst of all this smothering indulgence, though, the spirit of the true innocent has been hiding in the most unlikely of places – in Nick Cave, that strange ungainly child in the corner, in the wonderment of Jim Kerr, and in the wild antics of the show-off Mackenzie.

Mackenzie is not making any contrived attempt to recapture a lost spark, he is simply like that, the refreshing opposite of the dominant pop star of the day, and as they kow tow to record company manipulation Mackenzie continues in his own sweet way and fully expects the record company to pursue him. That's what has got him into trouble.

"They never questioned the bills when we were in the studio, so we just went out and got the whole LP orchestrated," he comments matter of factly. "It did cost quite a bit, but the result is just *brilliant*, It's the best music I've ever been involved in.

"But they want something that they think is commercially viable, they want DLT to like me – and I just couldn't give a damn. All I ever wanted to do was better myself with the music that was coming through me."

Mackenzie's hopeful naivety is so strong that he fails to understand anyone or anything that stands in its way. That, it seems, was a fundamental point in the break-up between himself and Rankine:

"I really do rate Alan very highly, he comes very near the top, if not the very top of my ratings of great musicians. What he didn't realise, though, was that it was his talent that was his security, not any money or benefits that were going to come his way because of that. He was insecure and all fucked up about money."

Money, on the other hand, is something that Billy Mackenzie never gets bothered about, as WEA might tell you. With Stevie Reid he has a far more understanding relationship:

"Stevie's the same as me, it's all for the glory of the music and nothing else matters. He's also got the same sense of humour as me, which most people don't understand – most people think he's just a nutcase, but it's only that he can't express what he means properly.

"Personally I'm over the moon that the break took place, because I got so much material written in that year. If I'd just have carried on being Billy Mackenzie the pop star I would have come to the point where I'd just have been fabricating situations to write songs about. Now I've had some time to come through scrapes and just live a life, to be frustrated and to have disappointments and to find material to write about. I've got quite high ideals, so for a listener all I ever do is document personal disappointments, musical and lyrical.

"The disappointment comes when I can't match up to the tune that comes through me, because I really believe that music is a much more powerful force than any one single person. It can be totally contrary to the mood that I'm in at any one time, I could be feeling really happy and some huge death and doom theme will just *run* through my mind, or I'll be really sad and some happy little country and western theme will come through me.

"Disapointment never bothers me, though, I can only use it."

That sounds very close to Jim Kerr's idea of music being the translation of an atmosphere.

"Well, Jim is another person of extreme finesse, there has *always* been an underlying classiness to Simple Minds, the same sort of breadth of vision that I think the best of The Associates music conjured up. It's a gift, and you definitely are given your qualities by someone else. Perhaps there's some Celtic God sprinkling them in our paths."

A conversation with Billy Mackenzie is frequently bizarre, sometimes ridiculous. I wonder does he understand the rest of the world?

"No, it just seems to be a scramble for affluence, people striving to do things, and then just crumbling up when they get where they want to go, they just can't cope with success, they're too insecure."

But didn't you crumble up through insecurity when The Associates were at the peak of their success?

"That wasn't insecurity, that was just my good taste coming through, I didn't think we were good enough.

"Every song has something personally good about it, but when I get success I just get fed up with it and want to kick it away."

Haven't you suffered from that perversity?

"No, because I've written three years of music out of that one year of observing. Most people I bump into are really greedy, in a monetary and in a personal sense, they have different ideas of success to me. What is success anyway? I don't think it's being number one. What me and Steve have done on this album is what I call success – its a mile above The Associates mark one."

So if it's so wonderful how come WEA won't release it?

"Because I'm being rapped on the kunckles for winding up what they thought was a successful group."

You've been a bad boy Billy.

"That's right – they'll probably delay the release again when they find find out about this interview," he glints, "but I don't care."

"SUPERIOR MEN who were irresistibly drawn to throw off the yoke of any kind of morality and to frame new laws, if they were not actually mad, had no alternative but to make themselves or pretend to be mad." – Nietzsche.

Let us make no bones about it, a conversation with Billy Mackenzie is a downright *strange* experience. In discussing the sensuality of kitchen utensils, for example, he treads a tightrope between eccentricity and madness. He simply does not think the way other people think.

It is that uneasy eccentricity which has always been the distinguishing factor in The Associates music, painting the most bizarre and grotesque scenarios and charging them with an unexpected humour in the exuberance of the music. Sometimes you can't help wondering, though, is Mackenzie going his own sweet way to the borders of insanity?

"Music," he begins when I ask him the usual state of the art question, "will continue to be the number one phenomena until about 1985, because it's free and it touches all emotions. After that though, every thing will have been said and been done and the personal freedom that people have within the world will all have been expressed. I don't think there will be another big movement, it'll all be something that is looked back on. Not that music will ever finish, but there will be advances in health that will reach the same emotions that music does. The body as a whole will take over the wondrousness that music can provide. They're going to find incredible advances in the body and music will decline. There will be new found emotions that will satisfy the need that music does now."

Is that not a disappointing thought for you as a musician?

"No 'cause it'll just be put on a different channel – if music is channel 28, there'll be a channel 30. It'll involve music and this new physical thing. In a lot of ways we're the transitionary stage, because we have always advocated a notion of physicality in our music, right from the cover of 'The Affectionate Punch' with the athlete."

What about people like Test Dept. Neubauten and SPK?

"I think they're bloody marvellous, I really do. I see us as being involved in the same sort of thing, but the physicality is more inherent in our music."

But hasn't music always been physical?

"Well, basically what I'm saying is that we don't really know that much, I think in the future we're going to communicate by a knowing sense."

Eh?

"I think humans have about 40 senses but we only use seven. There's going to be breakthroughs in that, like in the TV show *The Champions*. There's going to be a race of superhumans – or rather, humans were always super anyway, it just takes time to realise the wondrousness of the human race."

How long have you had these ideas?

"I've always had them, I mean just the other day I went into the bathroom and put on this talcum powder and it was like I'd smelt it in another world, it was like . . . it gave me a bigger high than

> **"By 1985 everything will have been said and been done . . . the body as a whole will take over the wondrousness that music can provide."**

DOWN BUT NOT OUT: Billy's dog daze

drink or drugs have ever done. It only lasted for a few seconds, but if I'd been able to sustain that feeling, it gave me a bigger high than I've had for years, ken what I mean? It hit some receptor and evoked something deep down in me.

"If I was able to have sniffed that talcum powder instead of taking drugs, which I always thought were a waste of time anyway . . . there's only one musical phrase that can do that for me and that's in 'She's A Woman' by The Beatles, there's just a few notes in that that make me want to put the needle back to the beginning again and again and just listen to that phrase over and over. If only you could sustain the high, that would be you set, you wouldn't have to worry any more about the mundane earthly bound things that really just restrict the brilliance of people."

You mean we are stardust we are golden?

"I suppose it could be seen in that hippy sense, but then hippies were never very athletic or Olympian people, they were always like neanderthal types, cave dwellers, so that gets that out of the way. What I'm saying has got an athletic basis.

"I just want to know a lot more about the human race. I believe the human race has always been super, but through ignorance they became unsuper.

"By about 1985, though, people will begin to shape up."

How much do material things affect you?

"Shapes affect me, with buildings and with songs. A lot of the time I visualise the music that I produce, it's just that you can't see it. I visualise forms like little houses. I like to put the shapes of inanimate objects into the audio sense.

"I don't actually understand it, I haven't got to the stage of being able to understand that plant pot, for example, or its relation to anything else.

"Basically we understand very little, we're all groping in the dark and we just have to find things that don't scare us too much. People don't act the way they should because everybody is scared of something and therefore it restricts everything."

But one of the things that makes The Associates songs so powerful is the sense of fear that exists within them.

"No, all my songs have come out of freedom and are about personal disappointment, all I have never done is document personal disappointment."

How about 'Q Quarters'?

"That's about what we think is the right way to live. Maybe it's considered political, because it's about watching heads of state where you're observing these people who think they know how to run a country and run their lives, and they all know fuck all."

It's a frightening thing to listen to though.

"I think it's beautiful, that's your fear. Fear is only something that you think you need."

Do you not find it exciting?

"No – it's just the biggest part of communication."

You just said it was the greatest limit.

"Well it's a vicious circle."

I don't understand what you're on about.

"Well think about it when you get home."

Do you like winding people up Billy?

"I don't consider I ever have wound anybody up although some people probably think that I have. I just like to play pranks, I get great enjoyment out of that, but not really to anyone's detriment."

HAVE YOU ever grown up?

"What does that mean? Most adults I know are like babies. Mummy, mummy,

CONTINUES PAGE 50▶

OR VISIONARY GENIUS?

DON WATSON that he's not really crazy. Photographic evidence: PETER ANDERSON

SILVER SCREEN

The Leopard

DIRECTOR: Luchino Visconti
STARRING: Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, Claudia Cardinale (20th Century Fox)

IAN PENMAN knocks spots off Visconti's tale of dying aristocats.

SIX YEARS on from Bertolucci's six-hour *1900*, a curious showcase re-release for Visconti's ten year old journey into the grand sweep of Italian history, trying to wed melodrama to archaeology, the currents of crisis depicted with an eye on the standing concession of a mass audience; *The Leopard* was to be *commercial* Visconti after the success of Giuseppe Lampedusa's novel and with a cast list arranged accordingly.

The curtains part on a Catholic fresco, the Italian upper-crust family servicing itself. Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, is the historic / histrionic locus, a man whose gaze or gesture silences – and Lancaster is right for this employing stiff upper lip, nose and forehead. Fabrizio is 'the leopard', the last of a dying aristocratic breed, whose Sicilian heartland is upended by Garibaldi's invasion. Some scenes start to etch in the paragon this prince is supposed to represent – an elite that is not reprehensible, but benificient, the very model of patriachal benefits.

Lancaster broods in his study (his cemetry) surrounded by manuscripts, portraits under glass and telescopes (is this some weighty symbolic device?) and delivers a speech on the self-destructive Sicilian temperament. These scenes – along with lavish glances out onto the mountainscape, colour more like stabs of Van Gogh paint than cinematic gloss – hint at what Visconti would probably like to have been doing with the film.

But the Epic is uneasy territory, history composed of gesture – and here Visconti directs the action with more of a debt to John Ford than anything of traditional Italian flourish. The Epic choreographs History – making it dance and swoon along to the emotions of people caught up in rather than making it.

Momentous Events are suspended between someone's frayed hemline, someone's errant nephew, and – despite Visconti's fondness for the Family as national epitome – *The Leopard* only evinces his unease; it is short on Melodrama's extremes – it neither exploits nor reaps any laughs, tears, sighs or narrative tensions . . .

It is an inordinately *pleasant* film, whose decline into unbearable decorum parallels that of the Prince. Stuck in aristocratic aspic, a voluptuous immobility – yet Lancaster fails to convey the thesis; not just the death of an archetype, but the particular man, someone whose spirit is slowly being drawn from him. Lancaster has always been an expert in portrayals of *control* – what's needed in *The Leopard* is a few more cracks in the stature.

The Leopard is a film that could only be written about (a history that, in turn, is only of real interest to Visconti historians – a conversation piece); it has a ragged past, having seen all number of unauthorised cuts, ludicrous dubbing and the like. At some point Visconti stated, *apropos* a botched version, "it is . . . a work for which I acknowledge no paternity at all." That "*paternity*" is an interesting choice of word – especially given the film's subject matter. Whatever Visconti's status, real or imagined, the fact is that today's movie kids have taken over the set and made the commercially political Epics that *The Leopard* was meant to be. Gone with the winds of change.

Burt Lancaster in reflective mood.

The Houdini Brothers (centre) demonstrate their uncanny ability to make chairs disappear into thin air.

HIP HOP!

Wild Style!

DIRECTOR: Charlie Ahearn
STARRING: Freddie Braithwaite, Patti Astor, Lee Quinones, Pink Fabares (ICA)

FINALLY THE UK gets a gander at Charlie Ahearn's *Wild Style!* — a teen romance set in the crateresque South Bronx borough of New York where the homegrown entrepreneurism of hip-hop (rap, graffitti, dance and double-Dutch) was born around ten years ago.

Like his brother, the sculptor John Ahearn, its director both lives and works in the area himself and his art is committed to community involvement. (*Wild Style!* protagonist Raymond is played by Lee Quinones, the real-life artist whose murals formed a backdrop in a previous, award-winning Ahearn super-8 epic).

This movie's title is a pun on one genre of graffitti, but its stylisations are mild. Mostly they're dictated by the disarming theme: adolescent passions flaring alongside the aerosols. "I wanted to make this one for the kids," Ahearn asserted when *NME* previewed the film months back. "Kids the age of those in the film — the age who're making this happen."

The styles of street dancing showcased here were actually in danger of dying out after almost a decade, until one Richie Colon (aka Crazy Legs) re-generated interest by welding the home boys and girls into a competitive team: the Rock Steady Crew. Now appearances in *Flashdance* (where Richie actually performed Jennifer Beals' big spin) and McClaren's 'Buffalo Gals' video have gained them widespread US fame. And the two female/nine male (ages 12–18) Crew are headed towards Japan and the Far East to publicise this film.

Its updated *West Side Story* teen-throb angle falls a little flat, but there's lots of screen zap in this rendering of the early, heady days when hip-hop first accrued art-crit attention. Plus, almost alone among reportage of the phenomenon, *Wild Style!* makes no bones about the sheer militancy which underlies the scene; just check out those guns being flourished onstage in the final jam sequence.

For anyone who's missed out b-boys, rap teams (the Cold Crush Brothers, Busy Bee, Rammelzee and Double Trouble appear), breakers (the Rock Steadies and Electric Force Dancers) or DJ-personalities like Flash, this makes a pleasant if casual introduction. It's embellished by cruises down the highly-decorated subway routes and bomb-site-style byways of the Bronx, and by a Chris Stein soundtrack. All the sounds come under the supervision of Fab 5 Freddie Braithwaite — co-initiator of the film. Braithwaite also puts in a wry performance as 'Phade', a local hustler who stirs up the interest and patronage of the moneyed Manhattan art-scene.

Cynthia Rose

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The Pirates Of Penzance

DIRECTOR: Wilford Leach
STARRING: Angela Lansbury, Kevin Kline, Rex Smith, Linda Ronstadt (UIP)

Avast behind? No, just an old joke.

Rock Opera: dead, or just crawling? CYNTHIA ROSE assesses recent evidence.

JOSEPH PAPP's 1980 Central Park revival of this light opera swanned and swashbuckled its way into the hearts of the Tony Award Committee and the pockets of the populace (it's still running). But the boisterous gaiety that got it there is one thing you won't get from this film version, also a Papp production.

There are numerous reasons why its sky-high boredom quotient surprises. After all, the original cast — with the addition of a grotesque Angela Lansbury — reprise their roles and saucy Kevin (*Sophie's Choice*) Kline makes an inventive Pirate King. Plus the project was Executive Produced by Edward Pressman, and directed and screen-adapted by Wilford Leach. Pressman previously made possible movies like *Phanton of the Paradise*, *Badlands*, Fassbinder's *Despair*, and *Heart Beat*. (For his part, Leach tutored Brian de Palma in film at university and co-directed his student film *Wedding Party* — which starred a youthful Robert de Niro).

But this movie's inflexible stuffiness and oppressive air of enforced jollity are more than anything else a discredit to Gilbert and Sullivan. Though they don't exactly come over like Flash and the Five today, back around 1879 when this premiered they were trenchant social commentators. (Sullivan's more serious work was highly regarded too; that's why he was knighted.) Unfortunately, though, this is a parody of a parody — and one which seems to have lost all sight of the original's style, setting or *raison d'etre*.

Ms Linda Ronstadt's faltering and unflatteringly clothed presence adds zilch zip, though her warbling is certainly adequate. Rex 'Everlasting Love' as the juve lead transfers not from stage to screen and Lansbury's grande dame-slumming-it routine looks ready for instant relegation to the Continental Baths.

You can add to that expansively 'theatrical' sets which (like Ronstadt's round face) look made of made of pastry, choreography which seems to stand still while time marches on, and choccy-box cute'n'tweeness that would be unbearable for even the duration of a Quality Street advert. Hardly the model of a modern move musical.

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ON THE BOX

BY IAN PENMAN

Every day I write the look . . .
I pen these columns as unscientific reports from the future; a few films per week aside, I don't actually see most / all of what's "previewed" – a diary wrought from prediction, and written in some trepidation. Recall is shown through a series of "Tonight . . ."s, based on a fistful of Press Releases (C4 the most detailed, voluminous; BBC skimpy, scattered, no running order or times; Thames always turns up too late) and a few familiar names. Otherwise: ON WITH THE SHADOW BOX . . .

THURSDAY SEPT 8

Music and Arts at the Edinburgh Festival (BBC2). Vienna 1900 (by reliable historian Peter Vergo) and Balinese Gamelan music – both have their nook in my reference library, but how to judge their translation (?): from frame (communities, contexts) to festival to (small, square) frame. My brief advises I mention **Simple Minds** (BBC2) *in* concert, *on* TV, auditorium to surface effects. TV-liberalism refuses to muss up music coverage, de-sign it. TV is, I think we agree, in its own element with weekly appointments, quick trustworthy trysts. If ever there was, for instance, a stageshow or billion dollar remake of **The Addams Family** (C4, 6.00) I wouldn't go or wouldn't feel too easy. As TV, I prefer this family to **The Munsters**; Gomez has a great line in suits and Marx(Bros)ist gags, and a wonderful amorous spark with Morticia (Carolyn Jones R.I.P.).

FRIDAY SEPT 9

Anyone for tele-politics? Live coverage of the final day of the TUC conference in Blackpool (is this an illuminating metaphor, or just a name, or . . . the last resort?). (BBC times unknown, C4 9.30 a.m. – 12.45 p.m.). C4 bring Peter Jay back to TV life in **A Week In Politics** (8.30) although Friday night is an unfortunate video-or-burst sort of schedule slot. Video *and* bust: **Carry On Follow That Camel (Gerald Thomas 1967)** includes Phil Silvers amongst the regulars. (BBC1). BBC2

A Taste of Honey (Tuesday, C4)

continues the anti-Canon(ical) season of Bunuel with **Diary of A Chamber-Maid**, from 1964, with Jeanne Moreau, effortless, funny. Tonight is Luis Luis night: more Bunuel on C4, kicking off *their* season, **What The Censor Saw**. These are more norotious than nefarious, as evinced by tonight's double: **Freak (Todd Browning 1932)** and **L'age d'or (Luis Bunnel 1930)**, 11.15 and 12.30 respectively. **L'age d'or** was made in the tumult of Surrealism's brouhahahaha, contributors i nclude Ernst and Dali, and follows the pursuit of love amongst the "despicable mechanisms of reality". Bit of a *Carry On*, really. **Freaks** is a 'cult' grotesque, either your furry cup of tea or not. LWT's Autumn Schedule gets off to a rip-roarin' shit-kickin' start with two old pardners: the return of **The 6 O'Clock Show** (time unknown) with new presenter Paula Yates joining Swansea's well-known megalomaniac mouse-breeder, cow pie eater and "professional Welshman" D. Baker; and later, the return repeat of **Gunsmoke.**

SATURDAY SEPT 10

The Boat (Buster Keaton 1921). Two reels of video-our-Bust, a boat in a basement. (C4 4.10.). Timely resurrection for the original **Twilight Zone (Rod Serling et alia)** on BBC2; *NME* feature on the way, so one comment: WATCH. On LWT / ITV it's LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR time between 5.05 and 9.00: **The Krankies Klub The Fall Guy Game For A Laugh Punchlines Hart To Hart.** A more realistic entertainment – (9.15.) **Escape From Alcatraz (Don Siegel 1979)** with Clint Eastwood in a feather boa. The never-ending publicity for *Merry X Mr Lawrence* continues (ITV 12.50) with **The Oshima Gang, The Making of** . . . the making or milking of a billion bucks off the names of two rock people of doubtful acting ability. This year's "Bowie" Mr Clean-up man = indigestion for me, I'm afraid.

FILM OF THE WEEK
The Long Goodbye (Robert Altman 1973). No doubt, a treat. Impossible to retrace or re-trait the entire Altman circus in a quick clip review, so . . . *Long Goodbye*. Unfairly dismissed / half-praised as a failed 'satire' (the fate of many Altmans), director and co-writer Leigh Brackett were accused of being unable to take the control of the original and transpose; to take the Control of Raymond Chandler's Phillip Marlowe as vital ingredient. Marlowe, of course, is sacrosanct American property – the Proper Name (and place: LA) as properly tied up, addressed, signed and posted.

But USA 1973 is *post* an awful lot and Altman is running a theater based on the deadly heterogeneity of his country and culture; this was never going to be a re-make (eg. onto a winner) or never-never "new" Noir. Altman is too smart and too in love with making motion with his pictures. How can a novel be signed over (to) the screen without the director (re)touching it, without saying anything about it? Altman translates not with *avant* distancing effects, but within a time-lapsed space.

Accidental Death (Wednesday, C4)

Elliott Gould as Marlowe is not Gould as Bogart as updated Marlowe – Altman lets the actor's rumpled, slept-in (exactly) quality bring out something a lot more distracting. He floats through moneyed Malibu oases and honeyed, swinging LA, out of currency in more ways than one. And as the End, a cruel trick: Altman / Marlowe the traitor, or . . .? (BBC2).

SUNDAY SEPT 11

Waterloo (Sergei Bondarchuk 1970). Rod Steiger as Napoleon, Christopher Plummer as Wellington, plus Orson Welles – as . . . Abba? God? (LWT 2.30). Better off with a 1937 Frank Capra on BBC1 – **Lost Horizon** is not about our last General Election, but starting today – appropriately enough at *mid*–day – is C4 coverage of the SDP Conference at Salford University (no slumming for them). **Claret And Chips**, a documentary on the SDP launch and Warrington win. This is when the media and TV really started to asphyxiate the body politic; this doc. is "cinema verité" which could mean the televisual equivalent of the SDP itself: surface noise without incisions. Anyone want to TV-sponsor the SDP? A disinfectant manufacturer, maybe?

C4, 6.15 / 7.15: Two American battlefields in succession. **American Football** coverage (Dallas vs Washington) kicks off (this strange dream of velocities, boundaries, zones, cartoon warriors scattering like an Open University atom-particle chart) as does a four-part documentary **I Remember Harlem**. May be interesting to compare this with **Hard Times** (C4 9.20) – a TV adaptation of that recent landmark in English lit., based in the facticious and frankly Dickensian London suburb 'Coketown'. Irony leaks out of the most straightforward sign! As was well understood and manipulated by the fat shadow behind **Alfred Hitchcock Presents** (C4 11.15). This segment directed by himself.

MONDAY SEPT 12

The 5000th edition of **Playschool**; the second of this season's **Riverside**. I know which presenters I prefer, but Andy Gill in four holographed person(s) is featured tonight as *The Residents*. (But which one is Big Ted?) If you think this unlikely, howabout today's SDP topic: poverty. Of ideas?

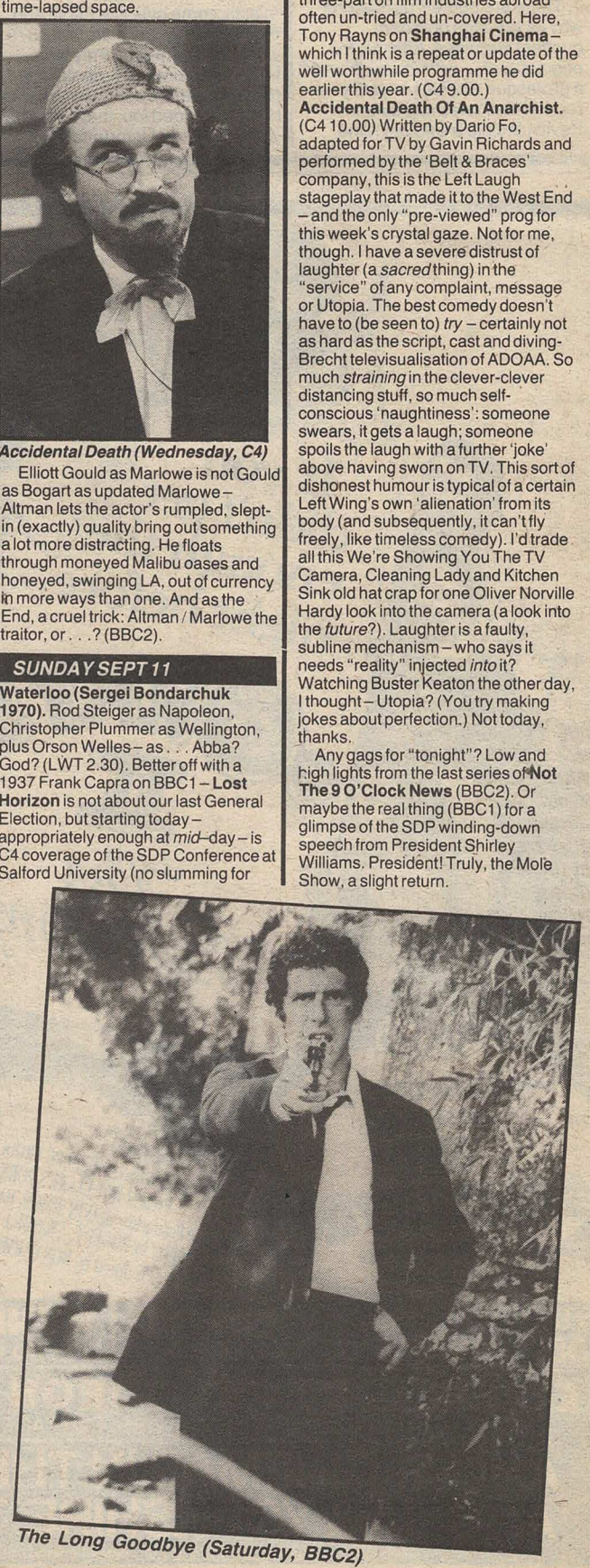
TUESDAY SEPT 13

Zandy's Bride (Jan Troell 1974). Lustrous partnership of Gene Hackman and Liv Ullman in 1870's pioneer drama. Nearer to home connubial problems in **A Taste Of Honey (Tony Richardson 1961)** (C4 9.00). Today's SDP Supermarket cut-price offers: Europe and Education. And **Taxi** (BBC1) OF COURSE.

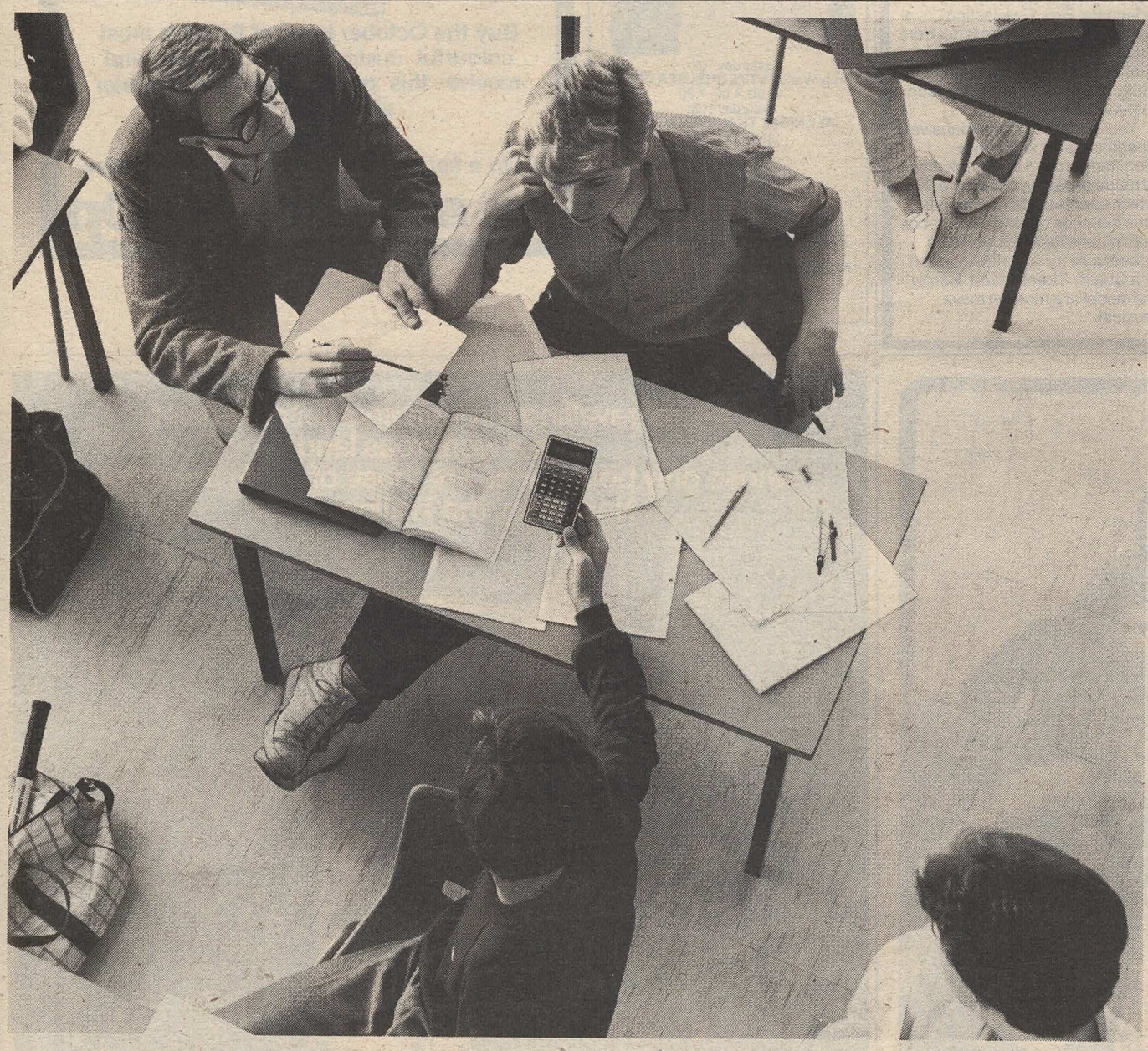
WEDNESDAY SEPT 14

The very hit-or-mis cine-series **Visions** returns, with the first of a three-part on film industries abroad often un-tried and un-covered. Here, Tony Rayns on **Shanghai Cinema** – which I think is a repeat or update of the well worthwhile programme he did earlier this year. (C4 9.00.)
Accidental Death Of An Anarchist. (C4 10.00) Written by Dario Fo, adapted for TV by Gavin Richards and performed by the 'Belt & Braces' company, this is the Left Laugh stageplay that made it to the West End – and the only "pre-viewed" prog for this week's crystal gaze. Not for me, though. I have a severe distrust of laughter (a *sacred* thing) in the "service" of any complaint, message or Utopia. The best comedy doesn't have to (be seen to) *try* – certainly not as hard as the script, cast and diving-Brecht televisualisation of ADOAA. So much *straining* in the clever-clever distancing stuff, so much self-conscious 'naughtiness': someone swears, it gets a laugh; someone spoils the laugh with a further 'joke' above having sworn on TV. This sort of dishonest humour is typical of a certain Left Wing's own 'alienation' from its body (and subsequently, it can't fly freely, like timeless comedy). I'd trade all this We're Showing You The TV Camera, Cleaning Lady and Kitchen Sink old hat crap for one Oliver Norville Hardy look into the camera (a look into the *future*?). Laughter is a faulty, subline mechanism – who says it needs "reality" injected *into* it? Watching Buster Keaton the other day, I thought – Utopia? (You try making jokes about perfection.) Not today, thanks.

Any gags for "tonight"? Low and high lights from the last series of **Not The 9 O'Clock News** (BBC2). Or maybe the real thing (BBC1) for a glimpse of the SDP winding-down speech from President Shirley Williams. President! Truly, the Mole Show, a slight return.



The Long Goodbye (Saturday, BBC2)



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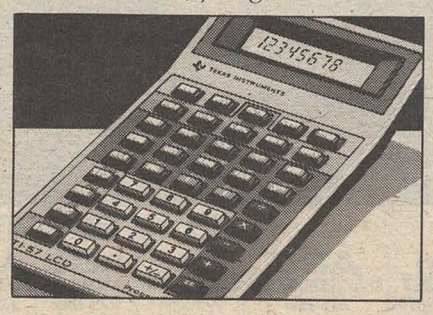

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GLENN TILBROOK . . . Then you know that bit in Mad Max II where he's hanging onto that oil tanker?

Two into FOREVER won't go

SON OF SQUEEZE? NO WAY. A FLEXIBLE SEMI-PERMANENT CREATIVE VEHICLE? IF YOU SAY SO, JOHN. DIFFORD AND TILBROOK PLOT THEIR FUTURE — ONE YEAR AT A TIME.

STORY: KRISTINE McKENNA PIX: PETER ANDERSON

GLENN TILBROOK and Chris Difford took up temporary residence at the Mayflower Hotel in New York during July.

While in town they (a) produced a record for Grandmaster Flash, (b) signed a seven album contract with A & M America, (c) got to know their new manager Shep Gordon of Alive Enterprises (Shep is the man who brought you Alice Cooper, Teddy Pendergrass, and the film Roadie).

After completing the record with Flash, Tilbrook was off on holiday in Mexico with his girlfriend and Difford returned to his home in the English countryside to be with his wife and new baby (their second).

During their stay in New York we met at the Mayflower bar to discuss Difford & Tilbrook, past, present and future.

CHRIS AND GLENN'S DATE WITH FLASH

TILBROOK: It is a pretty surprising combination! When it was suggested to us I went mad about the idea but I didn't know if it would work out. I think it came out pretty well, though.

The way it came about was that Sylvia Robinson (head of Sugarhill Records) met someone from our management company and the idea of our writing a song for Flash was bandied about. He wound up doing a tune we already had called 'The Amazoon'.

What we came up with sounds like a Grandmaster Flash record but I think you can hear us on the tune as well — I play piano on the song. It's a rap record, but we didn't write the rap, we just supplied the buzzword.

DIFFORD: The word "Amazoon" comes from the play we did last year, Labelled With Love. The play was about a pub that's losing business so it's converted into a disco and renamed "The Amazoon".

THE NEW BAND

TILBROOK: We've finished auditioning players and began rehearsals last month. Pino Palladino, who's played with Jools Holland, Gary Numan, and is on just about every record in Britain's Top Ten at the moment, is our bass player. He's the only new member we can mention at the moment.

The new band is not gonna be Squeeze Two. It'll be a new band with a new style. It hasn't been a conscious decision, but our writing seems to be showing more of a black influence — you can hear it in songs like 'Tempted', and 'Black Coffee In Bed'. Lately, I've been listening to the black music that came out of Philadelphia in the mid-'70s.

DIFFORD: The new band will have more keyboards — Glenn's gonna play keyboards, we have a keyboard player, and a black girl singer who also plays keyboards. All these people are semi-permanent members of the group.

We want to have a band that will be established for an album, have a line-up for a year or so, and if everybody's happy at the end of the year, then we'll continue. We intend to avoid saying "this is a band forever", which was the situation Squeeze found itself in.

As ones tastes change it becomes increasingly hard to deal with five other people whose tastes are also changing. It finally becomes impossible to establish a direction that's agreeable to everyone. Plus, I think you can have a stronger sense of direction if it's coming from less people.

VIDEO

TILBROOK: Video is something we plan to build into the group from the start. There's got to be some way we can harness video to put ourselves across better.

The unfortunate thing about video is that it always seems to promote individual people rather than music, and it's always tied to a specific person's sexuality. I generally find that objectionable, although there are exceptions. Sting exploits his sexuality on video in a way that's somehow acceptable. Elvis Presley could do that as well in film. I guess it all comes down to the fact that some people have it and some people don't.

THEIR VERY OWN COLONEL TOM

DIFFORD: We've always been really shy of big management, especially big American management. We met the people from Management Three once and they scared the life out of us! But Shep Gordon seems to be a very clear-cut, understandable type of person. We called him a few months ago and told him we needed someone to manage our affairs and he caught the next plane to London.

NEW MATERIAL

TILBROOK: We've already got lots of new material but we intend to write more. And the stuff we've got now is really good, if I don't say so myself.

DIFFORD: This year I've been writing in a completely different way. I live in the country now and I've been pressuring myself to write more because I have the time to do it. I've written about 60 or 70 lyrics in the last three months. It finally got to the point a few weeks ago where I began to feel I was strangling myself with words and had to force myself to stop writing.

As to what the new stuff is like, I'd say that generally it's becoming a bit less dark. I don't write so much about being drunk and depressed in pubs, partly because I think I've completely exhausted the subject, and partly because having not been on the road touring for the past year, I've spent less time killing time in bars.

HOW CHRIS WROTE 70 SONGS IN THREE MONTHS

DIFFORD: The way I write is like a photographer with a negative. I write the first draught in pencil then turn the page and write one after another until I've filled maybe a quarter of a folder. Then, just like putting film in a bath, I'll put it aside and let it set. Then I get a pen and another notepad and transcribe what I've written. Then I read it a week later and if it reads well I use it. If not, I scrap it.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF SQUEEZE

DIFFORD: In many ways Squeeze was really successful and I think it was underestimated by both the band and the public.

TILBROOK: In terms of popular success, Squeeze was a little ahead of its time. The kind of music we were doing in '79 and '80 didn't become popular on a large scale until last year, and a lot of bands that don't do it as well have had a lot more success with it. I'm not bitter about that, but that is my appraisal of the situation.

As to why Squeeze never became massively popular, I suppose it's because we never had a strong image, and the longer the band existed the more impossible it became for us to change that. The band's image was that of having no image, and that's not very positive.

The Lennon-McCartney comparison was frequently made and that was an image the critics could relate to, but it wasn't something people in the street could pick up on the way they'll pick up on someone who's really good looking.

THERE'S NO BIZ LIKE SHOW BIZ

DIFFORD: I really miss performing. Last night I was at the UB40 show and I was just clutching the rail thinking, God, I wish I was up there!

CHRIS DIFFORD . . . Let's see, what rhymes with truck?

MORE SONGS ABOUT AUTUMN AND DEAD CHILDREN

VIRGINIA ASTLEY IN FULL MUSICAL BLOOM IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN. INTERVIEW: ADRIAN THRILLS. ROSE-TINTED LENS: PENNIE SMITH.

AS THE sharp bluster of a September sky blows out the final flickering embers of the hottest English summer for seven years, it is impossible to remain oblivious to the slow forward shift of the seasons.

The imminent arrival of another autumn is certainly not lost on Virginia Astley: even in a basement flat in the heart of the city, she seems to be acutely aware of the ongoing natural cycle.

Standing by the sill of her bedroom window, she surveys the chilly scene outside and slips into a daydream, her thoughts drifting back aloud to another time, another place and a September long since past.

"I used to love this time of year," she whispers. "I'll always remember riding into school with my sister on our bikes at the beginning of the autumn term. I loved that feeling that you sometimes got on the first cold mornings at the end of summer . . . the clear blue skies and the falling leaves."

This dewy-eyed reminiscing and the deep fascination with nature might sound like the hallmarks of one who takes sentimentality to ridiculous extremes, but it will hardly come as a surprise to those who have heard Astley's debut solo album 'From Gardens Where We Feel Secure', released last month through Rough Trade on her own Happy Valley label.

An idyllic account of a childhood summer spent in the English countryside, the record bristles with a sense of lost innocence and sad idealism as it follows the progress of a hot, sticky day from dawn to dusk in the course of nine instrumental tracks.

Vividly evoking the Elysian beauty and blissful seclusion of her rural themes in titles like 'Hiding In The Ha-Ha', 'When The Fields Were On Fire' and 'It's Too Hot To Sleep', Virginia relies largely on her own flute and piano playing. The only 'outsiders' involved are Josephine Wells of Kissing The Pink, who plays clarinet on a couple of tracks, and the former Skids bassist Russell Webb – now a member of Richard Jobson's new Armoury Show – who contributes the odd guitar interlude and also co-produced the album with Astley.

The pastoral impressions of the album are heightened by a series of tape-looped sound effects – birds twittering, churchbells ringing, owls hooting and children singing – that provide a subdued scenic accompaniment to the music as they drift in and out of the mix.

"It's not the sort of record that you should have to sit down and concentrate on," she says. "It's really just background music, something that creates a general atmosphere. It should be like listening to a dawn chorus of birds – you're not aware of every minute detail, but you would notice if it suddenly stopped. I was just trying to capture that feeling that you get on one of the first really hot days of summer.

"I wanted to create something that would enable the listener to visualise that scene, but it's hard to create a picture like that through music. I wasn't really happy with it when it was finished, because it was recorded very quickly and some of the playing is far from perfect.

"But I think it does create a certain rural atmosphere. Maybe the fact that it was done so quickly, without too much deep thought, helped to convey those feelings more acurately."

The pearly fragility of an album like 'Gardens' is bound to sound terribly twee to a lot of people. It has nothing whatsoever to do with rock 'n' roll and you certainly can't dance to it. Beneath its velvet veneer, though, there does lie an understated power and purpose and even a few sinister hints of something more disconcerting, a sense of menace that comes increasingly to the fore towards the end of the 'afternoon' side.

And if the overall tone of the record is a reflective one, Virginia herself is also aware that too much nostalgia is hardly a good thing. There is little point in forever yearning for the happy highways of some mythical land of lost content.

"You always remember things better than they actually were. It always happens when you meet a friend and talk about old times. But it's bad to dwell too much on the past, because all those rose-tinted memories are really just a lie.

"I don't necessarily think that things are any better for young children. I do think that you lose a certain innocence as you get older, but then it's only with age that you realise that you *were* more innocent as a child. Children do go through things like fear and guilt, but their worries are just about different things. Most adults probably don't remember what it is like for a child worrying about school or falling out with a friend.

"I remember when I was young, people used to always tell me that those were the best years of my life . . . and I was thinking that they couldn't have been much worse! I think that things actually improve after the age of about 16. The years of 12 to 16 are just *hideous* for most girls. When I was at school, I was usually always so miserable that it was almost funny!

"So I don't think you can say that the album is all about harking back to better days, because childhood isn't necessarily the most happy time of anyone's life. The most important thing was to try and capture the timeless feel of the beginning of summer.

"I was amazed at the favourable reactions to the album when it was released though. I thought that putting out an instrumental album about summer would really finish me off!"

THE 'Gardens' LP is probably the most consistent hint yet at Virginia Astley's potential for solo greatness, coming in the wake of a spasmodic array of past projects and collaborations of variable quality – the most celebrated being the stormy six-month lifespan of The Ravishing Beauties early last year.

But if the music has a unique ring alongside the muddled mantle of most modern pop, rock and dance, its maker could hardly be more unassuming. Demure in a baggy grey dress, she sits beside an unmade bed in the Victoria flat she shares with twin sister Alison and patiently answers questions for two hours. The voice is soft and measured, often trailing off into a delicate whisper that is barely audible above the hiss of my cassette recorder.

Considering the rural inspiration behind so much of her work, it comes as a surprise to learn that Astley has lived almost all of her 23 years in and around the metropolis.

Born in Watford, she lived in Stanmore, Middlesex until her early teens when her parents moved out to the Berkshire countryside. But she remained in a rural environment for only one year before moving on again, first to two years at a music school in Manchester and then, at the tender age of 16, to college in Twickenham.

She had taken up piano when she was seven and flute at 14, influenced no doubt by the exploits of her father Ted Astley, a composer and arranger best known for the theme music of television and film thrillers such as *The Prisoner*, *Randall And Hopkirk*, *Department S*, *Dangerman* and *The Saint*.

Her taste in music had always veered towards classical but on moving to Twickenham her imagination was captured by the energy and excitement of the burgeoning punk explosion.

"I was really confused about music after I first moved back to London. On one hand, I was totally dedicated to playing the flute, practicing four hours a day, and on the other I was going out to see bands like Generation X, Johnny Thunders and The Vibrators! It was all one big contradiction!

"I was a real loner at the time. I suppose I was quite independent for my age. Most of the people at my college were still living perfectly normal lives at home while I was surviving on Butterscotch Angel Delight and chips in a bedsit and going out busking with my flute at weekends. They all thought that I was a complete lunatic, so I didn't really have a group of friends my age."

VIRGINIA left Twickenham with a couple of A-Level passes, her tickets to a degree course in music at City University. It was here that she first met Nicola Holland and Kate St John, later to become her partners in The Ravishing Beauties. But her enthusiasm for the academic life soon waned and she left her course before the end of the first year.

The following autumn she tried again, this time at the prestigious Guildhall School of Music, and actually lasted into her second year before a combination of distractions – illness, boredom and other projects of her own – led to another premature departure. The outside activities included more busking, playing keyboards with pub rock band Victims Of Pleasure and tentatively recording a demo tape of her own songs.

That was at the end of 1980, though she had to wait until the following year for wider recognition of her talents. It came when she worked with Richard Jobson, providing a musical setting for his rumbustious poetry recitals both on stage at the Cabaret Futura club in Soho and in the studio on his 'Etiquette' album (Cocteau Records) and three tracks in honour of modern French writer Marguerite Duras that cropped up on the imported Belgian compilation 'The Fruits Of The Original Sin' (Les Disques Du Crepuscule).

The Jobson connection was maintained on the Skids LP 'Joy' while 1981 also saw her work with Troy Tate on his 'Lifeline' EP and then her brother-in-law – someone calling himself Pete Townshend – on his album 'All The Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes'.

But a career as a classically-trained sessionette with post-punk leanings was hardly going to satisfy Virginia's own artistic drive and in August '81 she signed a solo deal with London independent label Why-Fi.

"At the back of my mind I always knew that I had to do something myself," she says. "Working with other people taught me a lot, but I never went out looking for session work. The only reason I did any collaborations was because they were all offered through friends. I'm not good enough to be a session player anyway. I've always thought I was rubbish as a musician."

Her debut Why-Fi disc was the 10" EP 'A Bao A Qu'. A selection of four light, spectral songs, it included an English translation of one of Mahler's 'Songs On The Death Of Children' with new music by Astley herself. It all appeared terribly highbrow but was actually nothing of the sort and 'We Will Meet Them Again' still stands as one of her finest musical moments.

"I first heard the song years ago when I was playing flute in some youth orchestra, but the way I do it bears no relation to the Mahler original. I just chose it because the words are so moving. There is nothing sadder than the death of a child, but there's this analogy running all the way through the song saying that the dead children have just gone for a walk over the hills and will be meeting us again one day."

The pressing problems that so often afflict independent labels held up the release of 'A Bao A Qu' for almost six months, by which time Virginia had put together a loose, flexible group for live work.

THE RAVISHING Beauties were a brilliant idea in theory, but a group that never made the impact that they should have in practice. Three girls playing whimsical songs on odd looking classical instruments before a bemused but remarkably tolerant rock audience, their legacy has already surpassed anything that they achieved while they were together.

They were born after Virginia's labelmate Troy Tate suggested that she support The Teardrop Explodes, with whom he was then guitarist, on a couple of dates. She contacted her old university friends Nicola Holland and Kate St John and The Ravishing Beauties made their stage debut at the short-lived Club Zoo in Liverpool's Pyramid Club in December 1981. With Virginia singing, Nicola on keyboards and Kate drifting between oboe and cor anglais, they went on to support Teardrop on a British tour before playing three notable headlining shows of their own at the Purcell Rooms, The B2 Gallery in Wapping and the Bath Arts Festival.

But by last June, they were no more, leaving just two Radio One sessions and a track on the *NME* 'Mighty Reel' tape as meagre mementos of their existence.

The track that appeared on the *NME* cassette was a musical interpretation of World War One poet Wilfrid Owen's poignant lament 'Futility'. It was a song which The Ravishing Beauties frequently included in their live set beside the contrasting literary tones of Rupert Brooke's 'The Soldier'. When she next plays live, Virginia hopes to expand this section of her set into a trilogy by arranging some music to fit contemporary Argentinian poet George Louis Borges' Falklands War epitaph 'Juan Lopez And John Ward', recently published for the first time in Britain in *The Times*.

"Maybe it's something that was handed down from my dad, but I hate anything to do with war," says Virginia. "My dad was in the army, but he was a complete pacifist and brought us up believing in that. I

CONTINUES PAGE 30

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VIRGINIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

hate war and the glorification of it, which is why The Ravishing Beauties used to do those two poems. The Rupert Brooke one is quite a beautiful poem, with the line about some corner of a foreign field being forever England, but it just shows how wasy it is to slip into the glorification of war. When The Ravishing Beauties did 'The Soldier', we weren't necessarily slamming it. I just wanted to put it in the set as a contrast to 'Futility'.

"The way that the Falklands War was glorified in books and magazines was hideous. That was why I wanted to add the George Louis Borges poem, although we had split up before I got round to doing it. What he was saying was that there was no right or wrong about the whole conflict. I'd still like to introduce it some time, because people seem to have forgotten all about the Falklands thing. It's all been very quickly dismissed.

"Looking back at The Ravishing Beauties, there was never really much there. It was great fun at first, but then we got branded with this tag of mixing classical and pop and we never really lived it down.

"We never had time to find an identity of our own, so we just became what we were labelled. We began to pander to this awful thing that The Ravishing Beauties had become and it totally depressed me.

"We could never really take the group anywhere because I was signed to Why-Fi and neither Kate or Nicola were prepared to sign with them. By last summer, the whole thing had reached a terrible gloomy stalemate. We just used to argue and sulk all the time and it just became impossible to go on.

"It was good that we went out and played live, but we could never really have taken it any further than we did in those six months. Still, we all got something out of it in the end."

Since the split, Nicola Holland has worked extensively with The Fun Boy Three while Kate St John has recently joined The Dream Academy, leaving Astley to pick up the strands of her interrupted solo career. This she has done fitfully over the past year, recording her instrumental album, arranging the strings on the Siouxsie And The Banshees single 'Fireworks', working with director John Maybury on the soundtrack of his film *The Court Of Miracles*, recently premiered at the ICA, and releasing one more Why-Fi single in the doleful, dreamy 'Love's A Lonely Place To Be'.

The single met a mixed reaction on its release in the spring with at least one reviewer (Hi Paolo!) writing it off as pretentious schoolgirl drivel. Astley herself is used to such criticism, but denies setting out to be either soppy or overly sentimental in her songs.

"I think a lot of people misjudged the sentiments of the single. It wasn't me being soppy. It was just saying that it is pathetic to stay with someone that you spend half your time hating and rowing with. It's also pathetic to spend so much time with someone you love that all your other friends go by the wayside. Saying that is hardly being soppy, so I don't agree with what a lot of people said about that single."

The record was her last for Why-Fi, a wrangle over the amount of support she was getting from the label leading to her departure and the subsequent release of the instrumental album through Rough Trade. It will be interesting to see what happens next. She is currently in the throes of assembling a new group, hopefully to tour in late autumn, and wants to do an album of songs as opposed to ambient instrumental pieces, though there is also fanciful talk of a 'winter' LP to complement 'Gardens' complete with howling wolves and cracking icebergs.

Whether her next release goes through a major or an independent channel has yet to be decided. The keyword is flexibility, although the financial muscle necessary to promote a tour and pay for recording costs must also be an important consideration.

"I'm not totally serious about everything that I do," she says. "But I do feel it is important not to compromise and end up doing something that I don't really enjoy. I want to be able to disregard considerations like fashion and commerciality and get on with what I want to do, and I'm not sure if I'd be able to do that on a major label.

"There has been some interest from the bigger labels, but I'm not sure whether it would be a good idea to sign with one. I'd be very wary of how they might market me. One label listened to a tape and said the songs were very nice, but they didn't see any smashes!"

LIKE TRACEY Thorn of The Marine Girls and Jayne Casey of Pink Industry, Virginia Astley is one of a rising breed of female artists busily breaking some of the constrictions that the moulding processes of rock music would impose on them.

The fact that all three are girls may just be coincidence, although in Virginia's case the matter of gender is perhaps more important. When she played a short set at The Venue last month under the joke banner of Pure Sex, her entire band – violinist Anne Stephenson, cellist Audrey Riley, flautist Kathy Seabrooke and clarinetist Josephine Wells – were female. Is there anything to be said in favour of a more delicate 'feminine' approach being better suited than 'masculine' bluster to making refreshing and original new music? Or is that just too simplistic?

"I think the fact that I'm a girl doesn't really enter into things," says Virginia. "The reason that I stuck to girl musicians at The Venue is simply because I find it easier to work with them than boys. We always had a running joke in The Ravishing Beauties that men took over when you work with them, but I'm certainly not trying to prove any great feminist point.

"In The Ravishing Beauties, we always used to get asked about girls and bands, although people don't seem to bother so much now. At the same time, I think that there still aren't enough girl groups around that people can entirely forget the sex of people up on the stage. There are still a lost of barriers that dissuade girls from forming groups, which is why a lot of girls in music are more highly motivated. You have to really want to do it."

Virginia's performance at The Venue was a triumph. On a purely musical level, her set contained a mine of fine unrecorded songs that augur well for her projected album while her presentation also revealed a welcome irreverence that was a far cry from the preciousness of which she is often accused.

"The good thing about that gig was that we improvised a lot on stage. It was far more spontaneous than The Ravishing Beauties used to be. Then everything was hideously calculated, whereas now it's looser and a lot more fun. The trouble with a lot of people who are classically trained is that they become too disciplined. They become obsessed with things like always being in tune, but it's far more healthy to have a bit more freedom in your approach."

And so where to now? Having hopefully lost the odious semi-classical tag, the question is where Astley is going to head after the 'songs' album. My feeling is that it could be back towards the ambient pastures of her instrumental album and then on to even more experimental musical manoeuvres. She has long been an admirer of the likes of Brian Eno, John Cale, Michael Nyman and Laurie Anderson and it wouldn't be that surprising to find her as a latter-day counterpart of that perculiar quartet in, say, five years time.

Whether her adventures lead on to commercial success only time will tell. Virginia Astley *does* want to sell records. But the thing that matters to her most is what those records are like.

"I can't deny that I did deliberately set out to try and do something different, something other than dance music. It's good to have something that you can listen to on different levels, which is why I want to try and expand and broaden the kind of music that I make.

"On the instrumental album, there are places where I've twisted sounds by playing them backwards or at double or half speed and I'm still quite keen to do things like that. You can make something sound entirely different without making it sound unlistenable.

"It's just a lack of adventure that stops people from doing things like that. If one band come up with an idea and it gets them a hit, most other people just seem to follow like a herd of lemmings.

"At the same time, I think things are beginning to change. People who tried to do something individual wouldn't have been taken remotely seriously last year. I think things have broadened out a bit more now."

LPs

LONG PLAYERS

A PALER SHADE OF WHITE

JAMES WHITE

James White's Flaming Demonics (*ZE*)

PRESUMABLY, 'JAMES White's Flaming Demonics' is the album designed to introduce James White (formerly 'James White And The Blacks' aka 'James Chance And The Contortions') to a wider audience. Knowing its author primarily by reputation and by the odd cut here and there from one or the other of the prior incarnations, I can only speak as a representative of that great untapped mass, but this album leaves me neither shaken nor stirred.

White's principle achievement would be to apply that form of *fleurs du mal* romanticism known as the Doomed-Young-Poet-In-Elegant-Squalour syndrome to music other than post-Velvets rock: he has created a harsh, jangled, punky impression of Ornette-Coleman-meets-James-Brown radical dance music, a co-optation of the baddest and most feverish music White can find. He features on alto and keyboards as well as vocally, and just as he produces splashily passionate if somewhat superficial pastiches of Coleman, Cecil Taylor and Sun Ra when working out instrumentally, he sings in a petulant, nasal, suburban rock and roll yawp.

His lyrics are filled with predictably 'dark' imagery; titles like 'The Devil Made Me Do It' and 'Boulevarde Of Broken Dreams' are presented with very little discernible irony, even though the latter does contain the inspired rhyming of *"Romeo and Juliet"* with *"gigolo and gigolette"*. 'The Natives Are Restless' is built around an exaggeratedly 'jungle' groove and a fine, scornful vocal by The Discolitas; it ends up sounding like something August Darnell would do if he didn't have so much Taste.

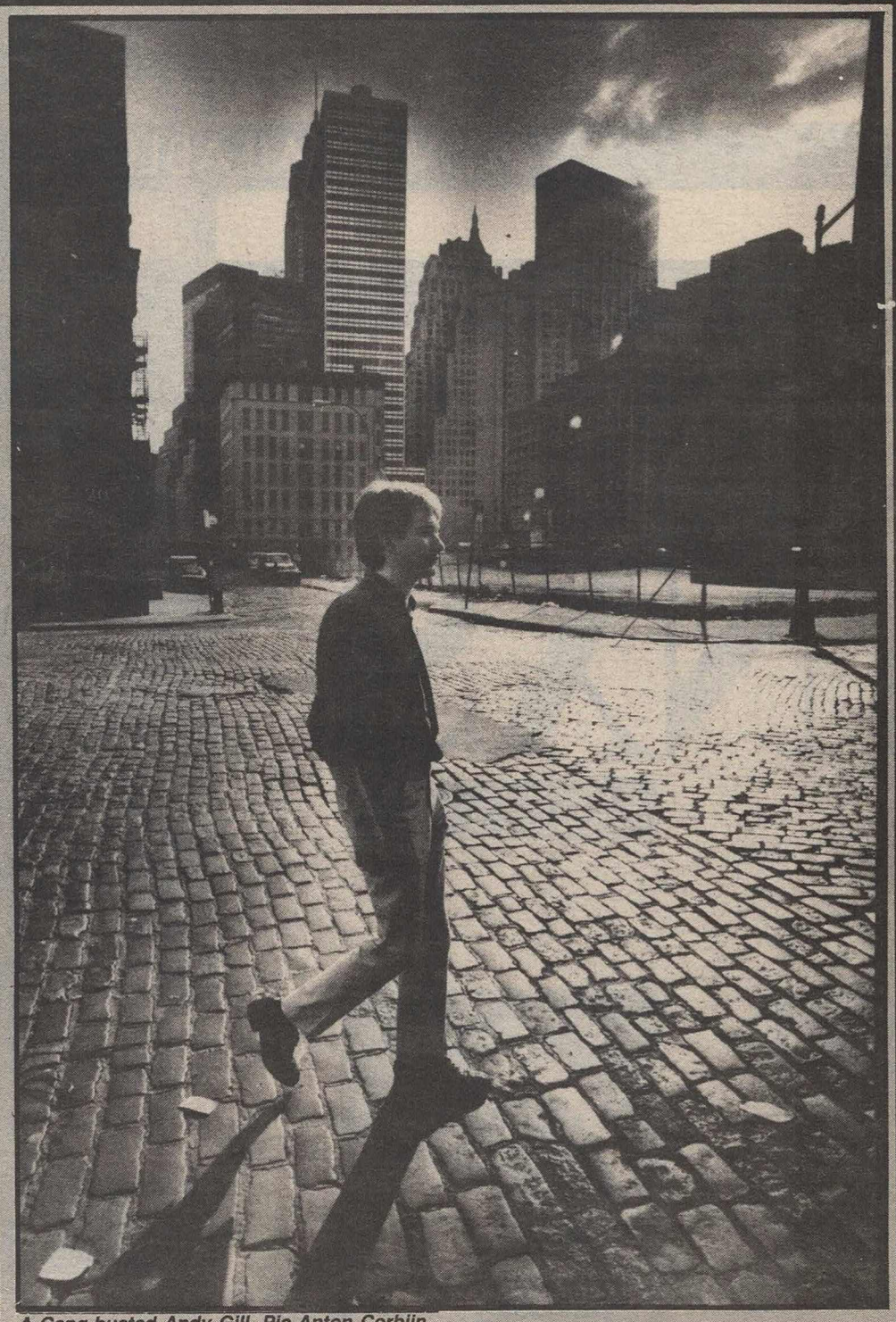
Despite the disparity of source material – two Ellington tunes squashed into a medley with a White original entitled 'Melt Yourself Down' are followed by 'I Danced With a Zombie', in which The Cramps meet Funkadelic and Archie Shepp on the Universal back lot – large slices of the album are remarkably tedious.

The rhythm section (bassist Rodney Forstall and drummer Ralph Rolle) inevitably stoke up a fair head of steam, and it is their energy that keeps the tunes moving long after the horns (White and Robert Aaron, Luther Thomas and Bruse Purse on tenor, baritone and trumpet) have run out of licks. There is a vast amount of time given over to blowing, and none of them have enough to say to justify that time. They're just blowing, not *blowing*.

Secondly, White's vocal range is thin and pinched, but unlike Lou Reed, John Rotten and Bob Dylan (none of whom have, even now, significantly more vocal equipment than White), he has not yet learned how to function skilfully within that limited range. The act that White is trying to do could be incredible – a fusion of the ever popular Dean Rebel with the most genuinely dangerous dance music of our time – but whatever his capabilities as a live performer, on this evidence he doesn't have the chops to do it in the studio yet.

It takes an artist of profound and unshakeable ego to attempt the simultaneous embodiment of so many powerful traditions. This man is very ambitous, and even though Defunkt or Rip Rig & Panic did many of the things that White is chancing and did them much more successfully and fluently, there's still plenty of scope for White to make a sizeable score as a post-rock Iggy. 'I Danced With A Zombie'? Takes one to know one.

Charles Shaar Murray



A Gang-busted Andy Gill. Pic Anton Corbijn

HARD UP!

GANG OF 4

Hard (*EMI*)

THESE DAYS the barricades are thinly manned. Back in '79 Rock was Against Everything and The Gang Of 4 provided a soundtrack of surgical firepower and a quirky line in socio-political analysis. But nowadays they seem bent on flogging themselves round the US college-circuit in the guise of Angry Young Men of the New British Invasion. GO4's fourth album 'Hard' fits logically into this phase of their career.

'Hard' arrives in one of those tastefully pastel sleeves you'd normally expect to house such modish Britpop product as The Thompson Twins, Talk Talk or quasi-Brits Icehouse. And like the aforementioned Twins, The Gang don't add up. Not only has Hugo Burnham been handed his cards, but Peter Astrop plays bass instead of Sara Lee on four out of nine tracks. But then again, The Gang Of Two And A Half doesn't exactly roll off the tongue.

The album opens breathtakingly. Alfa Anderson and Brenda White chant *"Is it love"* in one of the most exciting three-second intros since Aretha Franklin's 'Jump To It'. Now it just so happens that the latter was produced by Luther Vandross for whom Brenda White sings. Alfa Anderson was hired from the Chic Organizaton, and it's the clean, elegant, driving dance-groove of Vandross and Rodgers-Edwards that GO4 have striven to acquire in even greater measure than on last year's 'Songs Of The Free'.

'Is It Love' proceeds with a Norman Whitfield-style string arrangement to heighten the mood of clipped urgency and nobly-borne *tristesse*. But that's it. There's no song. And such holds true for the LP's duration: a dynamic beat, a gleaming surface, some brilliantly choreographed and textured hooks and effects, but precious little substance.

So what to do if you've got no real ideas yet your career demands more product? You bastardise other people's licks in the hope of reselling the market something you know it's bought before. Hence 'I Fled' glides from soul falsetto to Jon King's spirited impression of ABC's tiresome 'Look Of Love'; the deceptive melancholy of 'Silver Lining's' intro soon slips into the more familiar strains of Human League's 'Fascination'; 'A Piece Of My Heart' evokes the breathless yelp and metallic chop of Michael Jackson's 'Beat It': all the hits and more on wonderful Gang Of 4!

Such 'allusions' may well be a crafty ploy to subliminally subvert pop, to insinuate Gangmusic into airwaves, homes and hearts by taking on the colours of the charts like a commando in camouflage (we love a man in uniform). But I suspect the simple truth is that 'Hard' consists of one part inspiration to 99 parts tense, worried sweat.

Ah, but the words, traditionally a Gang Of 4 strongpoint. Although often gnomic and forced, when declaimed in the context of such electrifying music as 'Essence', 'Anthrax' and 'Paralysed', they became charged with force and tension. But here the lyrics are oblique to the point of obfuscation. *"A man with a good car needs no justification/Fate is in my hands and in the transmission"*: doubtless such lines hum with significance in the rarefied atmosphere of Messrs Gill and King's creative dialectic, but to me they're merely portentous.

I'll persevere with 'Hard' if only for the strange, neurotic moods conjured up by Andrew Gill's still thrilling guitar, but for the rest, it rings as an empty shell.

On this showing, fellow grand larcenists Heaven 17 have little to fear.

Mat Snow

The Glove. Illustration Ian Wright

PITS, LIKE THE GLOVE

THE GLOVE

Blue Sunshine (*Polydor*)

It sounds very indulgent, Robert. "'Immensely indulgent. But it's just there. It'll be ripped to pieces, but it would be anyway. Because it's me and Severin." He laughs. (NME 13.8.83.)

ANOTHER OFF-shoot and yet more popsters off route. Check the following story. A friend of mine, intent on forming a group, declared that he would call it Blue Sunshine. Two days later he was back. "Forget that name," he announced. "A link of mine informs me that Blue Sunshine is the title of some cult acid movie. Who'd want to be associated with *that?*"

Who indeed? Enter The Glove. 'Blue Sunshine' is an indulgent, introverted exercise, a collage of nonsense that plays around with Smith's and Severin's interest in the '60s. Unfortunately, it's not the '60s of Motown and glamour, Brown and Redding, suss and cool. It's the '60s of psychedelia and the excess that accompanied it; an awful, irritating soundtrack that takes in everything from The Beatles (circa 'White Album') to Joy Division, the nearest clue to the current 45, 'Like An Animal'.

It's music to dull you, a collection of morbid, dragging songs peppered with words that any lyricist worth his salt (ah!) would have discarded without shame. *"The Umbrella Man is shouting/we shake his paper hands . . ."* ('Looking Glass Girl') *"One more boy full of writhing white mice . ."* ('Sex-Eye-Make-Up') and my particular favourite, *"Don't be afraid! There's no marmalade!"* ('Mr. Alphabet Says').

Backed up by The Venomettes, The Glove is yet another messy solo 'project', a combination of boys with nothing better to do (whilst Siouxsie's away the cats will play . .) than while away their time in such a lazy and unproductive manner.

There is little sense of purpose here, no true attempt to expand on previous territory in any kind of meaningful manner.

Instead, as with all 'solo' affairs since time immemorial, the result belies the artists' reputations. (Robert Smith once wrote 'Boys Don't Cry' and Severin was involved in the Banshees most fertile period, the 'Kaleidoscope' LP.)

The mating of the two fulfills *their* ambition to pay homage to a defunct musical style but as a purposeful attempt at creating atmosphere or style, it's a flat and *very* old-fashioned collection of songs.

It begs the question, what is this music for? The answer isn't worth remarking on.

Paolo Hewitt

FROM QUE PASA TO QUEIMADA

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS

Doppelganger (*Ze/Island*)

BETWEEN 'OFF The Coast Of Me' and 'Doppelganger' lies an interval of only three years, yet already the odyssey of Kid Creole's search for his mythical Mimi has more the enervating feel of an unenviable ordeal than of a tireless and colourful Flynn adventure.

If 'Tropical Gangsters'' *Road To B'dilli* was pretty silly, then this one's *Road To Zylla* ought to be sillier. It' not and that's the trouble. It's just strained. Coati Mundi's playing of Bob Hope to August Darnell's Crosby crooner has stiffened into routine and the Coconuts's *l'amour* interest barely figures this time round.

What began as a fully integrated revue, which spliced the remnants of Darnell's bold and glitzy showbiz aesthetic with Coati Mundi's sassy salsa, was torn apart when the former meekly submitted to commercial pressurs and accepted the all pervasive tyrannies of radio orientated R&B rhythm. Thus was Mundi's latin influx channeled into the odd novelty track and The Coconuts relegated to chirruping back-up singers graciously allowed the occasional solo spot.

Darnell relinquished class for conformity, scored at the box office and lost the loyalty of his crew who, shipwrecked somewhere off the coast of his ego, sought to fulfil themselves outside. Sadly their efforts only proved Darnell was not wrong in assuming complete authority. Coati Mundi's solo record showed him to be a one trick monkey, while the Cononuts's LP didn't develop their characters any.

Meanwhile Darnell appears to have noticed his original conception, of Kid Creole as some kind of berserk New Deal musical comedy, an exotic animal crackers bit by a Brecht bug, going badly awry. With 'Doppelganger' he salvages what he can of his vision. Indeed, on the record's one outstanding song, he wittily subjects himself to moral scrutiny for losing sight of it. 'Underachiever', a windy samba, has him gamely berating himself, while at once mocking the haughty tone of his critics.

His Creole persona cleansed, Darnell is better placed to write himself into the role of the dashing, debonaire hero. His convoluted doppelganger storyline washes him and his crew up on Zylla, a West Indian island, where he can indulge his social conscience by having his alter ego lead a revolt of the island's mixed blood population against a cruel dictator who preaches black racial purity. ('Que Pasa' to *Queimada*?)

That might sound like a great idea for a movie, but on record 'Doppelganger' adds up to just another set of slight tunes scattered across an irrelevant and poorly developed plot, a bunch of tart couplets and snap one-liners in sore need of a full script; a Broadway show without a backer. Worse, the inclusion of four old songs composed by Darnell and his estranged brother Stony Browder Jr and an albeit great cover of the calypso 'If You Wanna Be Happy' suggest — if not bankruptcy — a certain desperation in the Creole camp.

Their presence wouldn't matter if they actually fitted Darnell's current scheme of things. As it is they simply point up why — reasons of inflated egos aside — Browder and Darnell originally parted: the ersatz loveliness, the lazy grace of Browder's pastiche tunes are entirely unsuited to the bustle of a Creole LP; and if you need positive proof test Darnell's pointlessly updated 'The Seven Year Itch' against the glorious kitsch Miller Americana of the Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band original on 'Goes To Washington'.

Plainly the Creole vision is dimming but Darnell — as much for reasons of nostalgia as commerce — seems reluctant to let it drop. Like the Hope/Crosby vehicle, Darnell's Odyssey version of *The Road To...* series feels like it's going on forever.

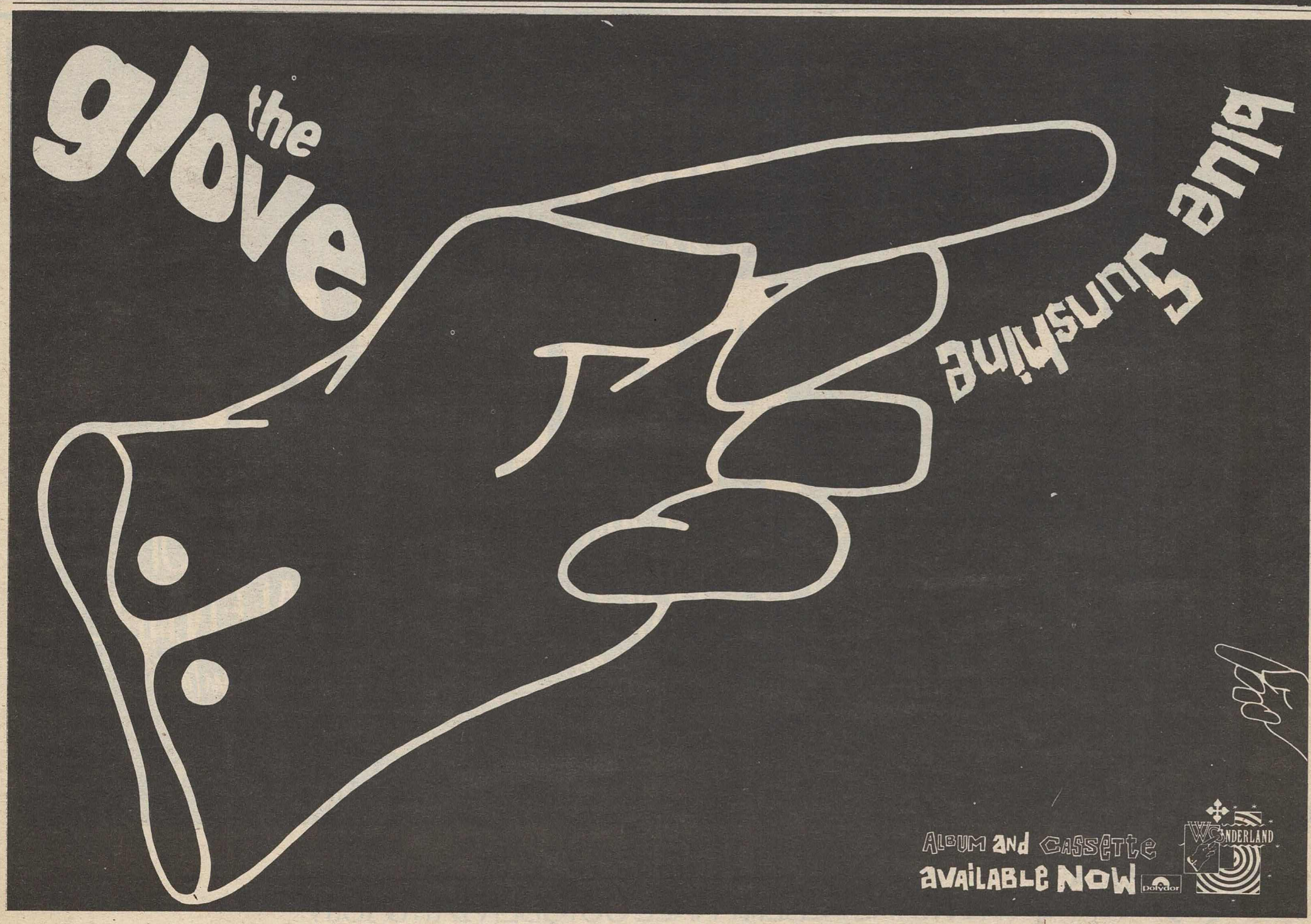
Chris Bohn

From Mimi to me, me. Kid Creole pic Kevin Cummins

Nashville teardrop. The music is cool mainstream pop-rock with an electronic ripple passing through its underbelly. 'Heart To Heart' and 'Don't Give My Heart A Break' use voices and synthetics to warm half-stirred melodies, a formula that pop usually tries to reverse.

The Lowe wit has permeated some of her writing, although Carlene is good at striking unexpected chords anyway. The composer of 'I Once Knew Love' and 'Who Needs Words', two consummate love songs from her debut, is on similar form in 'That Boy' and 'Patient Love'. A gentle and revealing record that will, alas, find no toehold in this marketplace of fools and ruffians.

Richard Cook



LIGHTNING STRIKES

THE DOOBIE BROTHERS
Farewell Tour *(Warner Bros)*
FOUR SIDES of unhurried and carefully vigorous boogie music from a group that made some entertaining radio pop in their time. Their studio stuff is almost meaningless without the Californian backdrop and a featureless live epitaph is totally so. 'It Keeps You Running' was far and away the best thing they ever did, and it isn't even here. One for slack stomachs.

Richard Cook

JOHN BARRY
Stringbeat *(Cherry Red)*
EVERYBODY NEEDS an icon, and some of us have John Barry. Barry wrote some of the best themes ever; but that was in the late '60s, and 'Stringbeat' is early '60s. 'Stringbeat', as the purists say, is a lot of crap. Vile pizzicato strings, Shadows guitar with no echo, covers of 'Baubles, Bangles And Beads' and 'A Handful Of Songs'. Music for films? Music for intermissions.

David Quantick

THROBBING GRISTLE
Editions . . Frankfurt . . Berlin . . *(Svensk Illuminated)*
I'VE HEARD worse noise, but I've never seen a more hideous pair of trousers than the pair Genesis P. Orridge is wearing on the back of this album's sleeve. Throbbing Gristle never were for the faint-hearted. . .

Forget Killing Joke, forget tuinol, you want your brain pulverized into a pulp and to be the biggest zombie on the block? Listen to this. Recorded live in Germany – I wonder how many are still in hospital seeing mice bite through the wall.

Yes, more TG weird shit! Industrial noise/music laced with psychotic scat-vocals that sound like they are coming from one end of a toilet roll; and if I ever find out what the words are, I'm running . . .

Jane Solanas

KLAUS SCHULZE
Audentity *(Innovative Communication)*
TOMITA'S PENPAL still has a few pretty chord changes in his memorybank and it's a modest amusement to try and guess where they come. Otherwise a meagre injection of electropop rhythm doesn't do much to liven up his world of whirr and whee.

Richard Cook

PORTION CONTROL
Hit The Pulse *(In Phaze)*
PORTION CONTROL are a trio of South Londoners who deal in hardcore electronics. 'Hit The Pulse' is their second a'bum, and contains seven tracks in the vein of our *nouveau* Cabaret Voltaire. Discordant noises, clattering synthesisers and people shouting a lot: 'Hit The Pulse' is an interesting album, parts of which I'd like to hear at a disco, parts of which would be really swinging at a riot.

David Quantick

JOHN MILES
Play On *(EMI)*
JOHN MILES is probably the most talented singer-songwriter in the whole known world of space and time ever. Once again he derides convention with a spiffing collection of songs that Elton John would gladly give his right arm to have penned; once again, he proves that the old times are still the best, and, with a sterling crew of top session musicians, he takes modern music screaming into the 1970s. Look out, Elton! Look out, Cliff!

David Quantick

Al Green gets on the God foot. Pic Alain de la Mata

THE GREENING OF GOD

AL GREEN
I'll Rise Again *(Myrrh – US Import)*

THE VOICE is still as smooth and sweet as molasses. It's the voice that pulls you in – it's a honey trap – and keeps you listening, following its spirals and sweeps.

After the voice, it's the sound that's remarkable. In 1983 Al Green has made something with the sound of a classic soul record. Real bass and drums, strings by the Memphis Symphony Orchestra, real Memphis guitar, make up a foundation not often found on records these days. Down in that Tennessee backwater Green has a crew that remembers that sound and how to put it together.

And yet, except for one beautiful song, I don't love this record.

The exception is 'Ocean Blue (I'll Rise Again)'. This is Green's strategy at its best, an allegory of pure faith, a Resurrection song that never needs to explicitly mention the Resurrection but is so heartfelt it could almost turn an unbeliever. It is put over through a perfectly simple and unforgettable soul tune, the power of which is magnified by being so quietly understated.

The problem elsewhere is that Green is caught, as he has been for years, between his spiritual commitment to the message of Jesus and his musical commitment to the power of soul.

For the magic moment at the end of the '70's, on 'The Belle Album' and especially 'Truth N' Time', Green found a way to meld the two, by putting his religious message in mostly symbolic terms and letting the soul shine through.

But on 'I'll Rise Again' the message is stated, and stated, and stated. But this is gospel lyrics without the fervour, the shouting devotional release of gospel music. So Green's preaching, tied to this homegrown Memphis soul sound, ends up wearing us out instead of lifting us up.

What it may come down to is that only if you share Green's intense Christian faith, and so find interest and inspiration in these sermons, will you find this record worth repeated listenings.

Richard Grabel

AXES FOR PEACE

MANOWAR
Into Glory Ride *(Music For Nations)*

BATTLEAXE
Burn This Town *(Music For Nations)*

WHAT WOULD Tatty Ferguson have made of this, that's what I'd like to know?

Tatty was a big bastard in greasy denims with a mass of wiry hair hanging somewhere round his bum. He used to sit every Saturday night on the seafront drinking flagons of cider and dropping pills, having a bit of a smoke . . . anything! By day he was a motor mechanic, but at night, at the weekends, he turned into an animal, a neanderthal man, a manowar. Just him and his mates out there by the sea with a battered-up cassette playing big chunks of gargantuan metal – a searing zomboid backing track for their stupor.

Now I could be wrong, maybe he settled down and became a bank clerk or they made him mayor or something: but if Tatty's still around, still killing off the brain cells, the horrendous Manowar LP could well appeal to him.

Manowar are Americans fuddled by years of ear-bleeding stadium rock, loopy demonology, buckets of soul-destroying sedatives and God knows what else. 'Into Glory Ride' is rock from the asylum, leaden, grinding guitars matched to a sub-gladiator fantasy.

It is the most sluggish retrograde dreck imaginable with its endless death knells, rivers of steel and black visions of the apocalypse. It's grown men playing out *Boys Own* games, the

BEFORE MAN MADE MUSIC, THERE WERE ANIMALS...

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KEYBOARD VOLCANO — WORLD'S 8th WONDER

CECIL TAYLOR

Calling It The 8th *(Hat MUSICS)*.

WITH HAT Hut's future release schedule in a state of flux it may be that 'Calling It The 8th' will be the closing episode in a matchless documentation of Taylor's art. From the withering gale-blast of 'One Too Many Salty Swift And Not Goodbye' — perhaps the most furious statement of group music the pianist has ever organised — to the pristine solo 'Garden' last year, it's been a sequence without parallel.

'Calling It The 8th' is like a bonus: a single disc record of the group Taylor took to Europe two autumns ago. Jimmy Lyons is the familiar spirit; William Parker (bass) and Rashid Bakr (drums) were the tour's temporary rhythm section. If the title is unexplained, the tracks give a clue: '8th' is the opening 33-minute piece, and 'Calling It The 9th' is a subsequent ten minutes. Taylor is numbering his histories as he goes.

In the quartet format, some of the pianist's ensemble ideas show through with a sharper profile. The section that opens the second side is an eloquent and unexpectedly moving communique for piano, bass and drums that's deeply searching in a way that Taylor's obsessive thundering sometimes obscures.

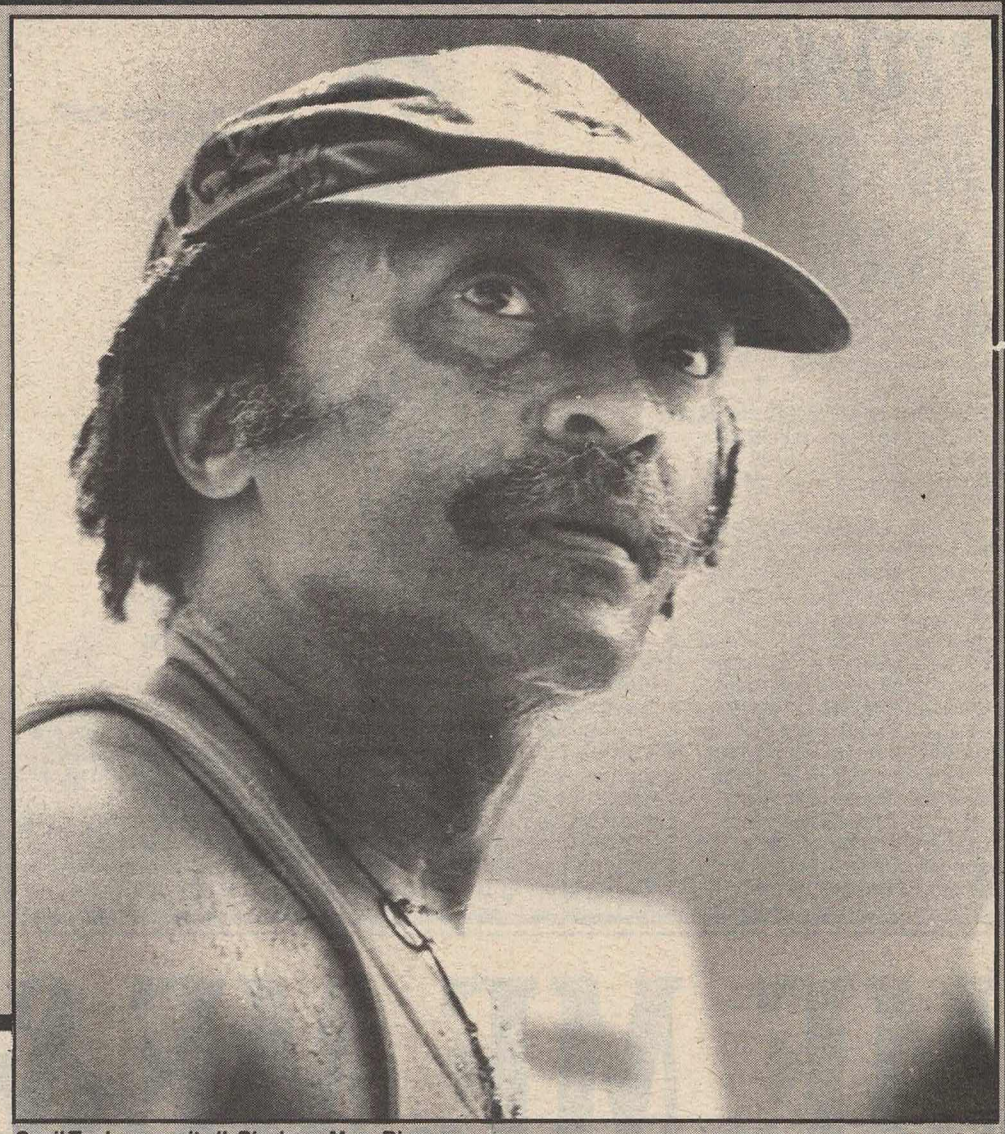
When Lyons' alto reappears towards the end it sounds like a prophet compelled into revelation.

Parker suffers in the densest passages but his asymmetric lines hold out for a liaison that the piano *almost* takes up. Jimmy Lyons is an outsider here, just as he was at Taylor's last London appearance. He knows the leader's music so well, this calm and lucid man, but even he isn't always privy to the pianist's temperamental volcano.

The altoman wrings his variations into the tattered rags of dissonance itself, lights on some crisp areas of creation — and yet he is for this set playing almost in a vacuum. Lyons' great gift is to juggle a small handful of ideas back and forth, turning one phrase inside and out and making it work with the repetitions; on this night in Freiberg the skill sounds adrift.

Cecil Taylor is as he was, and is. It's hard to offer a genuine critique of modern Taylor, for he is all of a piece, all multi-hued passion of intellect. There are the expected lightning runs, forearm crashes on the keys, the tireless new direction and demand for his players to instantly follow. They never really catch him, of course; and Taylor's keyboard, his orchestra, is the same protean creature of a molten imagination. But, oh, it is *so* exciting. This is a fine place to make your first acquaintance.

Richard Cook



Cecil Taylor caps it all. Pic Jean-Marc Birraux

way they scatter words like "steel", "darkness", "fire" and "blood" over the inside sleeve is quite shameless and no doubt a source of great comfort to Tatty and his mates out on the pier, especially the last track 'March For Revenge' when the excruciating drive stops and the singer screams *"Death is life!"* You may laugh, but come one o'clock on Bangor seafront after a handful of moggies and two flagons of cider, that could be quite a meaningful statement.

By comparison Battleaxe, a traditional British heavy metal band, sound fresh and optimistic. This Newcastle quartet plough a well-trod furrow but bring their own character and sense of humour to it. In the declining industrial backdrop of Britain, a career in a heavy metal band is a perfectly acceptable and established path for young men to take. Battleaxe accept that and don't try to come over as if they're about to unleash the ten commandments. They have a mean spit and punky throttle to much of their stuff which along with a quite skilful hand in the witty lyric department gives them a deal more charm than most.

I'm no expert in this field, I'll admit, but Battleaxe bring a lot of much-needed qualities to the mean white stud breast-bleating of Whitesnake and the tiresome warrior poses of Iron Maiden and Saxon. On one song, 'Running Out Of Time', they even manage to produce a well-aimed declaration of intent and survival.

If it has to be the familiar structures and routines of metal music, then the Tattys of the world would be much better off with Battleaxe than Manowar.

Gavin Martin

JAZZATEERS

Jazzateers (*Rough Trade*)

SO THE Jazzateers are no more and on this evidence it's not exactly carpet-gnashing and Kleenex time.

The last time I saw or heard of this band they had at least one female singer and were perpetrating the sort of soggy sub-Postcard dreck that the indiscriminate and Bluebells fans (the same thing) took for the real McCoy (or McCollins). Now they seem to have disposed of the girlies and discovered an old stash of Lou Reed and Stooges records and come up with something *ultimately uninspiring*.

Now I love Iggy and Lou a great deal more than the next man but really I can't see the point of this. Ought to be on the Music For Pleasure label and called 'Hot Hits Of The Decadent '70s'.

Don Watson

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'TONES IN THE PINK

Under the 'Tones spell. Pic David Corio

FLESHTONES

Hexbreaker! (*IRS*)

RESOLUTELY UNFASHIONABLE, the stalwart Fleshtones keep making their good-time party records and getting better at it each time out.

At a time when most of the stuff on the cutting edge of rock seeks to explore the dark, the sick, the pathology of souls that are held apart, the Fleshtones insist on rock and roll as a music of exuberance and shared joys. Their rock is gloriously naive, and perhaps even a remnant of another era. But it is nonetheless glorious.

'Hexbreaker!' is their best, most mature and confident work yet. It contains a great deal of full-bodied, huge-spirited music. It wouldn't, couldn't be a rock and roll album without a few throw-away cuts. But six of these 11 songs are worth having, as the first song goes, "*Deep in my heart and forever.*"

The surface impression is of a band striving for the sound of the mid–'60s American garage bands, the kind of thing collected on the 'Nuggets' and 'Pebbles' compilations. But while it's true that 'Hexbreaker!' is a spiritual descendant of those one-off wonders, The Fleshtones are not copyists. The smartest strategies here are all of their own devising.

It would be futile to try to pick these strategies apart. Occasionally one notices a brilliant detail – the way a cowbell comes in here, the way a fuzztone is used there, the way sax and guitar lines answer each other, the unrestrained whoop of the singer's voice.

But the good songs here add up to so much more than their parts, and the reason is their spirit. They push, rush and drive with a sure-handed conviction. They know where they're going and they know they're taking you with them. When they sing about loss and pain in 'This House Is Empty', you feel it. When they sing about joy and love in 'Deep In My Heart' or 'Right Side Of A Good Thing', you feel that too.

'Hexbreaker!' goes further than any previous Fleshtones record towards bringing the wild infectiousness of their stage shows to vinyl. This is a goal that will never be perfectly reached, but this record has something of the feeling of collective psyche-out and communal celebration that make The Fleshtones live such a good time.

Pick it up, lay it out. There's nothing mysterious, subtle or puzzling here. You know this sound, or you should, and you should let it in and use it. That's what magic spells are for.

Richard Grabel

Mumbo Jumbo Jett. Pic Joe Stevens

JETT SET

JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEARTS

Album (*MCA*)

JOAN JETT has now spent well over a decade immersed in the best and worst aspects of the music business; she's already seen more than many of her critics are about to in their lifetimes of washing up and hanging out in front of the video or down the clubs. And in the last three years, her Blackhearts have played 618 gigs.

The one I saw last year was great stuff; tight, unassuming and hyper-exuberant. And 'Album' is just the same: great teenage movement meat. No songs about buildings and food – just lots about learning, love, burning time and dealing with feeling pissed off. Jett's still working on the riddle of power-based love/sex (cf a thunderous, ominously sexy 'Handyman', plus 'I Love Playing With Fire' and 'Had Enough'). But then that conundrum hasn't exactly been sorted out by 'real life', either.

Cordell and Laguna have pulled off their second unerringly complementary production job – so you don't have to be driving a BMW at 80mph to feel the seamless density of this sound. And, though Robert Christgau beat everyone else to the punch linking 'Fake Friends' to 'Back Stabbers' and Joan's 'The French Song' to 'Triad', I like the racy casualness with which Jett covers Sly's 'Everyday People' (complete with an army of backup handclaps, *000-SHA-SHA.*)

Joan's sizzling live rendition of the Stones' 'Starfucker' is not included here but there's a great little rouser in 'A Secret Love' and Coaster-esque burlesque from 'Tossin' And Turnin''. The blunt honesty of Jett's own lyrical contributions escapes triteness not just because she has a sense of humour, though; she also has an old-fashioned rock and roll *mouth.* (Just check out the euphemistically titled 'Coney Island Whitefish', logically followed by 'Had Enough'.)

It's true that onstage the Blackhearts look like the usual tight little fists of black-belted bad-boy rockdom, hunched over whipping those guitar strings into Christmas tinsel. But pretenders they aren't – as the large collection of photos inside this foldout reveals, THEY DON'T EVEN SHOP AT JOHNSON'S! Jett herself has never looked so svelte (she took up jogging and weightlifting awhile back) or sounded so raunchily healthy. 'Album' is no bubbleshuck hardsell; just a salty, snazzy, good-humoured, hard'n'fast action whoopee ticket down the ole Teenage Highway.

Or, if you prefer, assertiveness training in eleven tracks. **Cynthia Rose**

MIDNIGHT STAR

No Parking On The Dance Floor (*Solar*)

LARRY GRAHAM

Victory (*Warner Bros*)

OLIVER CHEATHAM

Saturday Night (*MCA*)

THEIR FREAKY funk is no 'Machine Gun' but Midnight Star are shaping up to be Solar's Commodores. Very routine, but they *are* producing themselves and they *are* getting better.

'Electricity' is a bouncy start – even the vocoders are bearable – and 'Night Rider' is that rare item: good Jermaine Jackson. 'Feels So Good' is a rip of 'Sexual Healing' and far less dignified or successful than the Isleys' heavenly 'Sheets', but the remainder suggests Midnight Star are giving up on being a fourth-rate EWF and picking up tips from Kashif ('Wet Your Whistle'), Prince/Time ('No Parking'), the Jonzun mobs ('Freak-A-Zoid'), and even, on 'Playmates', label kinfolk Shalamar. Park your ears awhile.

Larry Graham kicks off pinching Harvey Mason's riff for 'Groovin' You', which is OK coz Mason probably borrowed it from him in the first place, but 'Victory' is more often Sly Stone doing a turn as George Benson. 'Don't Think Too Long' is mass horn-driven Jacksons, Sam Dees' 'You've Been' is handled quite prettily, but title and theme song 'Victory' is a terrible pomp-synth anthem to youth, like After The Fire on New Year's Eve; you know, "*from seed to embryo . . . when all are at peace . . .*" You do know.

I like Cheatham's album a lot. 'Get Down' is a cooking dancer with finger-flicking guitar embedded in the warmly casual base of One Way, who featured on last year's 'The Boss'. I love Cheatham's voice taking off into Johnny Adams-style stratospherics on 'Bless The Ladies', and his falsetto on the succulently sweeping mid-tempo 'Do Me Right' is magical. I adore the layered, rippling semi-acoustic guitars, and 'One Way''s relaxed, interlocking groove in general. This sound threads the heart. **Barney Hoskyns**

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TOUR NEWS

ODYSSEY, ROMAN HOLLIDAY TOURS

THE BEAST IS BACK

BEAST, the band headed by ex-Cramps guitarist Bryan Gregory, have now confirmed a number of UK headline dates following the current tour in the company of The Damned. Dates are: Manchester Hacienda (28 September), Glasgow Nite Moves (29), Liverpool Planet X (30) and Birmingham Tin Can Club (1 October). Beast are also putting in a Futurama appearance on 18 September. This visit is Gregory's first trip to the UK since leaving the Cramps some three years ago in somewhat mysterious circumstances.

ODYSSEY return to Britain later this month, first to play a few USAF bases after which come a series of club and concert hall dates, these including: Watford Bailey's (26 September–1 October), London The Venue (4 October), Bournemouth The Academy (6), Birmingham Hummingbird (7), Hull Westfield Club (8), Portsmouth Guildhall (9), Frating Tartan House (14), Leysdown Stage 3 (15), Nottingham Commodore Hotel (16), Aberdeen Capitol (19), Cheltenham Goldiggers (21) and London Lewisham Concert Hall (22).

ROMAN HOLLIDAY, shortly to depart for their first tour of the States, have lined-up a few UK dates to coincide with the release of their third Jive single, due out this week. The dates are: Plymouth Main Event (17 September), Sheffield Limits (22) and Birmingham Tin Can (23), while the single, which will be available in seven-inch and 12-inch formats, is 'Motor Mania'/'Cookin' On The Roof'.

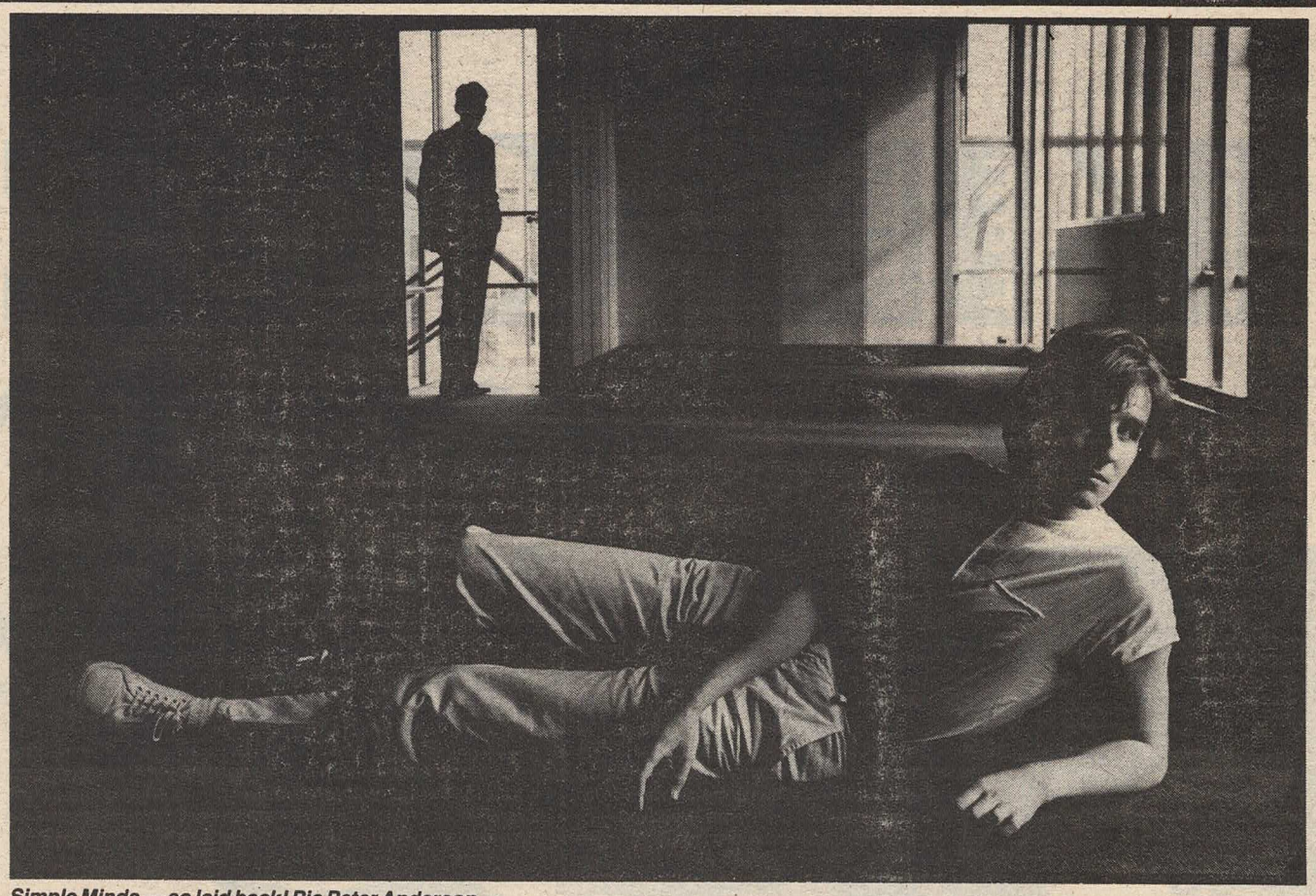
WAYLON JENNINGS, the Texan outlaw country music hero plays a one-off concert at London's Hammersmith Odeon on 18 October, where tickets are prices £6.50 and £5.50. Two Irish dates have also been announced – at Belfast's Grosvenor Hall on 20 October and Dublin Stadium on 21 October. Nashville guitarist **CHET ATKINS** is also set for European dates during October and is likely to put in at least one London appearance. Also involved in this mass-exodus from Nashville is the diminutive **BRENDA LEE**, who arrives in Britain for a mainly promotional visit during October but plans to slot in concerts at two venues only, these being: London Lewisham Concert Hall (23 October) and Eastbourne Congress Theatre (24). There will be two shows at Lewisham, one at 6.00 pm and another at 8.30pm, but just one at Eastbourne. Main guest on both shows will be Jess Conrad, undisputed maker of the world's worst single, and prices at both venues are set at £6.50, £5.50, £4.50 and £3.30.

BROADCAST, a band much touted by A&M – and hailing from Slough, they deserve all the encouragement they can get – are set to play a series of London dates. Tonight (8) they appear at The Jungle Club, after which come dates as Bond Street's Embassy Club (19) and Fulham Greyhound (24), with further gigs to be added to coincide with the release of the band's debut single.

THE VIOLENT FEMMES, who have been Hacienda and Dingwalling it during the past few days, are to embark on a busking tour of London, commencing today (8), when they appear outside Euston Tower (11.30 am), Broadcasting House (12.30 pm), Carnaby St. (1.30 pm), Covent Garden Tube Station (£3.00 pm) and Oasis Swimming Baths (4.00 pm). Then, if they're not booked for a gig at Bow St Court, there'll be appearances in Leicester Square and Trafalgar Square (9) plus Covent Garden Piazza and the Rough Trade Shop in West London (10)

HOLY TOY, the highly-regarded Polish-Norwegian band whose 'Warszawa' album recently sent *NME's* Richard North into critical overdrive, make their UK live debut with a special one-off appearance at the second day of Futurama (18 September). The group then return to Norway to work on a new single, which will be released in October to link with Holy Toy's next, lengthier trip to Britain.

LITA FORD, The ex-Runaway gone Heavy Metal, has been confirmed as support act on the Rainbow tour.



Simple Minds — so laid back! Pic Peter Anderson

107 GIGGING DAYS TO XMAS! SIMPLE MINDS DECEMBER DATES

WINTER MINDS

SIMPLE MINDS, currently in the studio with producer Steve Lilleywhite shaping a November-scheduled single and an album for New Year consumption, have announced four December dates. The first two are at London Lyceum on 18 and 19 December, while the others are back on home territory at Glasgow Locarno on 21 and 22. Tickets for the London shows can be obtained through the usual agencies but those for the Glasgow dates can only be obtained from the Locarno box-office from Sunday, 25 September, the office opening specially at noon that day to deal with expected hordes of Mind-maniacs.

LINDISFARNE have once more regrouped for a series of Christmas shows, though this year they intended to take their annual spectacular not only to Newcastle but also to seven other cities, for the first time ever. The itinerary reads: Derby Assembly Rooms (10 December), Carlisle Market Hall (11), Manchester Apollo Theatre (12 December), Sheffield City Hall (13), Leicester De Montfort Hall (14), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (15), Middlesbrough Town Hall (16) and Newcastle City Hall (18–23 and 27–30).

The band will be recording seven of the Christmas shows and the resulting album 'Lindisfarntastic' will be rush-released as a full price offering in January. However, a voucher will be given to everyone purchasing a ticket for the Lindisfarne shows before 10 December and each of these voucher holders will receive a free copy of the album (subject only to mailing costs) which will be mailed directly to them as soon as 'Lindisfarntastic' is mixed and pressed.

Tickets for the Newcastle shows on 18, 19, 28 and 29 December are priced £6.00, £5.00 and £4.00 and are available only by personal application from Newcastle City Hall. Tickets for all other Newcastle shows are available by postal application only from: 'Lindisfarne At Christmas' P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle NE99 1LT. An SAE should be enclosed and all crossed cheques and postal orders made payable to BMI Ltd, allowing up to 21 days for delivery of tickets. Tickets for the seven shows outside of Newcastle are already available from the representative box office.

CARROLL THOMPSON SPECIAL ● MUSICAL YOUTH ● JOHNNY RINGO

LOVERS BLACKPOOL ROCK

CARROLL THOMPSON heads an Illuminations Party show at Blackpool's Winter Gardens on Saturday 8 October. The show starts at 6 pm and runs through to the small hours. Coaches to the event are being run from the Tottenham, Finsbury Park, Brixton, Stratford and Wembley areas of London, while special buses are also being operated from such towns as Luton, Northampton, Bedford and Birmingham.

MUSICAL YOUTH play a date at the Birmingham Hummingbird on 27 October, presumably as part of a yet-unannounced tour which is said to encompass at least 10 dates including an appearance at a major London venue.

JOHNNY RINGO, Welton Irie and Squiddley Ranking, three Jamaican DJs, bring their Gemini Disco Sound to Britain this week, first playing London's Brixton Ace on Saturday (1) before moving on to visit Nottingham Sherwood Room (12), Gloucester Jamaican Club (17), Birmingham Steptoes (19), Sheffield Top Rank (23), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (24), Handsworth Leisure Centre (1 October), Manchester PSV Club (7) and Bradford Palm Cove (8).

Poison Vi. Pic Peter Anderson

POISON PLANS

POISON GIRLS, already booked for a Futurama appearance on 18 September, now play London's The Venue on 19 September in the company of Frank Chickens, The Nightingales, Mark Miwurdz and Toxic Shock – admission being at the bargain price of £2.00. Prior to these shows, there's a further Poison Girls show at London Hackney's Chats Palace this Saturday (10), Vi and the lads currently have a new single underway, and there's plans for a lengthy British tour in October, which should see Mark Miwurdz, Toxic Shock and Janice Perry tagging along.

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE and various guests appear in an 'Artists For Animals' concert at London's Brixton Ritzy on Friday, 30 September. All profits from the gig will be given to the Animal Liberation Front and tickets for this event are £2.50 on the door or £2.00 in advance from the Ritzy itself or from Artists for Animals Promotions, 143 Charing Cross Road, London WC2. Other Artists for Animals being held the same week include a Biting Tongues and The Florists concert at Manchester's Band On The Wall, on Monday 26 September, and a punk festival at Sheffield's Leadmill on Thursday 29 September. The money from the latter gig will be contributed to the cost of sending people to the Orkneys in October to sabotage the seal cull.

YUSEF LATEEF, JIMMY KATUMBA

CULTURE COMES TO KENSINGTON

YUSEF LATEEF, the jazz saxman and flautist perhaps best known through his stint as a member of the late Connonball Adderley's Sextet, plays at London's Commonwealth Institute on 10 September. He will also be playing on the previous night (9) in the Holland Park Open Air Theatre, both shows commencing at 7.30 pm. Tickets for both events are £2.00.

JIMMY KATUMBA And The Ebonies, Uganda's most popular band, have lined-up two dates at London's Commonwealth Institute Art Centre Theatre on 16 and 23 September. There will be two concerts each evening, at 6 pm and 8.30 pm and tickets are set at £5.00 ot £3.00 for under 16s.

ER RA TUM

SUN RA's UK dates were plagued by an editorial error in last week's *NME*. The correct dates should be: London The Venue (12 and 13 *October*) and Sheffield University (15).

Sun's shades. Pic Anton Corbijn

CHET BAKER has pulled out of the proposed gig at London's Oxford Street 100 Club on 10 October due to "extreme personal difficulties". But promoters Honest Jon's have lined-up yet another excellent gig for Monday, 31 October, when **SLIM GAILLARD** is teamed with The Chevalier Brothers for a 100 Club shindig.

Pauline for the role-a Lola. Pic Anton Corbijn

BLACK GOES BLUE

PAULINE BLACK, ex-lead singer with The Selecter, plays the leading role of Lola-Lola, in the world stage premiere of *The Blue Angel*, at the Liverpool Playhouse from 9 September to 1 October. The role is the one that brought Marlene Dietrich to fame in the 1930 *Blue Angel* movie, and the one that featured the song 'Falling In Love Again'.

STU, a play based on the life of Stuart Sutcliffe, is being presented at London's Bromley Little Theatre on 21-24 September. The play, written by Jeremy Stockwell and Hugh O'Neill features ex-Bristol University drama student Paul Almond in the role of The Beatles ill-fated bassman.

YOUTH, once of Killing Joke now merely Brilliant, has linked with Ben Watkins to provide the soundtrack titled 'The Middle Of The End' to a play called *Street Captives*, which is currently showing at London's Notting Hill Gate Theatre. The music has now been captured on vinyl by Rough Trade who have announced their intention of unleashing it on the general public, in album form, sometime during October.

NIKKI SUDDEN, The Rag Dolls, Marionette, The Barracudas, Erazerhead, Instant Agony and The Genocides appear at 'Flicknife's Night Out', which is being held at London's Oxford St. 100 Club tonight (8). Tickets are £2.50 (with dole card) and £3.00 for others.

RECORD NEWS

NICK HEYWARD releases his third Arista solo single on 16 September. Called 'Blue Hat For A Blue Day', it's available in both seven-inch and 12-inch versions, each packaged in a different picture bag. The 12-inch version contains an extra track on the B-side called 'Don't Get Me Wrong'. Heyward's first solo album is due in October and a tour is being finalised to coincide with this event.

TOYAH ▼ NILS LOFGREN

● **Toyah**, who's just completed a six month stint in the play *Trafford Tanzi*, releases her first single since the Jurassic period on 12 September when Safari issue 'Rebel Run', a prelude to a forthcoming album, 'Love Is The Law', scheduled for October release. The B-side of the single is 'To The Mountains High', while a 12-inch version contains an extra track – 'Baptised In Fire'. Toyah will be spending the rest of this month working on the Granada TV film *The Ebony Tower* and then plans a European tour followed by a major British outing.

● **Nils Lofgren**'s new album, 'Wonderland' is released by MCA on the Backstreet label on 9 September. Also released the same day is 'Across The Tracks', a single taken from the album, which is backed by 'Paddy Dream'. Plans are currently being laid for Lofgren to tour here before the end of the year.

● **Third World's** 'Prisoner In The Street' album, itself a sountrack album to a Jermome Laperrousaz directed film, becomes a video film this week. The footage of the film/video was shot at a 1980 concert in Jamaica and now comes to your courtesy of Kace International Video.

● **Kissing The Pink** have their new single, 'Maybe This Day' released this Friday (9) by Magnet Records. The single comes in both seven-inch and 12-inch editions, the latter containing a previously unrehearsed track called 'We Are Your Family'.

● **Naked Eyes,** currently in the US Top 20 with 'Promises, Promises', release that self-same single in Britain this week. An EMI offering, it comes in seven-inch and 12-inch guise, the latter bearing the original six and a half minute version of 'Promises, Promises' plus an additional track, 'Lowlife'.

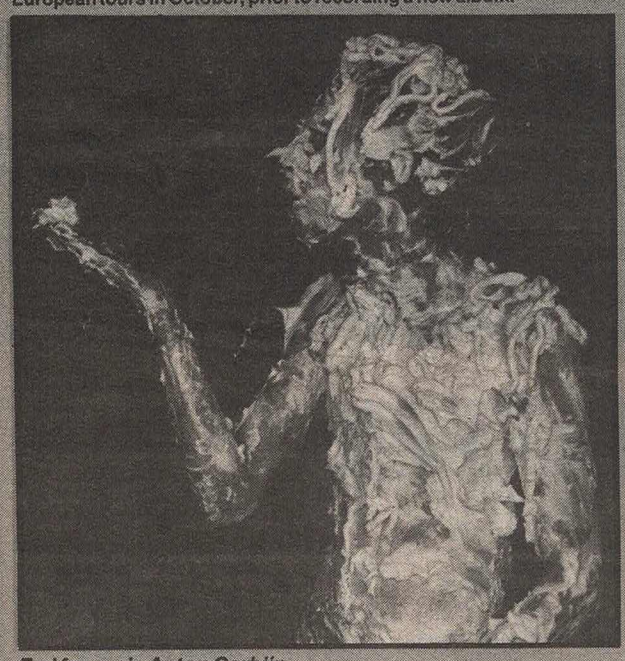
Siouxsie pic Anton Corbijn

SIOUXSIE PRU

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES release their first single of the year on their own Wonderland label, through Polydor, on 23 September. The A-side is a reworking of the old Beatles song 'Dear Prudence' while the reverse is a Banshee original titled 'Tattoo'. The first 30,000 copies of the seven-inch will be available in a gatefold sleeve, while the inevitable 12-inch version contains the equally inevitable extra track – in this case, 'There Is A Planet In My Kitchen'.

FAD FINDS LOVE

FAD GADGET, who has been inactive since tearing ligaments in both legs during a May gig at Amsterdam's Paradiso Club, has a single, 'I Discover Love'/'Lemmings On Lovers Rock', out through Mute this week. Now fully recovered from his injuries, Fad should be headed out on UK and European tours in October, prior to recording a new album.



Fad foam pic Anton Corbijn

● **The Gap Band's** new album 'Gap Band V – Jammin' is being released on the Total Experience label on 9 September. Produced by Ronnie Wilson and Lonnie Simmons, it features Stevie Wonder as guest artist on one track, 'Someday'.

● **Marc Bolan** is remembered, yet again, by an album titled 'Dance In The Moonlight', which emerges through IDS this week. The initial 10,000 copies come in a triple-fold sleeves while later-comers will only qualify for a single-sleeve job containing a large poster of Bolan.

● **Peter Blegvad**, he of Faust and Slappy Happy obscurity, has been found under the floorboards by Virgin and woken in time to provide a solo single this Friday (12). Titled 'Karen'/'Lonely Too', it's said to act as a warning of a forthcoming album, 'The Naked Shakespeare', which is likely to appear on 10 October.

● **Booker Newberry III's** follow-up to 'Love Town' comes out on 16 September. This one's called 'Teddy Bear' and is available on Montage Records, the usual array of sizes being available, the 12" version also containing a special mix of 'Love Town'.

● **BeBop De Luxe** are the latest band to benefit reissue-wise from EMI's two-for-the--price-of-one series. The two albums that form the latest double in the series are 'Axe Victim', from 1974, and 'Futurama', from 1975. And the release date is 12 September.

● **The Fixx**, who's second MCA album 'Reach The Beach' has sold over half a million in the States, release a single called 'One Thing Leads To Another' on 26 September. The band initially went to America to play dates with A Flock Of Seagulls but eventually began headlining their own tour, completing their jaunt – which began in May – at a Dallas concert in late August, which they co-headed with Eddie Money, pulling in some 20,000 punters.

● **Crystal Gayle** has a single out through Warner Brothers on 16 September. The A-side is 'Baby What About You?', a song penned by Josh Leo and Wendy Waldman, while the B-side is 'Til I Gain Control'.

● **Boys Don't Cry**, the trio fronted by writer-arranger-producer Nick Richards and Steve Crease from The Lotus Eaters, release a five-track mini-album titled 'Don't Talk To Strangers' this week.

● **Sheena Easton**'s latest single, 'Telephone' / 'Wish You Were Here', currently in the US Top 50, gains a British release through EMI on 9 September. The single is culled from a new album, 'Best Kept Secret', scheduled for 3 October.

● **Jackie Leven**, former leader of Doll by Doll, releases his debut solo single through Virgin/Charisma on 9 September. Titled 'Love Is Shining Down On Me' and backed by 'Mindless Sweethearts Underground', it's around as both a seven-inch and a 12-inch.

GAP BAND ▲ MARC BOLAN

JOE JACKSON has a album called 'Mike's Murder' out through A&M this week. A soundtrack affair it features the same musicians that played on Jackson's previous 'Night And Day' album. Also with an A&M album release is Rita Coolidge, provider of the title song to the current James Bond epic. This one's titled 'Never Let You Go' and spotlights the ex-Mrs Kristofferson's cover versions of such songs as Yazoo's 'Only You' and Squeeze's 'Tempted'.

LEVEL 42, WHAM, DEATH CULT

SID KING LIVES!

SID KING, who led the legendary Texan rockabilly band The Five Strings during the '50s, headlines the 10th International Rock 'n' Roll Festival at Caister on 11–13 November. Details of the weekend can be obtained by sending an SAE to The Pink Elephant, Winchmore Hill, Southgate, London.

LEVEL 42 have added extra dates to their current UK tour, one involving a return trip to Dunstable Queensway Hall where the band played a sell-out show some days ago. The new dates are: Aberdeen Capitol (19 September), Hastings White Rock Pavilion (26), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (27), Worthing Assembly Hall (29) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (4 October).

WHAM have added a fourth London date to their imminent 'Club Fantastic' and now close their jaunt at London't Lyceum on Wednesday, 9 November.

DEATH CULT have had to change the venue of their Newcastle gig on 13 September. The new venue is The Playhouse Theatre, in the neighbouring seaside town of Whitley Bay.

DIAMOND HEAD, reasonably fresh from Castle Donington, are soon to head out on their first full series of British dates featuring the band's new line-up. The tour gets under way at Bristol's Colston Hall on 4 October, after which come dates at London Hammersmith Odeon (5), Nottingham Royal Centre, (6), Glasgow Apollo (7), Newcastle City Hall (8), Manchester Apollo (9), Hanley Victoria Hall (10) and Birmingham Odeon (11). Tickets for all dates are £3.50 in advance or £4.00 on the door. Diamond Head have just released a single, 'Makin' Music' through MCA and this is followed, on 9 September, by an album called 'Canterbury'.

THE METEORS are back on the road again and have confirmed gigs at Coine Franc's (10 September), Peebles Crosskeys Inn (11), Bannockburn Tam Dhu (13), Edinburgh Nite Club (14), Dunfermline Roadhouse (15), Glasgow Night Moves (16), Birmingham Tin Can (17) and Hull Spring Street Theatre : (18). The band wish fans to know that they have now left I.D. Records but can be contacted at the following address: Top Floor Flat, 14 Lancaster Rd, London W.11.

THE EX, from Amsterdam, have lined up alongside The Three Johns and Alerta, another Dutch band, to present 'The Red Dance Package', which plays a brief tour this month. Dates already announced are: Bradford 1 In 2 Club (14 September), Nottingham Taking Liberties (15) and London Adam's Arms (17). The Ex are in Britain to record a single for CNT Records and to tape a John Peel session.

Time UK pic Peter Anderson

BUCKLER'S TIME

RICK BUCKLER'S new band Time UK, the line-up of which is ex-TRB man Danny Kustow (guitar), Jimmy Edwards (vocals), Nick South (bass), Ray Simone (guitar) and Buckler (drums), make their on-record debut with 'Cabaret'/'Remember Days', a single on their own Arcadia Productions label. The single, which is available on 16 September is being marketed in three differing forms, one being a limited edition gatefold sleeve affair which includes a free single featuring an interview with Stan Donme from Arcade Radio, an individual who sounds suspiciously like Buckler himself. The reverse of this free single claims to include selected highlights from the band's earlier work though just how early this work is defies speculation as Time UK has only played 16 gigs! Also available is the normal seven-inch single plus a 12-incher which contains extracts both from the interview and the 'first recordings'. Currently the band are planning to add to that 16 gig rating and have put their name down for shows at Leeds Fforde Green (9 September), Glasgow Henry Africas (15) and London Dingwall's (21). A full tour is being planned for October.

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25 Gang Of Four
26–29 Tom Jones
27,28 Peter Tosh
28 The Commodores
29 Big Country
30 Siouxsie & The Banshees

OCTOBER
1 Siouxsie & The Banshees
2,3 Christopher Cross
5 Diamond Head
6–8 Depeche Mode
7 Murray Head
11 Judie Tzuke
13,15 Gary Numan
15 Tracy & The Questions
17 The Animals
17 Paul Young
17 10cc
18 The Alarm & Fleshtones
19,20 Smokey Robinson
21 Shakatak
22,23 Michael Schenker Group
23 Kiss
24 Elvis Costello
29 Wham

NOVEMBER
3,4 Philip Glass
9 Wham
12 Johnny Cash
12 The Enid
20,21 Shakin Stevens
21 The Eurythmics
29 Ozzy Osborne

DECEMBER
9,10 Imagination
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Peter Gabriel practises his dynamic stage act, etc etc. Pic Paul Canty

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

The PETER GABRIEL tour reaches Scotland this week, while VAN MORRISON, LEVEL 42, OMTD, RAINBOW and KID CREOLE also continue with their summer jaunts. And new outings begin for DEPECHE MODE in Dublin and BIG COUNTRY in Bristol. Notable one-offs include STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN at the Venue (Thursday), THE DAMNED at Hammersmith Palais (Sunday) and STEEL PULSE at Birmingham Tower Ballroom (Tuesday), while the Leeds Folk Festival (Friday – Sunday) features COUNTRY JOE McDONALD.

THURSDAY 8th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Peacocks: **The Copy**
Birmingham Tower Ballroom: **The Damned / Beast**
Blackburn The Gum Club: **The Smiths**
Bradford Ceasars: **OMTD**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brentford Red Lion: **Bullet Blues**
Brighton Alhambra: **London Cowboys / Tales From The Tube**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Level 42**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Death Cult / Rubella Ballet / Smart Pills**
Cambridge Guildhall: **Holly Near**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Dalkeith Huntsman Club: **Chasar**
Derby Blue Note: **Brilliant**
Easington, Durham, Kings Head: **State Of Emergency**
Henley on Thames Five Horseshoes: **Hungry Hearts**
Henley on Thames White Horse: **Fair Exchange**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Ritch Bitch**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Last Word**
Leeds Harehills Place: **Free State / Llamas In Pyjamas**
Lincoln Alexanders: **Tredegar**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Brixton The Ace: **Alien Sex Fiend / Sex Beat**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **JJ And The Flyers**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **Highlife International Supercombo**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **James Denton**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Wake**
London Dean Street Pizza Express: **Bob Barnard Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Framed / Life Of Leisure**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Career In Commerce**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Little Sister / Rattlesnakes**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Boobies / The Motts**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **The Adicts / Defects / The Playn Jayn**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Dick Gaughan / Shegui**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **The Nancy Boys / Montella**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Danny And The Nogoodniks**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lyceum: **Gun Club / Violent Femmes / Beast**
London Manor House Pegasus: **Breakfast Band**
London New Cross Albany: **Jazz Afrika / Watusi Bros / Otinga**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Barracudas / Rag Dolls / Genocides / Erazerhead / Nikki Sudden / Instant Agony**
London Putney Half Moon: **Mick Ralphs Band**
London Stockwell Plough: **London Apaches**
London The Venue: **Stevie Ray Vaughan**
London Wardour St Wag Club: **Texmex Bread / Yip Yip Coyote**
London Wardour St. Marquee: **Zerra 1**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Kensington Sunset Club: **Broadcast**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St). The Albany: **Room 13**
Nottingham Ad Lib: **Attila The Stockbroker / Newtown Neurotics**
Nottingham Globe: **Dale Hargreaves**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Collin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Van Morrison**
Poynton Folk Centre **Country Comfort**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Rayleigh Croc's: **Paligap**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubillee Band**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Vicious Circles / Black Spear / Emmanuel A.D. / The Klinkers**
Sheffield Marples: **Toy Dolls**
Stockton on Tees Dovecot Arts Centre: **Border / Zama Sloots**
Sunderland Heroes: **Quasar**
Tunbridge Wells Trinity Arts Centre: **Keith Nichols Ragtime Plus**
Warrington Parr Hall: **Chris Barbers Jazz and Blues Band**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Dealer**
Whitley Bay Ice Rink: **Rainbow**
Wolverhampton The Wodhayes: **Sub Zero**
York Hell Fire Club: **Specimen / Flesh For Lulu**

FRIDAY 9th

Birmingham Lea-Mason School: **Ben Okafor's Band**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Death Cult**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Wake**
Brentford Red Lion: **Root Jackson & G.B. Blues Company**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **Brilliant**
Digbeth Fantasy: **Death Cult**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dublin SFX Hall: **Depeche Mode**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Enemy**
Dundee Penny Club: **Quasar**
Feltham Football Club: **Chaos / Destructors / The Screws**
Harlow Square One Club: **Gothique**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Virus**
Ipswich Gaumont: **Level 42**
Isle Of Man Manx Jazz Club: **Chris Barber's Jazz and Blues Band**
Leeds Folk Festival: **Two Days Running. Country Joe MacDonald / Neil Innes**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ricky Cool**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **Juan Foot 'n' The Grave / Fearless Girls**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Band / Al Casey**
London Farringdon Metropolitan: **Mint Tulips / Red Megaphones / Mind The Gap**
London Finchley Rd. Castle: **Danny And The Nogoodniks**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sad Among Strangers / Nature Boys**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley / Any Anxious Colour**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Silent Navigation / Primitive Speed**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Furniture / Jeanette**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Offspring / 9 Out Of 10 Cats**
London Homerton Chats Palace: **Abandon Your Tutus / Wild Girls**
London Kensington Cricketers: **Cayenne**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Manor House Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Marquee Club: **Larry Miller**
London New Cross Albany: **Zagada / Zila / Pepsi Poet**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika / Othingo**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Putney Pier Star and Garter: **Wild Willie Barratt**
London Stockwell Plough: **Brendon Hoban and Al Maclean**
London Stratford Community Arts Centre: **East End Showcase**
Manchester Apollo: **Van Morrison**
Manchester Hacienda: **OMTD**
Manchester Metro: **The Damned**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Ex-Directory**
Norwich Whites Club: **Tredegar**
Nottingham Asylum: **Specimen / Flesh For Lulu**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Peterborough Yaxley Amenities Hall: **Mithrandir / Radar / Adrenalin / Tension**
Rayleigh Croc's: **Apocalypse**
Southend Alexandra Hotel: **Seducer**
Southend Rose And Crown: **Dale Hargreaves**
Sunderland Mayfair: **Tobruk**
Swansea Coachouse: **Picture Frame Seduction**
Yarmouth Big Apple: **Energy**

SATURDAY 10th

Belfast Ulster Hall: **Depeche Mode**
Birmingham NEC: **Peter Gabriel**
Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
Brighton Alhambra: **Fresh Fish Band / The Stylee**
Brighton Phoenix Rooms: **Dale Hargreaves**
Buxton Pavilion Gardens: **Chris Barber's Jazz And Blues Band**
Cardiff Bogey's: **Picture Seduction**
Cardiff New Theatre: **Nashville Teens**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Exploited / GBH / Toy Dolls**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Heannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chichester New Park Rock Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Crosskey's Institute: **Multi Story**
Digbeth Fantasy: **Ghost Klub**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Gymslips**
Great Yarmouth Big Apple: **Tredegar**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Jah Warrior**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Jiff Boy Jive / House Of Hearts**
London Bond Street Embassy: **Cloud Nine**
London Brixton Front Line: **Nan Tuck Five**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **Dave Kelly Band / Chicago Sunset**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Canteen: **Brian Dee Trio**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Harry Gold And His Pieces Of 8**
London E.12 Three Rabbits: **The Reactors**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Nogoodniks / Blue Sedan**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool / Strolling Bones**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Tunnel Vision / Baseball Boys**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **24 Hours / Nature Boys**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **2 Days. Level 42**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The West / Boys From Brazil**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Holloway All Stars**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Ground Zero / Love Republic**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Kings Cross Albany: **Street Beat Special with The Rock Steady Crew**
London Leicester-Square The Jive Dive (at the subway): **The Rhythm Men**
London Manor House Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London New Cross Margaret MacMillan Park: **(from noon) Ebony Steel Band / Lucy Farr and The Rakes / Dagarti**
London Peckham Brittania: **Modern Dance Band**
London Putney Pier Star and Garter: **Sam Mitchell**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Mungo Jerry / Nashville Teens / Glitter Band / Screaming Lord Sutch / Xpertz**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Hooked On Classics: (Royal Philharmonic Orchestra)**
London S.E.1. Jubilee Gardens: **(12.30 pm) Hank Wangford Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief: (September Saturdays only)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
London Stockwell Plough: **Harry Beckett Quartet**
London Wardour St. Marquee: **Liason**
London Woolwich Thames Poly: **Brilliant / Praxis**
Liverpool Royal Court: **OMTD**
Newcastle City Hall: **Van Morrison**
Newcastle Cowgate Ord Arms: **Jaywalkers / White Rabbits**
Norwich White's: **Energy**
Oldham The Plough: **Elegy**
Oxford Penny Farthing: **Tobruk**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Geneva**
Retford Porterhouse: **Death Cult**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield Leadmill: **In The Nursery**
Shipton Bellinger Boot Club: **English Rogues**
Truro William IV: **The Works**
Wallingford White Horse: **Warm Snorkel**
Whitley Bay Mingles: **Caffrey**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

SUNDAY 11th

Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel: **Quasar**
Bingley Arts Centre: **Chris Barber's Jazz and Blues Band**
Birmingham Cannon Hill Park: **(afternoon) Amlack / Xpertz / Unity (evening) Weapon Of Peace**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Birmingham Tower Ballroom: **Magnum**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Rainbow**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Eastbourne Diplocks: **The National Game**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Van Morrison**
Falmouth Laughing Pirate: **The Works**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leigh Wheatsheaf: **Ex-Directory**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **(noon) Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Jay Stapley & Ian Hunt's Living Daylites**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Common Bandstand: **(at 2.00 pm) The Republic / Fu Fu Lightsoup / Hi Life International**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **(lunchtime) Young Jazz**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Springheel Jack / Jenny Chapman Band**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Empty Pockets**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Bad Detective / Suffrajet**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Damned / Play Dead / Fresh of Lulu / Dormannu**
London Homerton Chats Palace: **(noon) Rae James Quintet**
London Kennington Cricketers: **(lunch) Hershey & The 12 Bars / (evening) Jazz Suits**
London Manor House Pegasus: **Chevalier Brothers**
London New Merlin's Cave: **Dance Hall Style / Modern Dance Band**
London New Cross Albany: **Victor Romero Evans / The Explosives**
London North Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & G.B. Blues Co**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Hooked On Classics (Royal Philharmonic Orchestra)**
London Stockwell Plough: **Brendan Hoban Sunday Jam**
London Wardour St. Marquee: **Liason**
Manchester Apollo: **2 Days. Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Murcott, Oxon Otmoor Fair: **Hank Wangford Band**
Newcastle Upon Tyne Modern Heating: **Dale Hargreaves**
Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): **Eastside Torpedoes**
Nequay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Kingsthorpe Five Bells: **The Void / Dog Section**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Peterborough Embankment Glasshouse: **Steppin' Out**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Derek Brimstone / Plan B.**
Rochdale The Flying Horse: **Elegy**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Rainbow**
Thornton Crown: **Chasar**
Wellingborough Stanwick WMC: **Energy**

MONDAY 12th

Bedford Fives Wine Bar: **Energy**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Depeche Mode**
Burnley City Limits: **Dagaband**
Dunstable Wheatsheaf: **Gothique**
Glasgow Apollo: **Peter Gabriel**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Death Cult**
Harrow Wealdstone Football Club: **Restless**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original Eastside Stompers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Danielle Dax**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **High Risk / Going Straight / Flesh Is Glass**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Covent Garden Canteen: **Tommy Eytle**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mantilla / Brothers Of Beat**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA

Friday 9th September
ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK
Wednesday 14th September
BRILLIANT
Friday 16th September
GREG WILSON'S FUNK NIGHT
with special U.S. guests, see press for details
Thursday 22nd September
SISTERS OF MERCY
Wednesday 28th September
BEAST
Bryan Gregory Ex Cramps
Every Tuesday 'The End' with John Tracy — No Funk
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5.30p.m.–2.00a.m. serving food and exotic drinks
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featuring Enid Williams from Girlschool + Life of Leisure
Friday 9th September — £1.50
SAD AMONG STRANGERS
+ Nature Boys
Saturday 10th September — £1.50
THE NoGOODNIKS
+ The Blue Sedan
Sunday 11th September
SPRINGHEEL JACK
+ Jenny Chapman Band
Monday 12th September — £1.25
MANTILLA
+ The Brothers Of Beat
Tuesday 13th September — £1.25
SCISSOR FITS
+ Cut Out Shapes
Wednesday 14th September — £1.50
PEACHEY KEEN
ex. Robert Palmer ex. Tenpole Tudor ex. Mari Wilson + Cold Dance

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160–162 Victoria Street,
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SW1E 5LB
Tel 834 5882
Doors Open 8pm. Main Band on at 9.30pm.
Tickets available from Venue Box Office

Thursday 8th September — **STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN** — £3.50
Thursday 15th September — **THE SMITHS** + The Go Betweens — £3.00
Monday 19th September — £2.00
Poison Girls + The Frank Chickens + Mark Miwurdz + The Nightingales + Toxic Shock
Tuesday 20th September — **HOLLYWOOD KILLERS** — £2.50
Thursday 22nd September — **JAH WOBBLE** — £3.00
Tuesday 4th October — **ODYSSEY** — £4.00
Wednesday 12th, Thursday 13th October — **SUNRA** — £5.50
Tuesday 18th October — **ANY TROUBLE** — £3.00
Wednesday 19th October — **FAD GADGET** — £3.00
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RAYLEIGH, ESSEX

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+ In The Flesh
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Thursday 8th September
Heavy Rock Night
"PALI GAP"
8.30 p.m.–1.00 a.m. + Rock DJ
Saturday 10th September
"THE DAMNED"
+ Volcanoes
8.30 p.m.–2.00 a.m. +DJ
Thursday 15th September
Heavy Rock Night
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Friday 9th September
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+ NINE OUT OF TEN CATS
Saturday 10th September
THE WEST
+ Boys From Brazil
Friday 16th September
VAMOOSE
+ Gallery
Saturday 17th September
HANK WANGFORD BAND
+ Billy Brag
Doors open 8.00pm £1.50
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Buses 68, 40, 37, 2, 3, 172, 194

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+ RUBELLA BALLET
Saturday 10th September
GHOST KLUB
Friday 16th September
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Saturday 17th September
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+ **THE PLAYN JAYNE**
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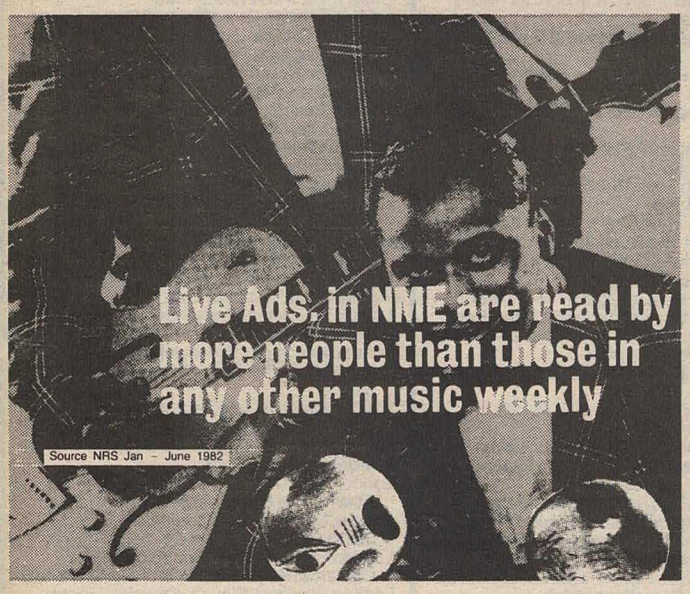
LONDON SE18. 01-691 8820



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Friday 9th September — £1.50
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Saturday 10th September — £1.50
STAN WEBB'S CHICKEN SHACK
Sunday 11th September — £1.00
DANCE HALL STYLE
Monday 12th September — £1.00
JOHNNY SEVEN
Tuesday 13th September — £1.00
EN ROUTE
Thursday 15th September — £1.00
SPRING HILL JACKS
Friday 16th September — £2.00
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johnny seven
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ON TOUR

Wednesday	September 21	BIRMINGHAM, Odeon	£7.50, £6.50, £5.50
Thursday	September 22	MANCHESTER, Apollo	£7.50, £6.50, £5.50
Sunday	September 25	IPSWICH, Gaumont	£8.50, £7.50, £6.50
Monday	September 26	NEWCASTLE, City Hall	£7.50, £6.50, £5.50
Wednesday	September 28	GLASGOW, Apollo	£7.50, £6.50, £5.50
Thursday	September 29	ABERDEEN, Capitol	£8.50, £7.50, £6.50
Friday	September 30	EDINBURGH, Playhouse	£7.50, £6.50, £5.50

All tickets available from theatre box offices.

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STEVE HACKETT
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Small step for Big Country

London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Iceman**
London Greek St Le Beat Route: **The Playne Jayne**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Willie And The Poor Boys**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Nan Tuck Five**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Clark Tracy Quartet**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Seducer / Futz**
London Lee Green Old Tigers Head: **The Wait**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Highlife International**
London Putney Half Moon: **Country Joe McDonald**
London Royal Festival Hall: **(five days) Carmen McCrae / Mel Torme / George Shearing**
London W1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Rainbow**
Skipton Carleton School: **Chris Barbers Jazz and Blues Band**
Swinton Bee Hibe Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Wellingborough Raffles Bar: **Precious Little Idols**

TUESDAY 13th

Birmingham Tower Ballroom: **Steel Pulse**
Blaigowrie The Gig: **Chris Barber's Jazz and Blues Band**
Brighton Dome: **Depeche Mode**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Big Country**
Chesterfield Peter Webster Centre: **Phoenix**
Croydon (Wallington) Digbys Club: **Accent**
Gosforth Assembly Rooms: **Quasar**
Harrow Weald Middx & Herts Country Club: **Pleasure Beasts**
Hull New Theatre: **(2 Nights) Mike Harding**
Leeds Parker's Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Kid Creole**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dolphin Street**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **Hurrah / High Fives / Telephone Boxes**
London Camden Palace: **Ronnie**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Covent Garden Canteen: **(until Friday 23 except Sunday 18) Fran Jeffries**
London Dean St Pizza Express: **Pizza Express All Stars**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Scissor Fits / Cut Out Shapes**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Life Of Leisure / Scared Of Heights**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Redline / Malaise**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Laughing Sam's Dice / Barflies**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Montage Real Estate / The Headmasters**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **The Group**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazz Band**
London Wardour St. Marquee: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London W.1 (Dean Street): Pipeline at Gossips: **Pershing Flowers**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne – Sid Warren Qunitet**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Legacy / Function / Tu-Tu / The Defective / Turles**

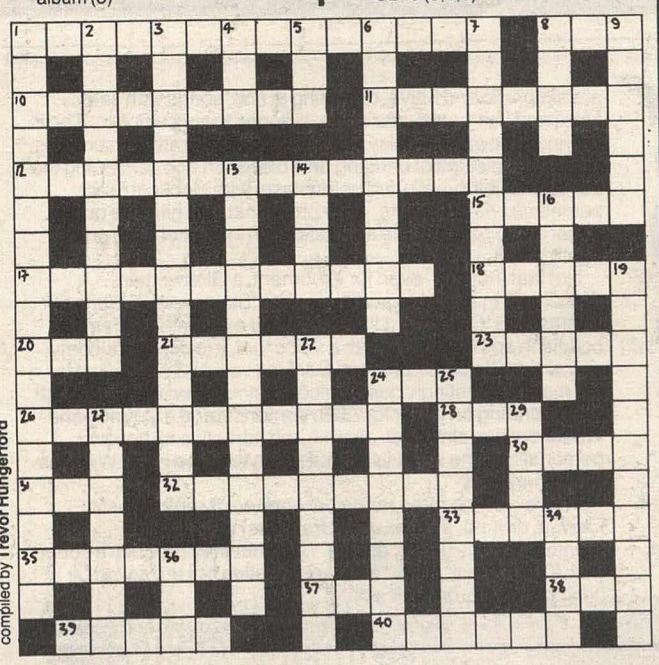
WEDNESDAY 14th

Birmingham Odeon: **Big Country**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bradford Tickles: **Ex / Alerta / The Three Johns**
Cardiff St Davids Hall: **(2 Days) Rainbow**
Derby The Birdhouse: **None So Blind**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Peter Gabriel**
Flixton Red Lion: **Thirteenth Candle**
Kirkcaldy Platform Fife: **Chris Barbers Jazz and Blues Band**
Leeds Brannigans: **One-Way System / Burial / Submoral**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Death Cult**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Breakfast Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doc K's Blues Band**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham. **The Invisibles**
London Dean St. Pizza Express: **Wally Fawkes Trio**
London Electric Ballroom: **Spear Of Destiny / Pleasure Beasts**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Peachey / Cold Dance**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Chin Chilla**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Electric Bluebirds**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Hearts Agas / The Caper**
London Kings Cross Pindar Of Wakefield: **Cynthia Scott**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.1 The Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London W.1 Titanic: **The Mystery Girls**
Manchester Hacienda: **Brilliant**
Manchester Jillys: **Toy Dolls**
Manchester John Bull: **Ex-Directory**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Breakaways**
Nottingham Rock City: **Level 42**
Southampton Gaumont: **Depeche Mode**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original Eastside Stompers**
Tyne & Wear Washington Arts Centre: **Haze**

NME CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS

1. Pete Murphy wants another shilling for the meter on the sun (3-4-4-3)
8. Knock the disco patter (3)
10. Former editor gets round crazed pilot and is directed to punk band (9)
11. Top Ten hit for both The Chordettes and The Mudlarks in 1958 (8)
12. And from 1963, Ruby And The Romantics awaiting the advent of bow-tie Robin (3,3,4,4)
15. Elvis Costello label through 1978–79 (5)
17. Joan Armatrading single from approx six months ago (4,3,5)
18. Wild Willy Barret's former partner (5)
20. '--- On The Tyne', Lindisfarne album (3)
21. Ain't no mystery who sang 'Ain't No Stopping' (6)
23. Joy Division photo from a motion picture? (5)
24. Electric current as found in The Cramps? (3)
26. How far Sid? I'd rather turn back to 1978 for that sloshy oldie (2,1,3,5)
28. See **40A**
30. '---- Of The Cards', 1981 Kim Carnes single (4)
31. It was either this, or the beginning for Classix Nouveaux (3)
32. Scrambled ants eggs right near the end, perhaps, from The Specials (9)
33. *"Wait a minute . . . stop, stop; here comes a love song, there goes the bannister"* 1982 (4,2)
35. Billy Fury's first single to make the Top Ten, back in 1960 (7)
37. Decriptive of soldier and soldiers (3)
38. Rock and Roll abbrev. (1,1,1)
39. Word, used twice, for a Bowie single (5)
40 + **28A.** Doubled as an A-side with 'The Earth Dies Screaming' from UB40 (5,1,3)



compiled by Trevor Hungerford

CLUES DOWN

1. *"Beneath the halo of a street lamp, I turned my collar to the cold and damp"* 1965 (5,2,7)
2. What! Me pong sire? 'Tis a killing joke (7,4)
3. Hang Ed! Go on, talk! It's torture asking him about his favourite disco group (4,3,3,4)
4+**9D.** Album containing the final track 'A Day In The Life' (3,6)
5. A mod, perhaps, tells us of a Liverpool band (1,1,1)
6. A hundred in a public vote on a short-lived folky band formed in 1968 (9)
7. 1979 band with line-up of Eric Random, Pete Shelley and Francis Cookson (6,4)
8. Clash supply plenty of this for the hanging (4)
9. See **4D**
13. Skids cold ladies (5,2,6)
14. ---- And The Chameleons (4)
16. Tyrone ------, keyboard player with Bob Marley's Wailers (6)
19. Solo single from Phil Lynott, also the theme tune for *Top Of The Pops* (6,5)
22. Perhaps MM shit formed round the ark — or just the Fall guy (4,5)
24. '------ --- Diamonds' Zaine Griff single (5,3)
25. 'Caught Live ---- ----', Moody Blues concert/complilation album (4,4)
27. '-- ------ Jubilo', by Mike Oldfield (2,5)
29. See **36D.**
34. Logical lass (4)
36. U2 guitarist Dave Evans as he prefers to be known (3,4)

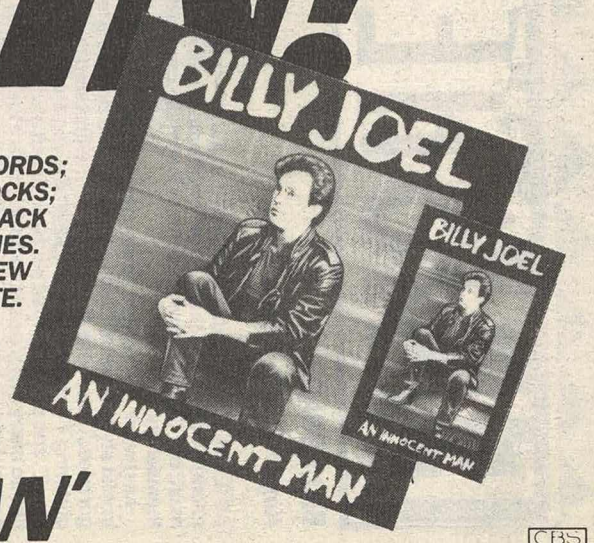
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Chris and Cosey, 7. Under The Moon, 9. Slit, 10. Loony, 11. Play It, 13. Eartha, 16. Lines, 19. Toy, 21. Poe, 22. Alone, 23. Omma, 24. Back, 26. Right Now, 28. All, 29. Bat, 30. Rob(ert), 32. Glo, 34. Idol, 35. Double Vision, 36. Du, 37. Yesterday, 38. Times.

DOWN: 1. Club Left, 2. Red Money, 3. Stray, 4. +22D. Comsat Angels, 5. Einstein, 6. Prince, 8. Hep, 12. +15D. Atom Heart, 14. RPM, 15. See 12D, 16. Lofty, 17. New Ord(er), 18. Sal, 20. Oral, 22. See 4D, 23. OK, 24. Bad Day, 25. Clouds, 27. Wood, 29. Belle, 31. Blues, 32. Gina, 33. Oi, 34. Indi.

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL AGAIN!

THEY WERE THE DAYS OF WHITEWALL TYRES AND TWO-TONE FORDS; SHARK-SKIN JACKETS AND SHOCKING PINK SOCKS; THE DAYS WHEN ROCK AND BOP WERE THE SOUNDTRACK TO ALL THE GOOD TIMES. BILLY JOEL'S RECAPTURED THEM WITH 10 BRAND NEW SONGS ON HIS LATEST ALBUM AND CASSETTE.



BILLY JOEL 'AN INNOCENT MAN'

LISTEN AND LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL.

CBS

LIVE

STRAY CATS

London Dingwalls

BACK FROM the fruited plains of America, where their wide wardrobe selection and the videos which enshrine it have snatched the preteen population from the very jaws of Foreigner (*NME* 12.3.83) come The Stray Cats – the babytalk commandos of commercial pose-o-billy.

Though it's sheer dripping 101-degree hell craning to see three heads plus the elegant top of Lee's bass, there's histrionic acclaim from a wide selection of other real gone jerks (read: pissed out of their noodles), plus a goodly assortment of the astronaut haircut set. They go wild when Lee takes centre stage and summons up an earnest growl ("*Whatchew gonna dooooo/When the blues gotchew down . . .*"). Bluesing it up, Setzer gets going on guitar — and his calculated head-bobbing is straight American Heavy Metal.

But the Cats are thrashing where they should cook; Setzer's ax is all flash and Jimbo's rapid-fire rhythms are trapped in the crossbones flourish demanded by his idea of Executioner Chic. By the new 'Something's Wrong With My Radio' it's also apparent that the amenities of success have taken that familiar toll on the frontman's vocal chords: Brian's voice is sending out danger signals, little beeps and squeaks.

Slim Jim's grinning ear-to-ear, mascara streaming and curly ponytail bouncing. A veritable milkshake mademoiselle! But the lyrics sound agonised, like dead rubber dragging across hot tarmac. 'Look at That Cadillac' introduces a sax howl into a nice traditional song of simple greed, but the bounce declines. So: "a slow one to cool off". It's 'Lonely Summer Nights' and with it, Cat-schtick comes clean. This phenomenon is nothing more (or less) than Fabian forced into the trousers of Teddy-dom; Bobby Sherman *gone* on Brylcreem.

On 'Stray Cat Strut' the crowd happily recites the little rhymes about *class* and *style* right back to their frontman: post-pubescent pantomime. A poppy 'Too Hip, Gotta Go' fares better, but one more in and Setzer's larynx gives up the ghost.

We scream and bob soggily and the boys bow back in with a hot little stint featuring Setzer on banjo. It's memorable because this is the one time all evening he looks like a kid enjoying himself.

One genuine grin, though, and we're back at the costume ball with 'Rock This Town'. By the book, The Stray Cats have done everything right. On and off like a neon light. Like a blinking directional signal. Pursuing, ironically, exactly the same 'concerns' as Van Halen. Just a little less over-dressed and sporting a little more makeup. And, despite reservations by anyone who likes a bit of *substance* in their sounds, in the Campytown Races of '83 the Cats look ready to take Teddy (that's T-E-D-D-I) right to the max.

Cynthia Rose

"Marilyn's dead. Judy's dead. Crawford's dead . . . Whaddaya mean Jayne sure as hell looks it!!!"

Pic: Andrew Catlin

JAYNE COUNTY

London Dingwalls

ORIGINAL BRANDS of music never lose their flavour, like lollipops they just fade with use.

It's been almost six years since Jayne (aka Wayne) County first stepped into the murky spotlight, and it's taken six years, one sex-change and dollops of make-up to reach tonight. The change proves one thing — playing with a different sex is often easier than playing with a different sound.

But then it's cabaret and not cacophony that she has on offer tonight. While the band play their instruments like Tussaud's models waiting for the party to start, it's Jayne that provides the action.

Weighing in, a cross between Hilda Ogden and Dolly Parton minus the tits (a sort of New York Doll without portfolio), she woos the crowd with songs such as 'Are You Man Enough To Be A Woman?', 'Lady Di Twist' and 'Diamonds Are A Gal's (?) Best Friend'.

Fluctuating between cabaret and punk and nausea and amazement, Jayne's best friend is her image. You can change your name and you can change your face, but you can't always change the face of your music. The crowd had heard it all before; it was the visuals they'd come to see.

"Marilyn's dead. Judy's dead. Crawford's dead . . . What d' ya mean you're still alive Joan Collins? Who cares anyway!" croaked Jayne, to the solitary drumbeat of 'Hollywood'.

"Get off you old slag!" shouted a heckler.

"I'm in charge!" retorted Jayne, with a mouth like a pair of chest expanders stretched between two ears.

In charge? I never doubted it Jayne. It's a woman's, woman's, woman's world.

Neil Taylor

Pic: Rowan Main

CLANKY FEMMES

SOPHISTICATED BOOM BOOM

Glasgow Henry Afrikas

SOPHISTICATED BOOM Boom — the name of a Shangri Las song and a raw Glaswegian all-girl group whose worth is a great deal more open to argument.

Still relatively obscure despite various John Peel sessions and TV appearances, Sophisticated Boom Boom, thankfully don't fit the usual 'all-girl group' category. Unfortunately, neither will you find the ability of a Bellestar or the careless youth of a Nana. Sophisticated Boom Boom have remained unchanged in the years since the punk revolution that allowed girls like these the courage to try in the first place. Still apparently committed to the *idea* of playing as an end in itself, the songs are simplistic and naive, charming at first, songs with catchy lyrics and five-note guitar solos — songs to sing along to. Their playing is downright noisy, clanky and grindy, rattling, scraping music reminiscent of banging on a biscuit tin and combining the self same well intentioned enthusiasm with identical noisy, sometimes nasty results. They prove that little girls are not all sugar and gloss over the sophistication to concentrate on the boom boom.

Not that they are, even for a moment, a Glaswegian Girlschool. In abrasive pop songs like 'Stalemate', 'Hearts On Skates' and 'Courage', Libby McArthur examines the female condition and belts it out with a voice that, if lacking in subtlety, can *at least* be called strident. Backing vocals are supplied by the more interestingly nasal voice of Tricia Reed who, although concentrating on guitar for SBB, demonstrated a Country and Western voice almost as acerbic and attractive as her own personality in the short-lived, but much vaunted Hank Williams Memorial Band.

The remaining three range between wildly enthusiastic (Jackie, drums), steadfast (Laura, bass) and almost prohibitively shy (Irene, guitar). Together they produce a sound that, if I'm honest, is predominantly grating but are saved by having sincerity on their side.

Andrea Miller

FLASHES

BILLY BRAGG

King's X Merlin's Cave

AS 'LITTLE AJP' said (You do call him A.J.P? – a jip by any other name): "Some folks make money while most folks make ends meet; but TV pop-show presenters just make prunes of themselves."

Last week, TV's bright, young tinned fruits were pruning it up in wild style. A certain newly-blooded prezzie (she shall be gormless) successfully negotiated the first step t'oards a glittering TV career by asking PW 'Are you an angry young man?', and promptly had her head bitten off. She would appear, like so many of her peers, to be dead from the autocue downwards.

Not that all TV pop-show prezzies are meek and mumble – the breed can bitch. One loose-talking prune has been getting well hot 'n' bothered about politics infringing pop's airspace. Behold Steve Taylor – a prune with impunity! (At least the boy has some teeth, even if his reasoning grinds like a dentist's drill.)

You run your mouth and I'll run my business, brother . . . Back on the trail of the budget-sized rock 'n' roll gig, I stumbled across Billy Bragg. Now *there's* a man worth having infringe pop's sacred airspace.

Hidden away of an evening in North London's backwaters, his performance was a wonder, the most surprising of coups. With both bands on the bill failing to turn up, young Bill performed for one and three quarter hours. Phew! All the hits: 'Fear Is A Man's Best Friend', 'Love Gets Dangerous', 'A Voice In The Wilderness', the old Motown standard 'Masturbation Is A Lonely Sound When Heard By Someone You Know' . . . one-oh-five minutes of immaculate patter, a tight music hall comic discipline, and a voice, the voice of the wilderbeast indeed!

Billy Bragg is fighting for the gates of heaven, not his name on the door at the Camden Palace. This man is not a prune.

X Moore

THE HIGH FIVE

Bootle Festival

BOOTLE IS home and there ain't no place like it, for sure. Fading docks, higher than average unemployment, loads of scallies doing dope and not much else. The 'festival' is a good idea though cos it means that mums and dads with no money in their pockets can kid the kids that they're taking them on a big day out without having to spend more than a few bob.

Most of the bands, like Cook Da Books, were crap. But that didn't really matter because the sun shone (as it's wont to do) and The High Five made up for it all by being the most wonderful, unspoiled band in the whole world. Their steely, edgy pop uplifted the hearts of even the most surly faced bugger in the broken down North Park.

There's been too many good things written about too many undistinguished Liverpool bands (and I'm as guilty as any) but you can safely forget the rest. This is the *only* group that matters.

Kev Mc

DANNY & THE NOGOODNIKS

Kentish Town Bull And Gate

No necrophiliac gags and grave undertakings etc, Danny And The Nogoodniks are a beat revival showband and as lively a bunch of expresso-swilling hipsters as you're likely to see.

They're a nine piece, with brass and backing vocals added to a bass/drums/guitars line-up, and have enough enthusiasm to spill into the audience and convert any doubtfuls. Plenty of goatee beards, wraparound shades, ski pants and berets on one side — reverb, tremelo and instrumentals on the other, including a dodgy but infectious rendition of Duane Eddy's 'Peter Gunn'.

Other songs are about two minutes long and play mostly on the title — 'A Man A Cigar And A Twangy Guitar', 'Angst, No Thanks' and 'Bike (The Code Of Z)'.

Don't think you're sitting on a beatnik volcano, it's just a bit of enjoyable coathanger revolution going on in the wings.

Regine Moylett

PENNY IN THE SLOT
FLIP TO BOP!

BIG JAY McNEELY
YOUNG JESSIE
CHUCK HIGGINS
WILLIE EGAN
Camden Electric Ballroom

Chuck Higgins

I DOUBT whether I am sufficiently qualified to pronounce on the merits or otherwise of the foregoing concert, considering I involve a substantial portion of this evening competing against a Harlem Globetrotter pinball machine in the adjoining lobby. I can confirm, however, that the music generated provides a perfect backdrop for the competition thereof.

Arriving at the Camden ballroom halfway into Willie Egan's set, I remark amid sundry conflicting images a gentleman seated at a piano stool discoursing otiose pleasantries, while the accompanying Juice On The Loose musicians labour busily for similar languid rapport. A restrained selection of tinkling twelve bars is the lasting impression his performance conveys.

The attendant audience is a schizoid mix of indifferently dressed R&B buffs of various age up to and including middle, and teenage quiffabilly Turks from along Green Lanes meticulously attired to represent extras from the previous night's TV screening of *American Graffiti*. The former intently scrutinise each bluesman's act, as if hoping to pick up hints in assisting them win an album on Stuart Coleman's radio show. The latter share my consuming fascination with the Harlem Globetrotters pinball machine. Although both parties are voluble in the extreme among their own peer group, neither affects notice of the other. Attitudes that reflect not so much a generation as a credibility gap.

Back by Red Beans & Rice, Chuck Higgins sports a single breasted tartan jacket with wide lapels in the style of one of Bill Haley's Comets and blows a vivid saxophone between vocal parts. He goes up, down, down, up, anyway you want him perforce Jimmy Reed's 'Baby What You Want Me To Do', demonstrates the intricacies of the 'Pachuko Hop', and even pays tribute to an absent Lemmy with 'Motorhead Baby' with a spirited performance that garners much accolade.

Young Jessie

The highspot of the jamboree is an appearance by singer Young Jessie, a gentleman whose vintage belies his handle, and whose orotund vocal chords bemoan 'Don't Happen No More' and belt out the familiar 'Mary Lou'. His set is both sweet and short and climaxes with 'Hit, Git And Split', at the conclusion of which he does!

Last up is another rollicking tenor saxophonist Big Jay McNeely, the musical acumen of whom seems limited to numerous variations on the themes of 'Big Jay Shuffle' and 'Night Train'. He shouts and spits and rocks and rolls in an excitable manner, and enlivens his act with the interesting diversions of cakewalking through the audience while blowing his horn and dimming the lights to reveal his instrument's luminous quality. During his prolonged performance I knock up eight replays against the Harlem Globetrotters, mastering my flippers to the music's undiminished rhythm, and I've still a few in hand when the porter comes around to switch the current off.

Yes I! Special request to the old Jessie posse.

Penny Reel

Big Jay McNeely

R&B f-stops: Bleddyn Butcher

Sploud! Republic's brass beards hit the plumbing (pipes, whiffers & Scat-scaffolding) and blow for canines. Brass construction pic: Jeremy Bannister

HEP-CHATTIN' LATIN

THE REPUBLIC
Kennington Cricketers

AN EIGHT-PIECE confusion of shades, shirts, horns, squeezebox and congas; a singer who's galloped straight from the gymkhana into Carmen Miranda's old dance routines; a barnstorming band last seen in *Road To Rio* — very Kid Jazira A La Turk, you might say. Do we *really* need this in 1983? We certainly do. If there's such a thing as a danceable solution, maybe The Republic have found it.

The Republic are a musical cocktail brimming with fruit salad and 80 degrees proof, guaranteed to shake those bones and double your pulse-rate.

Their music freewheels in a riotous assembly of hot-blooded Latin, sun-kissed Caribbean, jumpin' jazz and sparkling high-life — a collage of hybrids. Yet there's no conflict or incongruity in this jumble; it's more like a family celebration after years of worldwide separation.

And if you listen carefully, you can hear the Anglo-Saxon element. Tear your eyes from the bizarre spectacle of Sarah Jane Morris' glazed intensity as she throws off her Captain of the School Hockey Team inhibitions and performs the most waddling cha-cha ever seen, and *listen* to what she sings. Her low voice — half Eartha Kitt, half Cleo Laine — croons verses straight out of the Madness/Squeeze school of social comment.

The bubbling calypso of 'Gallows' conceals the parodied bark of a saloon-bar Tory holding forth on how Bobby Sands and his ilk deserve all they get. Glance around and you see the looks of comprehension flickering on the audience's faces. Governments won't fall, but The Republic's brandishing of the flag amidst the carnival colour has *got* to be one up on Kid Creole's old suitcase labels.

Further Republic highlights — the languid flutes of 'It's Time To Come Clean'; Uruguayan Andy Lafone's gleeful acoustic bass role in 'Pullman Number Two'; a rousing version of The Mighty Sparrow's militant calypso 'Chivers'; Sarah Jane battling her eyelids with manic flirtatiousness whilst bloodthirstily singing *"Reagan, the Queen and the Pope/Remember Mountbatten and don't give up hope"*; the boiling bossa nova of 'My Spies', complete with Stax-style brass stabs and John Glyn's brilliantly squalling sax solo. . . .

You get the picture. Go see them.

Mat Snow

ERIC BOGOSIAN
Deptford Albany Empire

HAVING SURVIVED the make-or-break verdicts of New York critics, Eric Bogosian is back in Britain with his striking and original brand of satire. His 25 minute parody of the New York airwaves, 'Voices Of America', is a remarkable reproduction of every sound from film trailers and jingles through to the pseudo-sincere newsreading of the sunny, fun-filled world where death and despair becomes as emotionally disturbing as a weather forecast.

But it is 'Funhouse' that is Bogosian's strength. He introduces us to his underworld of drug-addicts, drunks, fetishists, perverts and crazies; against them he parades a balance of well-fed family men, successful businessmen and crusading preachers (Echoes of Lenny Bruce's line: "More and more people are straying away from church and going back to God"). In Bogosian's moribund metropolis, winners and losers alike emerge as pathetic individuals.

Like all the best satirists, Bogosian uses humour as the anaesthetic before plunging in with the rusty knife. When the laughter dies down perhaps the slow-healing wounds will nag at inflexible attitudes.

Len Brown

FARENJI WARRIORS
London National Theatre

BENEATH THE solid geometry of London's South Bank, before a couple of hundred respectfully interested folk, seven Farenji Warriors play an early evening concert. Lauded by *Time Out*, their chosen style screams "FUSION!" Sartorially, a school of African and Oriental studies — standard loud shirts for the boys, Punk Asian garb for the girls, and a beefy, shaded guitarist in a kaftan who looks like nothing so much as an extra from an old Madness video.

Chief warrior Rose was lead singer in a group called Amazulu, who nearly had a hit with a pale reggae tune built around the lyric: *"Can't get no Giro smoking in a bar in Cairo"*, which is performed for us this evening. This cheery banality — a sort of pan-cultural Belle Stars — is further exemplified by their fourth number, 'Too Much Now'. "It's about South Africa," announces Rose. Actually, it's just a series of *-tions*: "oppression", "segregation", "humiliation", "destruction" and so on. A lazy device.

Simmering soul stew or a stone cold mush? At length, it all comes out sounding like Jonathan Richman's 'Egyptian Reggae'. Expect them on *Top Of The Pops* soon.

Mark Cordery

DOGS D'AMOUR
London Pipeline Club

ON THE eve of a potential European tour, Dogs D'Amour play a wildly silly set and they all look exactly like NY Dolls.

Sometimes the singer will embrace the guitarist and they will sing into the same microphone to show they are friends. Sometimes the guitarist will lie down and play the guitar; nobody knows what the drummer does, because they have hidden him behind the disco.

The songs are scuzzy punk efforts, all great for the first two minutes, a trifle wearing after three. The Dogs are massively messy, but almost endearingly daft. And you can't say *that* about U2.

David Quantick

THE POLICE
New York Shea Stadium

ARENA ROCK usually means bombast, rhythms that lumber and plod but do not dane, an air of heaviness and excess. The Police do not sacrifice force or presence, but they dance, they move lightly and they sparkle with good humour and good will.

They have one special technological ally. There are three giant video screens, one flanking each side of the stage and one overhead. The projection system feeding those screens, called Diamond Vision, gives a picture so sharp that the slightest shift in Sting's eyes can be seen perfectly from the furthest bleachers.

Sting revels in this new and powerful communication, using it over and over in myriad ways to clue us in, make us his accomplices, to make us feel not just entertained but spoken to, touched.

The Police bring with them a wealth of very good songs and a way of playing that emphasizes the motion, not the meaning, and pulls in this whole crowd. They take this mythological perch and treat it honorably.

Richard Grabel

LIVE

CATS THAT'S WISE iMPROVISE

WITH EYES TO COOL IT, RICHARD COOK & MARK SINKER SHARE A WEEK AT THE ICA'S 'ACTUAL '83'

ACTUAL '83

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday . . .

ANOTHER WEEK of bursting, brawling, undiscovered improvised music (and close cousins): to be ignored again by a multitude of disaffected music lovers? It's time — it's *always* been time — to re-focus our attentions and interpretations about this embattled music. Every attitude that we say is missing from youth music — electrification, provocation, inspiration and confrontation — are all passwords for this lawless and frantically exciting world.

You could have started no better than with the opening set by the **Alex Schlippenbach Quartet.** The trio nucleus of Alex, Evan Parker and Paul Lovens have skirmished and sketched a piecemeal history that stretches over a decade of frightening records and live sets; with a visibly overwhelmed Paul Rogers included on bass, they squeezed that passion of experience and stamina into themeless, intensely demanding art. A triologue that *simply has to be pursued.*

Merely to watch Lovens, a drummer of mesmerising speed and precision, or hear Evan's snatched and quilled saxaphones, or distil the daring balance the pianist tracks out between the two — any one element would be sufficient. Together it is emotionally overpowering. Scorched dry of mirth and simple points of release, we feel as drained but triumphant as the players at the close — we have crossed through music of exhaustive achievement.

Coming after that, **Mike Westbrook's Brass Band** seemed positively vaudevillian, although a darkness streaks his peculiarly English slant on an international ransacking. Kate Westbrook and Phil Minton sang French, German and English songs to the carefully exaggerated truculence of Westbrook's arrangements. The band is only five strong, a saxophone squirting at the edges of the horn players, sometimes fussily engaging and occasionally sombre enough to invoke prickles of sorrow. Some moments faltered but there was plenty to pluck out of a rich and babbling momentum — a pocket edition of Westbrook's sprawling works.

A chewy sort of set from **Alterations.** Sometimes their rah-rah ragbag of ideas seems pointlessly selfish, and tolerances were scattered at some inopportune moments before somebody shoved them back on course. A couple of doo-wop barndance motifs set them right.

I enjoyed the bouzouki ska hoedown, the temperamental devastation from guest vocalist Moniek Toebosch and the bathwater-cum-rainstorm imagination of Toshinori Kondo, a clown and genius in irrational doses. Really, I can't tell you how audacious and exhilarating and intelligent this group is. The trouble they're having in finding someone to offer them decent recording facilities is disgraceful.

The first stave of **The Tippett Project** — three contrasting units coordinated by pianist Keith Tippett — put a septet through hard grafter's paces. Elton Dean, Marc Charig, Nick Evans . . . a familiar flock, steam-pressed into spaces low on new creative flight.

Saturday afternoon looked uncomfortably like an institute lecture on Other Cultures until it actually started. When **Violetta Ferrer** began her recitations of Lorca poems — all in the original Spanish, shadowed only by the taut chording of Raymond Boni's electric guitar — raw drama overtook polite formality.

Ferrer would proudly sweep her hair back from her forehead to punctuate the release of the words; on one poem she delivered a flawless castanet accompaniment. Songs of war and peace, dance, revolution, even Bunuel: a performance to send received ideas and definitions askew and a major success of the Festival.

I tried hard with **Moniek Toebosch**'s solo performance. Her realisation of a terrible cabaret singer was so painfully accurate that its imitated tedium and idiot repetition came true. As sarcastic about notions of sentimentality as this was, it all ran aground in a matter of minutes.

To a 'star' turn: **Steve Lacy,** soprano saxophone, **Brion Gysin,** voice. Gysin read his dry doggerel in a resolutely unmusical voice as Lacy's soprano pruned the dream to essences, a vertical tangent that bled astutely into the poet's scuffed fragments of American folklore. A cut-up of *Naked Lunch* called 'Stuff', sweepings from a literary amusement park, emerged as a slow-down circle of ideas that could be entered at any point. It was informal, of no great consequence — an afternoon tease and a pleasant coda to the day.

Saxophones — there's nothing like saxophones. When Lacy opened Sunday evening with erstwhile duellist **Steve Potts,** it cued up the sort of air-splitting charge that saxophone improvisation can summon at a glissando's notice. Stately chase choruses, ripe counterpoint, the jocose plundering of the scale, the pursed tang of the chosen tones/overtones/multitones — they could never have exhausted those ideas.

Mal Waldron is a sober and distinguished pianist — and that's how he plays. He took another hour to make statements that could have been wrapped up in a quarter the time, but that is Waldron's way.

Heavy going and intermittently fascinating for the patient, he is almost immobile at the keyboard, entirely lost in the creation. Climaxes were fought for and rejected at the last moment, until he rolled a huge, river-like improvisation suddenly shut and we cheered the success. There was a brief postscript in a serious portrayal of the beautiful 'Fire Waltz', and Lacy reappeared for a short duet — two great players, one who's left jazz and one locked into its finest chords — and we are left hungry, as is only proper.

It was a wild week. Really. Although I've left out lots, here is a favourite moment: David Toop, that most conscientious and diligent of improvisers, reduced to laughter at one of Kondo's most outrageous blarps in a quiet moment of Alterations' great set. What we learned, again, was how many edges and reflections there are to be injected into performance: how to perforate the shell of entertainment with art, instead of the reverse! And how much fun these serious performances could be. To think you missed it!

Richard Cook

ACTUAL '83

. . . Friday

COMPLETELY FREE improvisation will cut a critic's props from under him — a unique and unrepeatable performance makes resumé pointless, and interpretation, emotional and political, will always be dangerously subjective. But . . .

Spontaneous Music Emsemble are a legendary trio of extraordinary internal empathy, kept in trim by John Steven's coiled drumming, each member ready to respond immediately to the lead of another . . . **Keith Tippett's Ovary Lodge,** ploughing a field seeded by Jan Steele, were disappointing — they played too carefully for too long . . .

Ken Hyder's Talisker are concerned to invest Celtic folk forms with some of the fury of the '60s New Wave; with singer Frankie Armstrong's help, they certainly excise the cloying nostalgia so often encountered elsewhere in folk . . . **Iskra 1903** are named after a paper that Lenin edited in 1903. (He was a Beethoven man, so he'd probably have lent only qualified approval to their project, essentially a more explosive version of SME's approach) . . .

. . . Free improvisation is unlikely to take the place of pop as favourite drink, but we might be able to push it as a stiff chaser. (Fashion note: the Flank Chickens didn't attend.)

Mark Sinker

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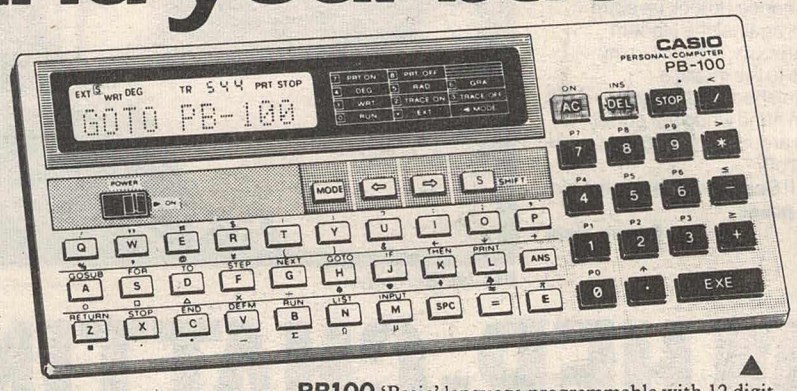

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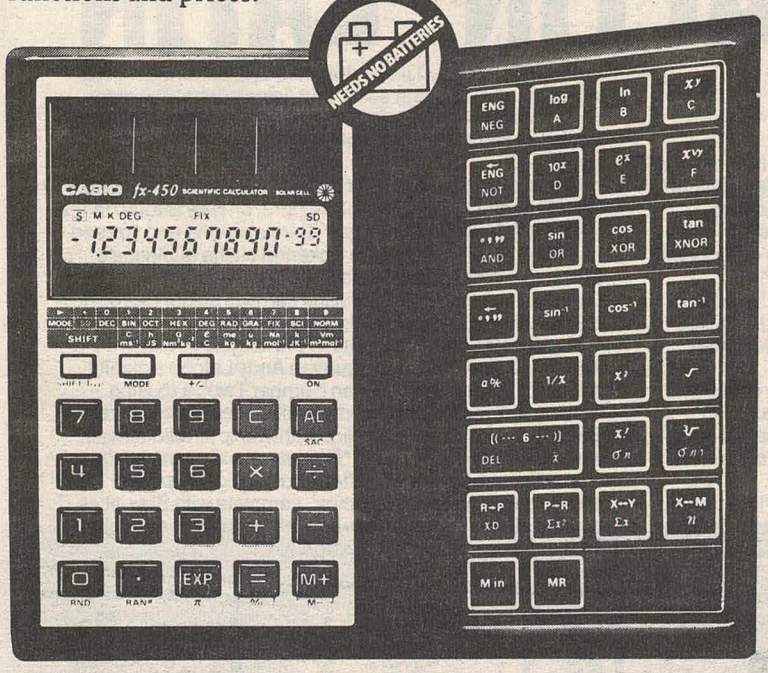

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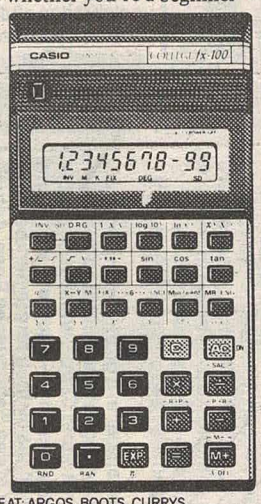

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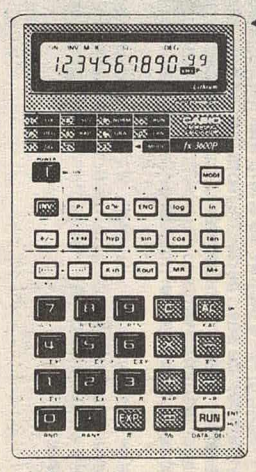

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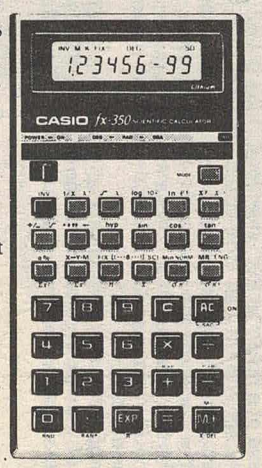

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WORKERS PLAYTIME

Listen again to the brassy hue colouring Scritti Politti's 'Faithless' 45 and you'll be enjoying STEVE SIDWELL's trumpeting contribution.

Busy boy Steve also graces the new Dury LP, and has worked recently with Haircut 100, Blue Rondo, Floy Joy, and Altered Images amongst others.

Just what is it that producers demand from three valves and a long brass tube? Interview by TONY BACON

ON SESSIONS, people always want you to be like someone else — if they want a solo on something it's always "Can you play this one like Miles Davis?", or whoever. They never seem to want *you*, or very rarely. That annoys me a bit, like most other people who go in to play solos.

It's difficult, though, because you have to try to understand everybody's music and what they want. Because you're going into the studio to please somebody else, and it can be rather difficult in that respect.

I started playing trumpet at school: I was left a trumpet by a relative — my dad's a saxophone player, mostly involved in West End shows. I just picked it up from there really. After school I was classically trained, I went to the Royal College for five years as a junior and then to the Guildhall as a full-time student for three years.

Things developed from there. I've always been most interested in jazz, that's my first love and I think that's what I probably enjoy doing the most, playing modern jazz.

Trumpet can be a very frustrating instrument to play. It's physically hard work to play. If you become very keen, all trumpet players get to the point where they *wish* they could play all day. But you can't do that with the trumpet — you've only got a limited amount of time you can play for. If you're working that evening and you know it's going to be a hard blow you can't really do an awful lot of practice during the day — that's what I find, anyway. Otherwise you're worn out.

All instruments are difficult to play in their own way: trumpet is perhaps no more difficult to pick up than another instrument.

I use a Getzen trumpet and a Couesnon flugelhorn, but it's very much a matter of choice and I wouldn't necessarily say the instruments I've got are the best. They're just instruments I found at the time to suit me. I've had them about two years — I think it's a disease with trumpet players to swap instruments about. More important is that you stick to the same mouthpiece.

The mouthpiece is a very important part of your equipment. You can get one and stick to it for years if you can — it's not a good idea to change too often. It's a size thing — the width and depth of the different mouthpieces make different sounds. A deeper and possibly wider mouthpiece has a more 'orchestral' sound, whereas a player after higher, 'lead' trumpet would use a much shallower mouthpiece to get a more sizzling sound to cut through. And the shallower mouthpiece is less tiring to play on, you need less energy and 'lip'.

I use a Gardinelli 7M mouthpiece, a fairly middle-of-the-road one, not particularly big, not particularly small. I've done a few of those RPO disco albums and been required to play in the orchestra as well — not having too small a mouthpiece comes into its own in those circumstances. It's very much a case of what you get used to and find comfortable, there's no hard and fast rules.

Most brass players try to buy instruments in America, either through somebody who's going there or by going themselves. The difference in price is phenomenal. I don't understand whether it's the Customs & Excise laws that cause the prices to be so high here, or that the marketers are after enormous profits — I've never actually looked into it. But prices are getting better here. If you want a good new instrument here you're looking around £400.

Three valves and a long brass tube. Illustration David Stone Martin

Secondhand instruments can be perfectly adequate. You can pick up secondhand instruments of a good make without having to spend as much as £200, which compares favourably with other musical instruments. The popular ones you might look out for are Vincent Bach, Benge, Olds, and more recent Boosey & Hawkes models.

A lot more people have been using brass again in the last few years, and a lot of the things I've heard have been good. I like Miles Davis' new things, the band's fantastic — the man's just one of the greatest musicians of all time. He obviously doesn't play trumpet like he used to, but it's still very exciting music. Of the newer breed, Tom Browne is great at what he does, the pop things, and the Brecker Brothers have influenced a lot of players. But I tend to listen to lots of instruments, not just brass.

Of the stuff I've done recently, I enjoyed the Scritti Politto things, and Ian Dury's new album was good. The Haircuts things were good. I had a great time with them, the music was good, and I enjoyed the touring, too, which I haven't actually done much of.

I worked with a harmoniser linked to the trumpet on some of the Haircuts gigs, it was used on the solos as a special effect to add harmonies against the solo. It can sound good when you're flying about a bit, but otherwise I've never really used bugs and effects, it's quite a specialised area. For a little while everybody seemed to want to do it, but I don't think anybody's doing it now.

There are certain brass sections which are outstanding — the section in Earth Wind And Fire is absolutely superb. A lot of American freelance players really seem to have it together, they're some of the best in the world. We're always listening to what the Americans are doing. They work very hard, they're keen and dedicated. There's also a lot more of them, so the competition's that much greater.

Trumpet's not a particularly difficult instrument to record, I can't imagine there's any specific problems. I've done sessions where it sounds like you're playing with a mute, the sound is dreadful; other times it sounds fantastic, perfectly clear. It depends on the engineer — most of them are good. There's too many other things for me to worry about when I'm recording, trying to play the thing as well as possible.

I've worked at Roundhouse studio a lot, that was one of the first digital studios in Europe. There's definitely something different to digital — a cleanness, but not a cleanness I particular like. There's almost something *too* clean about it.

There's so many electronic sounds in music now that I think it's nice to have an instrument like the trumpet that is actually pure sound. There's many a time that I've been on gigs and the electricity's failed and the brass players have saved the day. And it's nice to hear pure acoustic sound.

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PRINT

CHARLES SPAART MURRAY charts a grovelling history of the satire mag that's now left its best foot behind it

THE PRIVATE EYE STORY

by Patrick Marnham *(Private Eye/ Fontana, £4.95)*

PRIVATE EYE is a senile and demented survivor from the so-called 'satire' boom of the Swinging (read: Early) '60s, a flabbily reactionary rehash of old jokes and old prejudices, a determinedly troublesome kicker-over of applecarts both social and political, the most ridiculously homophobic and sexist publication this side of *The Sun*, an uncannily authentic insight into the current level of middle-class insularity, a publication broad enough to accommodate both Paul Foot and Auberon Waugh (for a time, anyway) and use them both for what they're good at while simultaneously remaining narrow enough to exclude anything that doesn't reinforce Richard Ingram's existing worldview.

Private Eye is — by and large — a fairly high scorer on the despicable-o-meter, and all I can say is that I wish I despised it enough not to read it. Despite their many crimes against humanity, *Private Eye* have put themselves on the side of the angels often enough to cover a multitude of sins: their 'Kill an Argie — win a Mini Metro!' *Sun* cover mockup and Thatcher 'They died to save her face' cartoon during the Falklands mess were utterly and savagely appropriate.

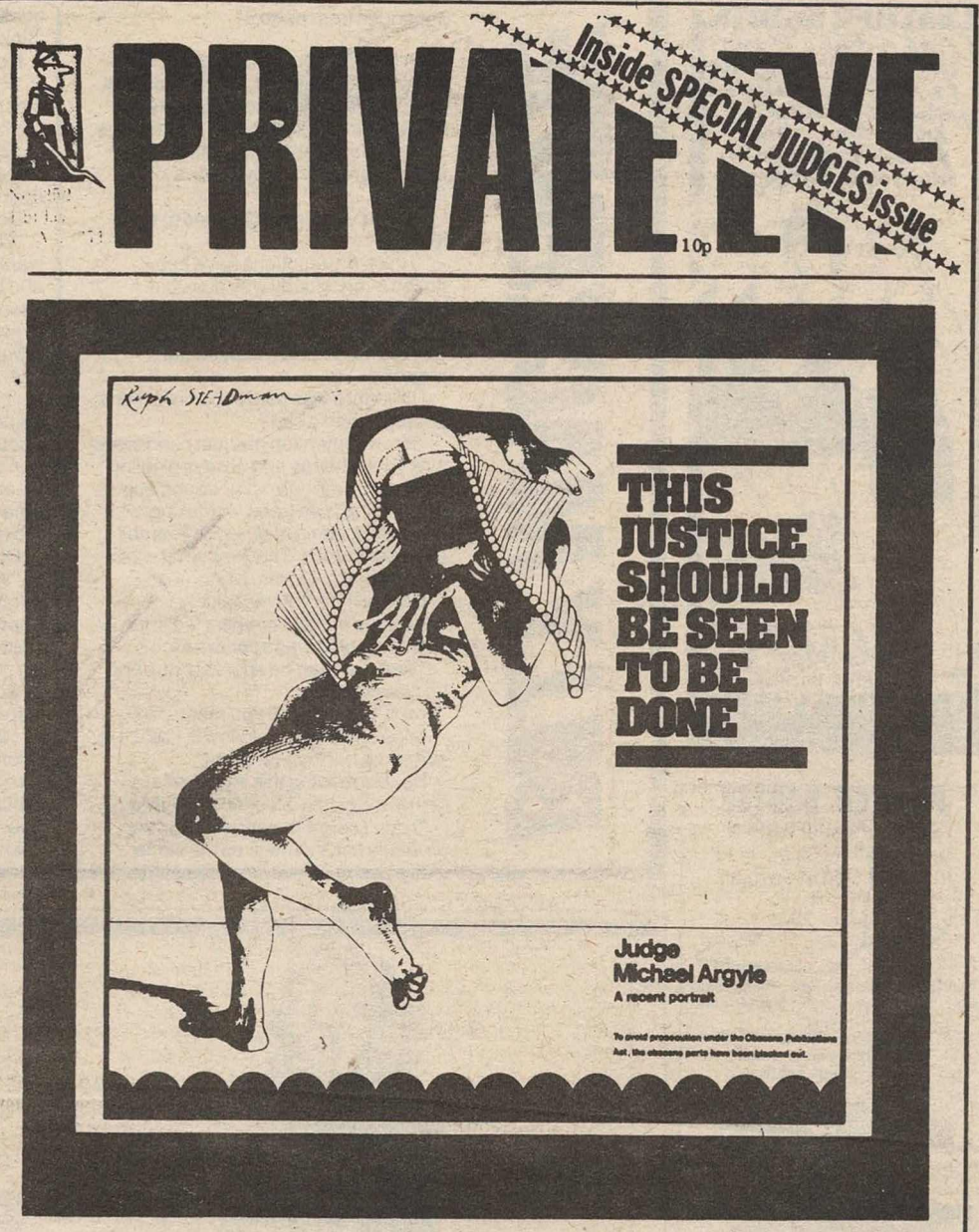
Still, *Private Eye* demonstrates almost as clearly as the Python *Meaning Of Life* fiasco the essentially flawed nature of a vision formed by public schools and Oxbridge. It should come as no surprise to anyone even vaguely familiar with the magazine to learn that it is an almost direct continuation of the school magazine that Richard Ingrams, William Rushton, Paul Foot and Christopher Booker edited in the early '50s when they all collided at the no doubt legendary educational establishment known as Shrewsbury. John Wells and the appalling Waugh entered the picture when Rushton, Ingrams and Foot encountered them at Oxford.

Private Eye emerged in the '60s, therefore, as the world's most long-running rag mag, a studiedly messy stew of cartoons, gossip, smut, lies, bits of information rescued from the carpets under which other people had swept them and proudly waved about in public, and all the class-war haw-haw spilling from the eternal senior common-room in whch they all seem to exist up at Gnome House.

Patrick Marnham is a long-time *Eye* contributor whose admiration and affection for just about everybody who has ever contributed to the paper seem quite unaffected by anything that he might have observed during his time with Ingrams, Rushton *et al*. His account is genial and unhurried, and each new escapade of irresponsibility, ineptitude or prejudice seems to inspire him to new heights of sentimentality. This is a lover's tale of a fractious, stroppy and inconsistent darling whose flaws are all infinitely endearing. If there's anything about the *Eye* which — to mix a quick metaphor — gets up Marham's nose, he hasn't bothered to include it.

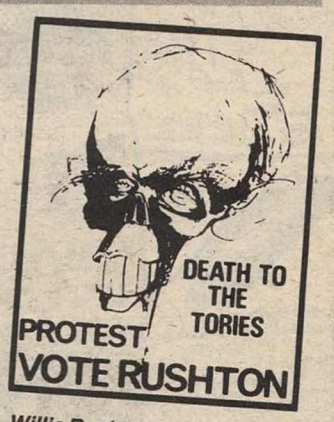
For all the glossiness of the text, the vintage graphics cut through: some of the early cartoons — the skull-like caricature of Douglas-Home accompanied by the delightful 'Death To The Tories' slogan is a particular favourite — seem sharper by several quanta than most of the stuff that appears in the modern *Eye*. The magazine was at its best in the Foot years, when Britain's best radical investigative reporter was on the team, but *Private Eye* has never recovered from the period characterised by Marnham as 'The Swing To The Right', when Booker, Waugh and factoids commenced their since-uninterrupted rule. It serves no useful social function whatsoever for *Private Eye* to choose as its targets the same groups and individuals already under attack from all the most determinedly lame-brained sections of The Street Of Shame (which is, in practice, most of it), but then *Private Eye*'s notion of a useful social function is — I would suspect — quite considerably different from mine.

The Private Eye Story is *a* history of the magazine, not *the* history. It is *The Private Eye Story* as *Private Eye* wants it told: a tale of jolly chaps, eccentric but sound despite their personal and political differences, all with a wizard sense of humour and an iron will to succeed on their own terms according to their own peculiar lights. It's bloody inspiring and of course, parts of it are an absolute *hoot*. I was laughing like a drain all the way through, and I'm sure you will too *(cont p.94)*.


PRIVATE EYE
Inside SPECIAL JUDGES issue
10p
Ralph Steadman
THIS JUSTICE SHOULD BE SEEN TO BE DONE
Judge Michael Argyle
A recent portrait
To avoid prosecution under the Obscene Publications Act, the obscene parts have been blacked out.

Private Eye. 13 August 1971, when they still believed in justice

POKE IN THE EYE



Willie Rushton's election poster.

TWO TIMES O' DAY

HIGH TIMES, HARD TIMES

by Anita O'Day with George Eells *(Corgi, £2.75)*

ANITA O'DAY's now 63. Back in the '40s and '50s she was the hippest of all America's white female jazz vocalists, the leader of the pack, a husky-voiced stylist given to ripping melodies off their chord structures and piecing them back together again O'Day fashion. She hasn't changed that much in the interim. Though she no longer creates new paths (who does in jazz vocalism?), she still says "groovy" (her favourite adjective); still sings in more enterprising fashion than most and has, belatedly, established herself as something of a star on the lucrative Japanese circuit.

This book, which documents the O'Day years, is an honest if often unlikeable autobiography. Then Anita O'Day is not, on her own evidence, a particularly likeable lady. "There is a Good Anita and a Bad Anita," she observes, admitting that for a large portion of her life, the Bad Anita has had things pretty much her own way. Sex and drugs play a major part in the scenario. And if there's little in the way of rock'n'roll — even though Anita recorded 'Rock'n'Roll Blues' as early as 1952 — there's always jazz a'plenty, one subject on which the singer can contribute any number of valid statements.

"I idolised Charlie Parker because he changed the face of music," she says. "What I mean is that when Louis Armstrong became popular, all trumpet players had to change their style. But when Charlie Parker became popular with his bebop tunes, *everybody* had to change style, the piano player, the drummer, the singer, whatever." I mean, how right can you get?

Unfortunately, Bird, also a junkie, would hock his instrument for his next fix — a trait possessed by many of Anita's other acquaintances. Judy Garland, Billie Holiday, Lenny Bruce, all of whom figure in this book in some small way, matched each ounce of genius with an equal amount of dope. Anita too. For 16 years she sampled everything that could send her high, from heroin to boiled-down paragoric. And so the book is punctuated with tales of busts that failed, busts that succeeded, frame-ups and fixes, prisons that admitted her and towns that imposed bans — each event leading up to the inevitable OD from which Anita, even when once pronounced dead by a California hospital, still managed to get up and walk away.

Apart from her reputation as a junkie — albeit one who rarely flunked an onstage performance (her appearance in the film *Jazz On A Summer's Day* was apparently shot while she was "as high as a kite") — the O'Day sexual reputation has always been a thing of wonderment, something about which she's fully aware.

"You've heard the one about me and the whole Stan Kenton Band," she begins, putting such tales down to fantasy-mongers, but there remain tales of abortions ("I hadn't been pregnant 14 times for nothing") and even of a "gentle rape" by a once famous screen star — "I wondered if it was his way of thanking me. If so, a box of candy would have been more appreciated".

Nevertheless, however an unsympathetic character Anita O'Day may have been — the Janis Joplin of her era, or the 'Jazz Jezebel' as she was once billed — her book is still worth reading for its jazz content alone, its insight into life on the road during the big band era, the early days of bop.

So add *High Times, Hard Times* to your list of required reading. Especially if, like me, you have a soft spot for vocalists who refuse to sing straight melody.

FRED DELLAR

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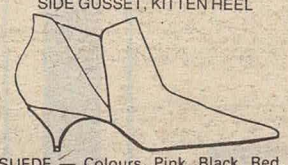

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BILLY MACKENZIE

Continues from page 21

I can't *get* this, *scream*, *tantrum*. They do everything kids do, but the kids do it much better, much more stylishly, because they have charm. Adults have no charm whatsoever, adulthood is about regression, moving away from things."

So you've never regressed to that level?

"I think my emotions have been pulled every bloody way possible. I could never trust my emotions. I could only hope that they don't upset the apple cart too much . . . whatever that means."

I thought it was partly your intention to upset the apple cart?

"No, my intention has just been to see everybody happy and always giggling and having a laugh – plundering apples or swinging from trees, or making snowballs, being at one with yourself and your friends. That was what was most important to me, a one-ness."

Do you think you're making a conscious effort to create a feeling now that at the time was spontaneous?

"Well, you can be spontaneous and be sleeping."

I don't follow what you mean.

"You don't have to follow it, I said it, it just came out, so that's that."

People reading this interview are going to say Billy Mackenzie's flipped.

"I don't care if they think that, they probably ask themselves the same question every week: 'Am I a nutcase?' I think everybody asks themselves that."

Do you?

"Fucken' right I do, it's not insanity that bothers me though, it's ignorance. I want to get to things quicker than I can, I suppose, I want to know more and more, but I've just got to wait like everybody else."

Do you want people to like you?

"No, I don't want to be loved, I just want to be liked by my few close friends and by my family. It's not that I'm not interested in anyone else, just they have to get on with their own lives. Most of all, though, I want to like myself."

And do you?

"Half the time, the other half I can't stand myself, because I get too excited about things and I hate that because I can't contain it. I get like that kiddie thing where you just want to jump about all the time for no reason, because I've just got too much excitement within me to contain."

Do you like attention?

"Well I've always had it, 'cause everyone when they're young wants to show off and I'm still like that. I could run fast, I could sing loud, ah could do this, ah could do that. I'm just a show off."

So why did you not get on with being a pop star?

"Because I don't really know the role. I don't see success simply in terms of people looking at me, all I want to do is write a song with the thrill of something like 'Heard It Through The Grapevine' – then I'll be happy."

lowry

"Money is changed into capital; through capital surplus-value is made and from surplus-value more capital. But the accumulation of capital pre-supposes surplus-value; surplus-value pre-supposes capitalist production; capitalistic production pre-supposes the pre-existence of considerable masses of capital and of labour-power in the hands of producers of commodities. But to practicalities – can you lend me twenty pence for my train fare home?"

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

the goddess Fortune be praised . . . one of the UK concerts starring Jamaican folk bard Miss Lou (Louise Bennett) earlier this year is packaged on an Island album issued this week. Titled '"Yes M' Dear"' after her frequent use of the phrase, the set features 23 sketches recorded at the Lyric Theatre including familiar items like 'Long Time Gal', 'Dry Foot Bwoy', 'Oman A Breadwinner' and the farewell salute 'Walk Good' . . . **(on her toothed wheel I have been mincemeat these several years)** . . . out on Trojan is a new set from DJ Charlie Chaplin entitled 'One Of A Kind'. Produced by Roy Cousins and featuring vocal ejaculations courtesy Junior Reid, Jim Kelly and Don Carlos, the album spotlights 'Sturgav Special' and pays 'Tribute To Super Don' . . . **last night, for a whole night, the unpredictable lay in my arms** . . . garnering Radio 1 notice is Must Dance discomix 'Nice Up Dancee' from sisters Lorna, Lucy and Jacqueline as Natural Beauty. The tune is couple with an updated version of producer Jah Bunny's popular '70s song 'Gimme African Love' by himself. Also new on Must Dance is Donney Thompson with 'Set Me Free' c/w 'Rocking Time', with Mikey Ranks also featured . . . **in a tender and unquiet rest** — . . . the Sugar Minott 'Take A Set' song from the Wackies various artists album 'Jah Children Invasion' is now released on discomix by the Bronx label and coupled with 'No Way' . . . **(I perceived the irrelevance of my former tears)** — . . .new from Peaches on her new Peach label is 'Why' . . . **lay, and at dawn departed** . . . onstage at the Dominion in Tottenham Court Road tonight (Thursday) direct from JA is Marcia Griffiths with support from Tamlins, Combo Passe and Glissando Steel Orchestra . . . **I rose and walked the streets** . . . while on Friday at the University of London, Malet Street, WC1 is held a Caribbean Evening For Chile with Steel 'N' Skin, Sunshine steelband, Melody Makers, Vahareque, Ram Jam Holder and Benjamin Zepheniah. Tickets £2.50 on BO: 01-272 4298 . . . **where a whitsuntide wind blew fresh** . . . this Saturday at the Excelsior Hotel, West Drayton, Middx is an out of town Show Dance with live jazz funk outfit Pressure Point and turntable sounds from Lovers Oasis and Tiffanys. Tickets and coach details from Daddy Kool: 01-437 3535 . . . **and blackbirds incontestably sang** . . . also on Saturday at the Ace in Brixton — 8pm to 2am — is live and direct from Jamaica in tune to Gemini featuring Archie the selector plus three the hard way DJ clash with Johnny Ringo, Welton Irie and Squiddley Ranking . . . **and the people were beautiful** . . . meanwhile, on Monday night the same posse travels to Nottingham for a session at the town's Sherwood Rooms from 8pm . . .

Get your Culture here . . . Photographer Anton Corbijn leads the way

SNAP TO IT

LAST CHANCE

YOU KNOW how you always mean to enter just about every competition you come across but inevitably forget to post your completed entry! No excuses pl-ease, but we just know that many of you aspiring shutterbugs out there in *NME*-land have left those fabulous prints you intend to send into *NME*'s 2nd Annual Photography Competition behind the clock on the mantle-piece together with the football coupons and double-glazing leaflets.

Well, theoretically, the competition closed on September 7, but being generous to a fault, we're giving the all-mouth-and-trousers brigade a seven day repreive. Snap to it, 'cause we're willing to accept any later-than-late entries by the last mail delivery on September 14, 1983. Just remember, you *don't* send the shots to the *NME* offices but to;–

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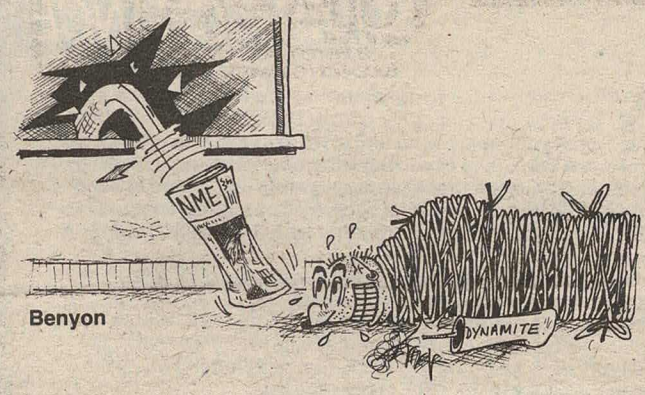

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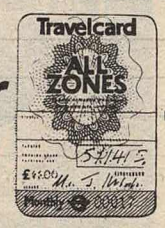

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RESPECTFULLY YURIS

You kinda respect us guys, doncha? Well let me tell you most of us would pay £500 on the black market for a watch that plays Asteroids and strikes up 'Three Blind Mice' at midday. Respect? We're just jerks same as you.
The Russians, USSR.
If we give you a secondhand Space Invaders machine, will you stop shooting down real planes? – AG.

HEAVY DUTY

I have just finished reading the 'so called review' on the Snakes' appearance at Donnington.

I agree that everyone is entitled to their opinion and their own tastes in music, but I was disgusted to see it was no 'review' at all, not even good journalism. It was just a vicious, jealous and unwarranted stab at David Coverdale personally.

Where does 'Amrik Rai', whoever the slimy little individual is, get off picking on one person this way? Did 'it' even go to Donnington I wonder? Maybe 'it' sat in 'its' crummy little bedsit picking 'its' nose thinking about: this man and his band's popularity, knowing 'it' can never come close to plain decency, leave alone talent.

I would like to point out to this evil little smut merchant that a 'review' of a concert should be just that. 'It' may not like the music or the band themselves but at least 'it' could have said so in a decent manner.

Just remember this – 50,000 couldn't have been wrong!!!!!!
Linda Banner, Warley, West Midlands.
Heavy Metal letters – doncha just love 'em? – AG.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL

Wanna know how I made it home? Well, I went 43 degrees west past my bladder, turned right at my lungs, avoided the heart and steered straight up the throat. After that it was easy.
Gary Numan, Up his own ass.

BEST MAN

OK, let me tell you the truth about this eye injury. It all started during the war when my eye got injured by a bit of shrapnel carooming down Greek Street. Anyway, things have been getting progressively worse and last month, what the hell, I had it taken out and a glass one stuck in there. Oh sure you can tell which one. The glass eye has that glint of humanity in it.
Thatcher.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF POP (CONTD.)

I was intrigued to hear that Dee Harris, the charismatic ex-lead singer of Fashion, is to co-produce Limahl's upcoming offerings – great! Chris Hamill has a good voice, BUT . . . Dave Harris himself is a fine singer, performer and writer as well as a superb guitarist. So what is wrong with Dee's picture? Is working with an ex-Floyd man all Wright, or, too much of a Leisure Process? I know it may be fashionable for ex-front men to produce, but if Troy Tate can release a single, and what's more, a good one, why has Dee only left his picture? He is a player, and although he doesn't need anyone to tell him his future, he really should move on and produce his own stuff – not live in Limahl's shadow.
Dez Tozer, Oxford.
With all those names, there must be something going on in this letter, but I'm damned if I can figure out what. – AG.

ONLY THIRTEEN AND SHE KNOWS HOW TO NASTY!

An' then I come home from next-door's one day.
An' me Dad's sittin' there,
Naked, like,
An' I ask, where's Mum, an' he says
"You should look in fridge more often, our Mich"
Which I don't too much,
Not since I found dog's bum in the ice thing,
So I says, what's for tea?
an' we finish off me little sister
with some beans, which was great,
'Cause we don't get nowt, most times,
not till Dad's 'ad 'is look, anyrate,
'cause he says I'll 'ave titties one day an' all,
an' he blows 'em, sorta, only they're not there yet,
So we jus' plays about a bit now,
's all we can do until,
'cause I'll be made when they come
an' we can slash 'em up all real good,
like we done on me aunt,
'Cause we're daft, me an' our Dad,
an' he says he'll get a job one day,
an' then we can 'ave a diffie film,
like, give us something new,
'E says Tom an' that mouse is good, Jerry,
good for the kids, 'e says,
an', you know, it should be really good
'cause we can burn the cat then, proper,
'Cause it don't hurt 'em none, you see,
else they wouldn't show it,
'cause kids copy everything, me Dad says,
an' 'e's real clever, is Dad,
'cause me brother wants a job as well.
Soft, i'n'it?
Richard Korn, © 1983

In response to Andy Gill's video review of the ABC, New Order and Echo tapes, I have to say I agree and disagree with him.

The main problem the rock video suffers from is its attempt at visualising music, always a problem with the transition of music to the visual medium. They've been trying in movies for years, and only once created a masterpiece, Richard Lester's *A Hard Day's Night*. It was good because it was a film trying to be a film and not just a "group presentation", which is what *Help!* suffered from.

In *The Girl Can't Help It* we were presented with the likes of Eddie Cochran, Little Richard and one of the most brilliant pieces of rock'n'roll on film – Gene Vincent singing 'Be Bop A-Lu-La'. Why mention these early films? Because they are the forerunners of the "Rock Video". In these presentations the groups were put in front of a camera and left to play the music. They didn't run around trying to mimic or find a visual equivalent for everything they said.

Now we've got our video special effects generators and million-dollar budgets and no visual talent. (The same thing has screwed up the movies: all special effects and no film.) Okay, so I have no answers and I contradict myself, but please, somebody, find a standard for pop video before my eyes pop out.
Joey Pisarro, Paris, France.
And I, in turn, mainly agree with you. Dick 'Don't call me Dick's' movie was successful largely because Lester is a talented director who thinks in terms of visual rhythm – something apparently beyond the capabilities of today's tyro pop-video hacks; plus, of course, he was using a group whose diverse talents went beyond being able to hold down an E chord and smile at the same time. This latter consideration may also shed some light on why "old" clips of Diddley, Berry, Cochran, etc seem more alive than this week's crop of poppy postures: if an "artiste" is only meagrely endowed with talent and charisma, the temptation to place huge barriers of style and fashion between him/herself and the viewer becomes overwhelming. – AG.

INCURABLE

I refer to Richard Cook's interview with Robert Smith. In it he describes The Cure's 'Pornography' as "Devoid of any rhythmic impetus, chained to drumbeats and guitar lines of spiritless presence, it was The Cure smashing into the buffers of a dead stop, almost terrifying in its emptiness, impenetrable and virtually unlistenable". Couldn't he have just said he thought it was crap?
John Brown, Edinburgh.
Richard, being freelance, gets paid by the word. Pithiness may be pleasing, but it doesn't pay the bills. – AG.

A DOPED DUTCHMAN WRITES

The latest craze to hit the world comes not from America, but Amsterdam of all places. It is walking along a street on the tops of parked cars!

Car walkers are best witnessed in the early morning, sometime between 4 and 6 am, when the late bars close. At this time the people come out with great joy and jog over the tops of cars — cautious, of course, for VW convertibles.

Some years ago this town was known as the three Bs: Bars, Banks and Bordellos. Now it's the three Cs: Cars, crap and cocaine.
Dood, Amserdam.

THE BLEAK BOYS

With reference to the confused tirade on the subject of John Peel, I would like to know what form of experimentation we are discussing.

Is it the kind which is concerned with genuine exploration and effort given towards new approaches and ideas? Is it, on the other hand, the kind which is acceptable at the present moment? Are we merely painting ourselves into a corner simply because it seems ideologically sound to do so?

Certainly, it seems unjustified to segregate 'Old Jazz' and 'New African' music and the 'Underground' and then put this forth as some kind of progression.

Surely, each has considerable merits for all of us and should continue to be played. As for the John Lennon dictum, where does that leave the writer? He seems to be rejecting himself.

Finally, the time will come when you will have to start eating your words about Genesis. I really mean it.
Charles Pearson, Whitley Bay, Tyne And Wear.
Chomp chomp. – AG (just trying to keep ahead of trends).

Ian Taylor makes me puke. He accuses the John Peel radio show of being 'safe' and not sufficiently 'non-conformist', Frankly, I don't believe that he has genuinely listened to the show consistently, as he claims. In the past few weeks I have heard tracks by US punks (admittedly they only last about 60 seconds Ian; you could have missed them), as well as Einsturzende Neubauten, the Cabs, SPK and others, as well as what Ian clearly considers to be wishy-washy wimp songs. I suggest that Ian contents himself with being moody, non-conformist and post-industrial with any similarly inclined 'hip buddies, and leaves the company of Mr Peel to those of us who actually enjoy songs which need not involve strident, macho anti-sentimentality.
Sarah Q, Sheffield.

NOW HERE'S A TASTEFUL CHAP!

Two weeks ago I ordered Al Green's 'Call Me', Sly's 'Riot Goin' On' and The Band's 'The Band'. All these are deleted. Now having only recently recovered from this harrowing incident, I learned today that none of the early Impressions material is available. This is not cricket.
J Owen Carr, Lincolnshire.
The three LPs you mention can all be located as imports or cut-outs, well worth the search and the price. As for The Impressions, the very wonderful Ace Records are planning to reissue them in the near future. This has been a blatant plug, for which I expect a large parcel of Ace records to arrive no later than Monday week. – AG (I'll try anything once).

UNWORKABLE ADOLESCENT DAYDREAMS

About the shitty title on the front of your beloved mag. "Anarchy in the Arcades". Do you wankers know the meaning of the word Anarchy?. It does not mean chaos, scumbags! It means freedom. Penny Rimbaud did a couple of articles for you – didn't you learn anything? Why don't you get him to write some more?
Kid in Poole with long hair.
And what makes you think we didn't mean "freedom" when we used the word "anarchy"? As for Penny Rimbaud, he did write a couple of book reviews, but they stunk the place up something rotten. – AG.

CHEAP SHOTS

Having long admired the expemplary sensibility of the three dots I hope the recent show of strength by the Press Council in their expose of the odious *Sun* will not intimidate or restrict them in their ruthless serch for the facts their followers feed off. Kindly forgive me if my concern has been intrusive.
Richard, A Hospital, Bradford.

DISCIPLINE!

Right, *NME* is a good magazine. But now start cutting out the rigmarole which is increasingly filling up your pages.
Cornie, Bristol via Glasgow.
This rigmarole has been edited. – AG.

LIFE ITSELF

First Bowie acquires a suntan and becomes positive. Then Howard Devoto turns turtle and finds that he had it all wrong. What next? Genesis P. Orridge producing a Bucks Fizz LP? Crass doing the cocktail circuit?

I mean, am I the only person left that still . . . you know . . . *worries*?

And what happened to that bloody nip and his Great Beatles Band? And is Paul Morley writing a book on Joy Division? And is there or isn't there going to be a Lester Bangs anthology? These things are, er . . . important to me. Please, I need to know.
Hein Marais, Natal, South Africa.

TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!

I realize there are good reasons why the *NME* doesn't do requests, but for the sake of a reader who goes back a long way, who once had a conversation with Neil Spencer and who has too much good taste to read the *TV Times, Radio Times* or newspapers, would the lazy bastard who puts together next week's *On The Box* kindly include the timings? Please?
Rowan, Birmingham.
You once had a conversation with *Neil Spencer??!!* What's he like? – AG.

MS. PRINT

I met Dave Wakeling in a pub last night and he assured me that he expected less bother from Virgin, not more as reported.

Did you change it round for a joke or what? He thinks Virgin are great, that's why he signed with them. He was so upset last night, he could barely finish his tenth pint. Shame on you!
Penval Connolly, Dublin.
Paolo swears blind it was a misprint. Sounds highly dubious, if you ask me. – AG.

Letters edited by ANDY GILL. Happy gagman: DANNY BAKER

Illustration by: Peter Muller

BIG BOY

Trotting down Avenue B one day I read an *NME* in which Andy Gill reviewed US Football. Since I am a loyal American Football fan, I must explain a few things to an ignorant, confused Mr Gill.

He said England's unemployment rate would go down if football was played there because of the excess players and linesmen "lounging around". What Gill doesn't know is that at exhibition games like the Minnesota/St Louis bout there are always an excess of stand-ins and draft picks who are not usually present at regular games. Cheerleaders do not have to be brilliant but must be in top physical condition, as pro football cheerleading is a difficult and strenuous exercise.

Mr Gill should beware of all US tourists with guns because when I let my friends read that article, they're gonna go over there and kill him. I forgive him, but I advise him to learn how the game is played before he reviews any more. Mr Smarty Pants didn't like it – probably because he didn't understand it.

Desi, New York, USA.

After the last few Woody Allen movies I suspected that living in New York might eradicate one's sense of humour. Your letter bears me out. Do you *really* believe that unemployment crack was *serious?* Furthermore, I do actually like the game – but knowing how the game is played (which I do) doesn't fully explain the phenomenon of the game. You try understanding cricket with just a book of rules to help you along. – AG.

SYMPATHY

It surprises me that you have not even mentioned the plight of David Crosby. I feel it is a story that needs to be covered because of the great contribution he has made to music.

Okay, okay, I'm 20 years old but one thing I do know is that whilst other top stars of today would be helped or turned a blind eye to, others are seemingly picked on for what in this case is a gross miscarriage of justice.

I beg for people in this country to help him out in any way possible, in the hope that he will be fairly treated.

Jemma Homes, SW17.

The plight of David Crosby? You mean having pots of money and no sense of responsibility – AG.

HAPPY DAYS!

Jobs are almost extinct. Punk is dead. The New Wave, Punk's counterfeit, is dead. Thatcher and her sybaritic swine are punting us further down The River Of No Return. Better days ahead?

Howard McGuigan, Oxford.

Why bother waiting to find out? Best top yourself now in case things get worse. – AG.

CLOG

Being an enthusiastic amateur photographer as well as a regular reader of your excellent paper, I think it fairly rotten that your photography competition is only open to readers of the British Isles.

Perhaps you don't realise that we outside the UK have to pay at least twice as much for the *NME* and I estimate that every drink out of five is on behalf of us. Give me a good excuse. Cheers lads!

Things are even worse when you look at the names of your staff members and contributors. They're all bleedin' foreigners, aren't they? And I'm a bean (Bohn) if your brilliant pix man, whose name sounds a little Netherlandish to me, won't be on the panel of "hand-picked, keen-eyed, house-trained professional experts". Hypocrites!

J Lenz, Netherlands.

THE LAST WORD

What really pisses me off with you suckers is the way you always gotta have the last word. If a regular unemployed Joe like me writes in you gotta make me look an asshole with some comment below. Well not this time, jerkoffs. I've had it fixed so that if anything gets written below my address five sticks of TNT will blow the author's nuts off! Now that's smart!

Jock Smith, Aberdeen.

PS: BOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!

T-ZERS

WITH THE **Last Gang In Town** reduced to a duo, *T-Zers* bids farewell to the era of the group. Let's face it, if you're any more than a duo these days, you're as dated as detente. Just ask **The Style Council, General Public, The Gang of Four** (read Two), **Public Image, Yazoo** and **Robert Fripp**, who was boring us all silly with talks of "small highly mobile units" back in the days when you needed a tour bus for the average group's costume crew and massage team. These days a group 'going on the road' means adding a sidecar to the Vespa . . .

The annual **Chris Bohn** *T-Zer* reads as follows: "**John Murphy,** formerly of **The Associates,** has joined **SPK.**" In the almost classical purity of this statment, one of Bohn's most sharply distinctive lines, one feels he has defined, what it means, means in the way that such events resound through our very being, to join, yes, to JOIN . . .

. . . and to join, furthermore, a group (either **Socialist People's Kitty** or **Surgical Prune Klinik,** depending on your political convictions) who appear quite unembarrassed about producing a song called 'Metal dance' I mean, let's all do the metaldance, right? Cop-out, that's what it is. Sellout. Compromising with the system just like everyone else. Init . . .

According to Denver man **Barry Fey,** who despite his name is a very substantial guy, as a matter of fact *T-Zers* were in the Rockies hunting armadillo with him only last Wednesday afternoon but anyway, according to him, "this is the summer we can't wait to be over." Yes well. Oh, there's more. "With a few exceptions", notes East Coast person **John Scher,** "this has been the worst summer in thirteen years." Indeed, fascination. What are we talking about here? Oh, what it is is this, that concert promoters Stateside are losing wads of dough since no-one is buying their disgustingly overpriced tickets. Take **Marvin Gaye** – ultra-cool, right, but turns out he's losing upwards of thirty grand *per night* on his summer tour. Other humiliated folks include **Rick Springfield,** frequently playing to arenas two-thirds empty, and **Linda Ronstadt** who managed to draw a grand total of 1430 dentists accompanied by their lawyers to some lounge in Hartford, Connecticut. Swear it tears out your heart. I mean, even **The Damned** could probably still draw 1430 people. Things is grim. A probable part of the reason is that "kids" this year opted to fork out their dineros on a charity commission called **Serious Moonlight** and thus are a bit short in pocket . . .

Thrilling hotline from Minnisapolis heavily implies that caramel-coloured pygym ex-symbol **Prince** fully intends to script, score, even stand opposite **Vanity Winters** on twelve or so cardboard boxes in his very own motion picture. Unable to spell so much as his own name, the small sticky thing has hired one **William Blinn** of no fixed address (but of one abysmal *Brian's Song* screenplay credit) to dot his i's, cross his t's and generally think up plausible natter for what is undoubtedly some glorified fairy story about alienated ghetto kid who at the age of two imitates **Smokey**, etc . . .

FASHION drummer **Dik Davis** lay in a Paris gutter close to death for seven hours after what the *Daily Dorrell Xenophobe* calls a "hit-and-run frog" knocked him from his spanking new Peugeot bicyclette. Badly cut and bruised, he remains in a hospital recovering from concussion and exposure. The frog was later arraigned in an artificial swamp near Fontainebleau, gurgling a very slimy version of 'Tour de France' . . .

The detached moustache of **Frank Zappa** continues to haunt the bywalks of life in an extremely unsavoury way. Recently it forced its way onto the cover of Rhino Records' 'Rare Meat', a compilation of pre-**Mothers** productions by **Bob Guy, Baby Ray And The Ferns, Nitfart And The Klondike Bootees, Zen Skrote** etc., where it hissed and spat at anyone who approached. Its former owner made his customarily prissy noises and the moustache was half-nelsoned into a corner and read its rights, which we are assured are not many, and the new cover will be an inconspicuous blowup of the original Donna Records label . . .

After **Costello** and **Tony Bennett: Was (Not Was)** have teamed up with **Mel Torme** for their next single, 'Zaz Turned Blue'. Meanwhile featured on the next album are petite chanteuse **Christina,** a tenor by the name of **Ozbert Ozbourne,** ex-**Knack Doug Feiger,** and **Mitch Ryder,** whose **John Cougar**-produced comeback is now out in the States. Detroit wheels us out . . .

A new game called *Hype*, developed by singer **Steve Fairnie** and **U2** lights man **Pete Williams** involves going round the board picking up six different sorts of musician – from pop to heavy metal – to form a "band". Depending on how many points you pick up, you make a single, storm the charts, and undergo an extensive UK tour. This you will admit is easily as engrossing as **Journey's** video, which pitted the player against crazed blipping groupies. The winner of *Hype* also takes away a lifetime addiction to his or her drug of choice, plus a Redlands-style manor in one of the home counties (also of your choice) to be busted at convenient intervals . . .

A veritable river of tears cascaded down the stairwells of King's Reach Highrise last week as *NME's* advertisement team wept at the departure of their long standing supremo, Ad Manager **Peter Rhodes**, best known to readers as the man who filled *NME* with giant coffee ads and to his staff and colleagues simply as **Scrooge**. The old skinflint has skedaddled to work for the music biz carnival Midem, still owing our editor a slap up lunch at the Whitechapel Refuge For Destitute Taxi-drivers, though he did recklessly lay on three bottles of lemonade and a large packet of crisps for his farewell bash. The three dots bid *mazeltov* and greet our new (ad) overlord **David** 'discount' **Flavell . . .**

MICK JONES, booted unceremoniously out of **The Clash** for "drifting apart from the original idea of The Clash" – something The Clash, funnily enough, have also done rather well over the past six years – was discovered this week near Woolwich mixing the sound for an entity called **Sigue Sigue Sputnik,** not, as formerly reported, manning a hot dog stand . . .

More on the country front; **Rodney Crowell,** genius-like composer of such diamonds as 'Heartbroke', 'Til I Can Gain Control Again', and **Bob Seger's** 'Shame On The Moon', is producing an LP by fairy ginger waif and *Coal Miner's Daughter* star **Sissy Spacek,** titled 'Hang Up My Heart' . . .

Hang my total eclipse! It can't be true that **Bonnie Tyler will play Irene Cara** in the upcoming *Flashdance* sequel *Pittsburgh Oh Pittsburgh* . . .

Stars Who Won't Talk To Us, Pt. 10: still smarting from rejections by **Duran Duran, Spandau Ballet,** and **The Sisters Of Mercy** (and boy, were we hurt by that!), the ultimate rebuff now comes from **Heaven 17.** Presumably they feel more relaxed in the surroundings of *Smash Hits* and *No. 1*, where they know they will only be asked about their favourite bath salts and we quite understand. . . .

For your further information, these are the acts *we* won't talk to: **Sister Of Mercy,** any remaining members of **Wasted Youth, Roy Harper, John Kongos,** and **Jim Morrison** . . .

In twelve years **Abba** have sold more than 100 million records and amassed more loot than their own monarch but last week after an expected £4 million trading profit turned into a major loss their empire, and its Kuben AB shares, were teetering on the edge of collapse. What led the group's manager, **'Stig Anderson'** down the path of ruin was that their East European market refused to pay the group's royalties in Western currencies. Instead, Abba were paid variously in potatoes, glassware, and industrial goods. Keen to compensate, Anderson set up special companies to trade in spuds and tumblers; imagining himself to be some latterday **Wallenburg**, he speculated wildly and, as it turns out, disastrously. Stig – now known familiarly as 'Of The Dump' – was last seen digging potatoes in a Stockholm allotment. His comment? "This truly was our Waterloo . . ."

Martin Kemp more than miffed at the behaviour of **Graham Fletcher-Cook** on *The Switch's* final show. Whilst being 'interviewed', F-C took it upon himself to fling a custard pie in dishy Marty's mug, stinging the **Adonis** like creature's eyes in the process. When a 'researcher' attempted to apologise *apres* the incident, Kempt stormed out screaming "you're all a bunch of fucking amateurs." He should know . . .

Following allegations made by overweight Tory MP **Geoffrey Dickens** (described by *Private Eye* as the "Lothario of the *the dançant*") that 'Handsome Devil' was a song explicitly about child-molesting, Mancunian four-piece **The Smiths** were reportedly under scrutiny by the BBC. However, the claim, reported in *The Sun* by **Nick Ferrari,** turns out to be totally unfounded. Asked to comment, **Scott Piering** at Rough Trade said that he viewed the allegations "seriously": "**Morrissey** made it clear that none of the songs were about child-molesting, and Ferrari accepted this, and then he went and wrote it anyway." Added Morrissey, "this piece makes me out to be a proud child-molester and I don't even like children. 'Handsome Devil' is entirely directed towards adults" . . .

note oilskin base

REFUSED A RESIDENCY AT THE PRESTIGIOUS PERFECTAMENTE BORACHO Y PROFUSO PISSED NIGHT CLUB, MONTY LEIGH MONT-GOMERY, ACE ROCKISTE, IS REDUCED TO PLAYING THE NOTORIOUS LYMESWOLD FESTIVAL
THE MUD'S AS HIGH AS AN ELEPHANT'S EYE!..
FESTIVALS IS HELL!!
IT'LL ALL BE OVER BY CHRISTMAS!!
THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT STATUS QUO!!
THE DRUMS.. THE DRUMS..
NEXT UP MONTY SMITH!! ER.. MONT-GOMERY..
BOOGIE!!
BUT, BACKSTAGE..
OKAY, KID... SO YOU'RE QUITTING. NOW WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW, STEVE... BUT I'M THROUGH! I'M THROUGH WITH THIS ROTTEN RACKET!
DRESSING GOWN NASTIES
ROTTEN RACKET!!
MONTY'S NON-APPEARANCE IS GREETED WITH STUNNED SILENCE!..
HELLS ANGELS
THEN..
BRILLIANT!! WHAT A SENSATIONAL COUP DE THEATRE! WHAT AN ORIBINAL CONCEPTUAL ART PERFORMANCE!!
FADE
GOT ANY SKINS, MAN..?
BUT, TOO SOON, THE SILENCE IS SHATTERED..
IT'S THE GERMANS, EINSTURZENDE NEU BRIGHTON!
NEXT-MAKING LOTS OF NOISE WITH OLD CAKE TINS AND CHAIR LEGS-A CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST WRITES...

lowry

the lone groover

THERE MUST BE SOMEONE OR SOMEWHERE THAT HASN'T BEEN DONE.....
WHAT D'YA MEAN?
WELL- TH' BEATLES DID INDIA.. ENO'S DONE CHINA.....
RIGHT— INDIANS HAVE BEEN DONE— NOW WE'RE ON COWBOYS.
S'RIGHT— AFRICA'S BEIN' DONE — AN' SOUTH AMERICA AN' TH' WEST INDIES HAVE ALREADY BIN DONE.....
SURE... BIG COUNTRY 'RE DOIN' SCOTLAND— DEXIES HAVE DONE IRELAND— CHRIS BOHNS DONE EUROPE
THERE MUST BE SOMEONE OR SOMEWHERE LEFT TO DO....
I SAID THAT— HOURS AGO!
MEANWHILE— FAR OFF ON AN UNCHARTERED PACIFIC ISLAND LIVES TH' LAST MEMBER OF TH' OOOMBAGO NATION.
NON DOES THAT LICK GO AGAIN?
YA DU MOOBA IB. * BOOGA LOONA DI
TAP TAP
* TRANSLATION....." ON YOR BIKE WHITEY I ALREADY DONE SIGNED TO VIRGIN."

benyon

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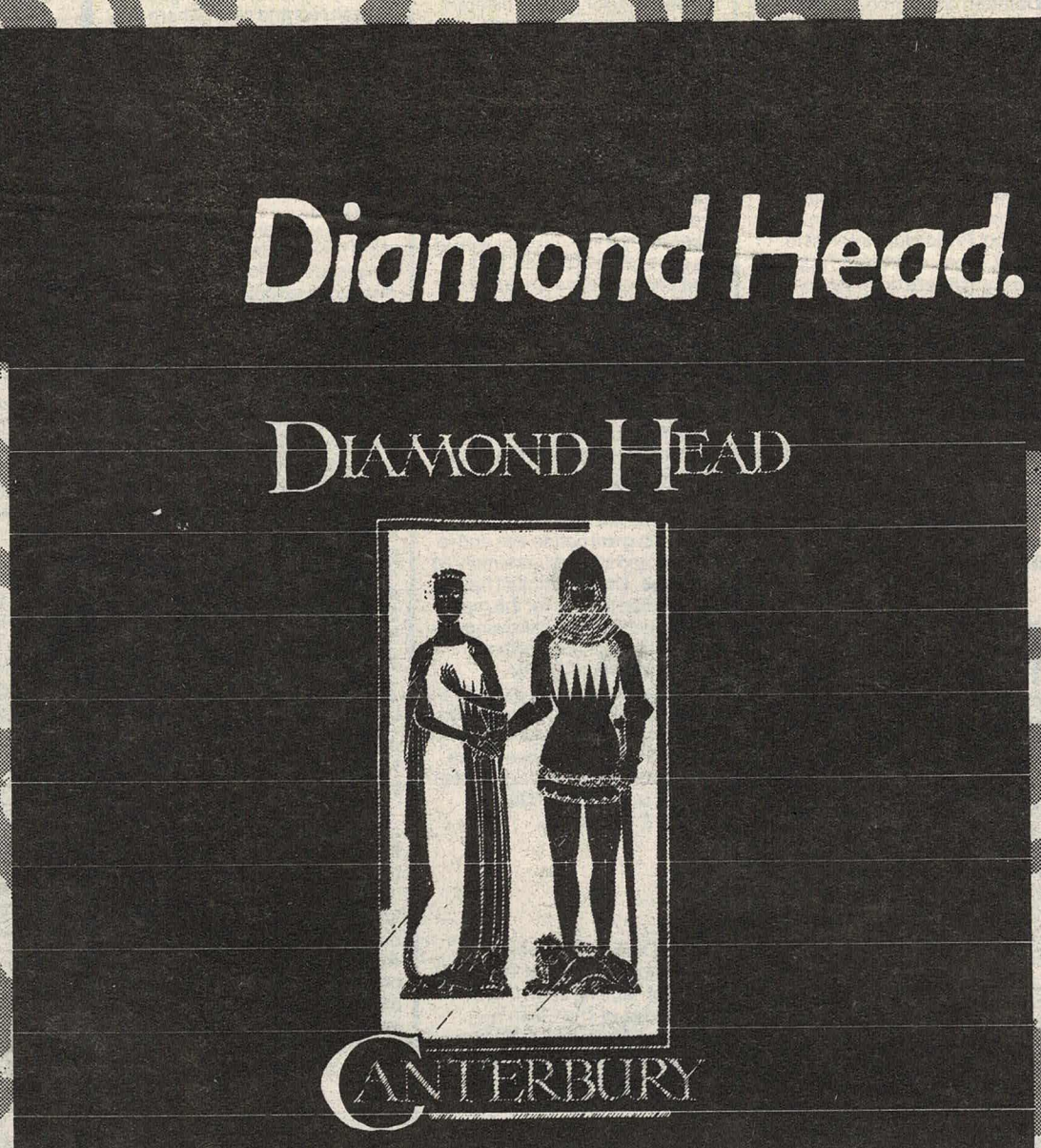

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